

o. angl. 286² / 1

O, B

<36614832300014

✓

✓

<36614832300014

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

THE
W O R K S
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

==
VOL. I.
==

Sturges and Panton,
New Street Square, London.

625

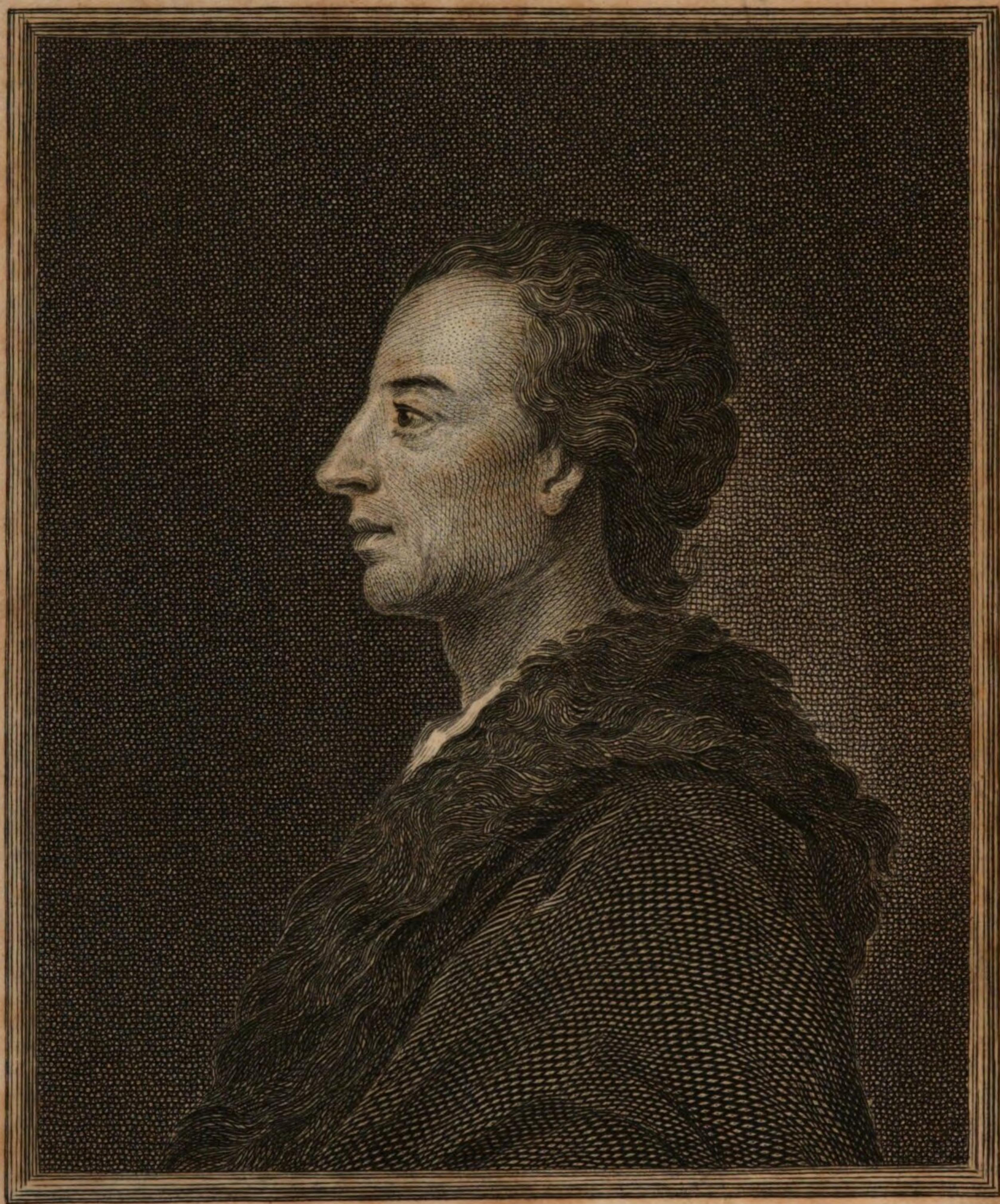
P.O. angl 286^o / 1

THE
WORKS
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq.
A NEW EDITION.
IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Strahan and Preston,
New-Street Square, London.

5



ALEXANDER POPE ESQ.

*Engraved by J. Holloway, from a Picture painted by J. Richardson,
in the possession of Benj.ⁿ Way Esq.^r*

THE
WORKS
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq.
IN VERSE AND PROSE.

CONTAINING
THE PRINCIPAL NOTES OF
DRS. WARBURTON AND WARTON:
ILLUSTRATIONS, AND CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY REMARKS,
By JOHNSON, WAKEFIELD, A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.
AND OTHERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED,
SOME ORIGINAL LETTERS,
WITH ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS, AND MEMOIRS OF THE
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

By the Rev. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES, A.M.
PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY, AND
CHAPLAIN TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

IN TEN VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

O.R. SCHROEDER.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Johnson, J. Nichols and Son, R. Baldwin, F. and C. Rivington, W. Otridge and Son, W. J. and J. Richardson, R. Faulder and Son, T. Payne, Wilkie and Robinson, Scatcherd and Letterman, J. Walker, Vernor Hood and Sharpe, R. Lea, J. White, J. Nunn, Lackington Allen and Co., J. Stockdale, Cuthell and Martin, Longman Hurst Rees and Orme, Cadell and Davies, Pote and Williams, Ogilvie and Son, E. Jeffery, J. Booker, J. and A. Arch, Blacks and Parry, S. Bagster, J. Mawman, and J. Asperne.

1806.

THE
WORKS



CONTAINING
THE ORIGINAL NOTES OF
DRS. HABBERTON AND TAYLOR;
AND OTHERS
WITH ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS AND MEMOIRS OF THE
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

By the Rev. WILLIAM JASPER HOWLES, A.M.
FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF THE APOSTOLICAL APOSTLES, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed by J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard, R. Baskin, R. C. Richardson,
W. Dorrice and Son, W. J. and J. Richardson, R. Faulder and Son,
T. Payne, Wilkie and Robinson, Street and Lancaster, J. Walker,
Vernor Hood and Sharpe, R. Lee, J. White, J. Knox, Lockington Allen and
Co., J. Stockdale, Colwell and Martin, Longman Hunt Reed and Orme,
Cathell and Davies, Pate and Williams, Ogilvie and Son, E. J. J. J. J.
J. Boker, J. and A. Arch, Black and Perry, S. Bagster, J. Blawie,
and J. Alpin.

1806.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH,

THIS EDITION
OF
THE WORKS OF POPE

IS DEDICATED,

WITH
SENTIMENTS OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM,

BY
HIS OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

W. L. BOWLES.

ADVERTISING
TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH,
THIS EDITION
OF
THE WORKS OF POPE
IS DEDICATED
WITH
SENTIMENTS OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM
BY
HIS Obedient
HUMBLE SERVANT,
W. L. BOWLES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I CANNOT suffer this Edition to appear, without publicly returning my thanks to Henry Penruddock Wyndham esq. M. P. Rev. William Coxe, canon and archdeacon of Salisbury, Rev. Mr. Todd, Joseph Cooper Walker esq. Samuel Rogers esq. Parry Okeden esq. Uvedale Price esq. the Proprietors of Gilbert Wakefield's Works, Rev. Mr. Polwhele, and in particular to Alexander Chalmers esq. to whom the public is indebted for the notes marked C.

The drawing of Pope's person has been retained, not because it is the "libelled shape," but because it is an exact representation, which may gratify curiosity, but surely cannot provoke the malignity of spleen. The notes by Warton have been revised, and much which he had admitted has been rejected; though it is hoped that all which is truly valuable has been retained. The offensive epistle is excluded; and if the chapter of the "double Mistress," after some hesitation,

A 4

has

has found a place, it has been on account of its exquisite humour, and because, though offensive to delicacy, it is not seductive or dangerous to principles.

In the tenth volume, the original letters to the two Miss Blounts, from the light they throw on Pope's early connexions, will be read with interest.

Some original papers have been, for obvious reasons, omitted. Those which have been published I do not think can detract from the moral character of the writer. What man, indeed, if all the errors of his youth were severely scanned, could escape censure? In other respects, the letters are natural, interesting, and creditable to his feelings. Among the omissions I now sincerely wish I had included the farce of "Three Hours after Marriage;" but it was printed when I was afflicted with illness, and was scarcely able to judge for myself. I think it right to express my sorrow, though too late; the rest I leave to the candour of the public.

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

	Page
MEMOIRS of the Life and Writings of Pope	xv
The Author's Preface	i
Recommendatory Poems	17
A Discourse on Pastoral Poetry	47
SPRING; the First Pastoral	61
SUMMER; the Second Pastoral	73
AUTUMN; the Third Pastoral	82
WINTER; the Fourth Pastoral	90
MESSIAH; a Sacred Eclogue: in Imitation of Virgil's Pollio	101
WINDSOR FOREST	119
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, 1708	161
Two Chorus's to the Tragedy of Brutus	174
Ode on Solitude	182
The Dying Christian to his Soul	186
An Essay on Criticism	189
The Rape of the Lock	293
Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady	357
Prologue to Mr. Addison's Tragedy of Cato	365
Epilogue to Mr. Rowe's Jane Shore	371

APPEN-

APPENDIX.

	Page
NOTES and OBSERVATIONS by Gilbert Wakefield, B. A.	
On the Pastorals - - - - -	377
Messiah - - - - -	381
Windfor Forest - - - - -	382
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day - - - - -	383
First Chorus to the Tragedy of Brutus -	<i>ib.</i>
Essay on Criticism - - - - -	384
The Rape of the Lock - - - - -	385

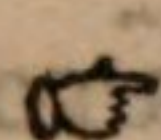
THIS is the only Portrait that was ever drawn of Mr. POPE at full Length.—It was done without his knowledge, as he was deeply engaged in conversation with Mr. ALLEN in the Gallery at Prior Park, by Mr. HOARE, who sat at the other end of the Gallery.—This Drawing is therefore exceedingly valuable, as it is an Unique of this celebrated Poet.

WARTON.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

The Head of Mr. POPE to front the Title Page of the First Volume.

The Full-length Portrait of Mr. POPE to front Page xi. of Vol. I.

 *All the other Engravings have the Pages marked on them against which they are to be placed.*

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

P O P E.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

POPE

MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS OF POPE.

AS the Life of this distinguished Poet has been already written, by persons so eminent for literary talents and critical acumen as Johnson and Warton, all further attempts to illustrate the incidents of his fortune, or the character of his mind, must appear superfluous; charity also might seem to suggest, when so many years have passed since the grave closed over his virtues and his infirmities, that we should now,

“No farther seek his merits to disclose,

“Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode.”

But if any new circumstances may arise, if any additional light, however trifling, may be thrown on the picture and features of the poet and the man, the faithful biographer will not shrink from his task. If he does not presume, farther than may be absolutely necessary, to advance on the ground, which has been already so ably occupied; if he forbears, unnecessarily and wantonly, to obtrude any thing
which

which might injure another's fame, except where a regard to truth extorts it, or where, as in the case of Addison, it is demanded by *justice*, to those whose fame has suffered; if he be conscious of being actuated solely by these feelings, he will not fear, though he approaches the task with diffidence, to represent, as faithfully as he is able, the leading facts and traits in the history and character of a person, estimable indeed for many virtues, but those blended, as all human excellence must be, with shades of infirmity; distinguished for superior poetical talents, and pre-eminently adorning the literature of his age, but memorable for merits and defects, for attachments and animosities.

NE QUID FALSI DICERE AUDEAM!

NE QUID VERI NON AUDEAM!

With this disposition, though in all other respects reluctant and diffident, I presume to give some further account of the Life and Writings of Pope.

Alexander, son of Alexander and Editha Pope, it is universally understood, was born in London, in the year 1688.

Much has been said respecting his father's situation in life*: Pope's adversaries have called him a hatter, &c. and Pope, who with all his affected disdain of the "great," was sufficiently proud of the distinction he received from them, wished to deduce his "*stemmata*"

* It seems understood by Johnson, that he was a linen-draper,

mata" from the noble family of the Earl of Downe ; and there is probably as little truth in one circumstance as the other. From the most authentic information obtained at the heralds' office, it appears that the pedigree which he made out for himself was as much fabricated as Mr. Ireland's descent from SHAKESPEARE *. The account of his mother's family, of the Turners in Yorkshire, as it has not been contradicted, is presumed to be true. Pope says,

" Of gentle blood each parent came ;"

but if Mrs. Pope was of " gentle" blood, her education must have been very defective, at least it appears so from her letter in this edition. Although the education of females was then very inferior to what it is at present, yet it is difficult to imagine, that a lady of " very gentle blood" could be the writer of such an epistle as the following.

To POPE from his Mother.

" MY DEARE,

" A letter from your sifter yust now is come and gone, Mr. Mannock and Charles Racket, to take his leve of us, but being nothing in it doe not send it. He will not faile to coll here on Friday morning, and take ceare to cearrie itt to Mr. Thomas Doncaster ; he will dine wone day with Mrs. Dune, in Duckestreet : but the day will be unsirton, foe I think you
had

* From Mr. Dallaway.

had better send itt to me. He will not faile to coll here, that is Mr. Mannock"—

No man of liberal mind, however, would too rigidly examine a plain and unaffected letter from an affectionate parent.

So far is certain, that Pope's father acquired, whatever property he possessed, by trade: in the deed, by which his estate, when sold, was conveyed, he is intitled, "Alexander Pope, merchant, of Kensington *."

Pope had no brother; but a sister-in-law, as she is called in his will, was married to a Mr. Racket.

He expressly says, in a letter to Martha Blount, (who could not be deceived) that he had "*no sister.*" The person, therefore, whom he called his sister-in-law, might have been his half-sister by a former marriage.

These things, though trifles in themselves, I have thought it right to mention, as they have been hitherto unnoticed.

Pope, it is well known, was from his infancy sickly and infirm, and his childhood required tenderness and indulgence.

I need not repeat, that he was taught to write by an aunt from printed letters. That he was placed under the care of Taverner, a Catholic priest, and from him was removed to the care of other priests; that

* From a respectable inhabitant of Binfield, who assured me he had seen the deed.

that from the village of Twiford near Winchester, he went to a school near Hyde-Park-corner, where such was his progress, that, besides writing a satire on the master, he “*did enact*,” with his school-fellows, in a play made by himself, from Ogilby’s Homer; that the “Gardener,” at his persuasion, personated Ajax!! All these circumstances are amply recorded by Warburton and Ruffhead.

Pope’s father was attached to the unfortunate cause of James the Second. He was a rigid Catholic; and soon after the revolution, and the birth of his son, wished to hide his disappointment, at the turn of affairs, in the shades of the country; consoling himself, like other great patriots, that as the world was not such as “it ought to be,” it was best to leave it.

With such feelings, and such ideas, the father purchased twenty acres of land at Binfield, in Windsor Forest, and one of those small cottages, near to the way-side, originally taken from the waste, with a row of elms before the window, and the common road in the front; such as is described by Pope himself:

“A little house, with trees a row,
“And like its master, *very low*.”

Here he employed his time, chiefly in the cultivation of his garden,

“Plants cauliflowers, and boasts to rear,
“The earliest melons of the year;”

After the manner of Candide, thinking, “Le Monde
 “ ne va pas comme il faut, mais il faut *cultiver le*
 “ *jardin* *.”

Some of the original elms are yet standing †.

The son, now about twelve years of age (1700), after an imperfect and desultory education, became a resident with his father in the Forest: willing to retrieve the time he had lost, he began sedulously to read and study. His father, as far as he was able, superintended his first literary pursuits; but being used to active business, and, doubtless, somewhat wearied in solitude, as his son was much confined at home, he thought only of mere amusement, when he set him a poetical task. The first subject that would naturally occur was relative to his own situation; this suggested the verses on Solitude. His son's poetical attempts served at once to amuse the leisure, and to flatter the vanity of a parent: but we should not have had the name of Pope, as one of the greatest ornaments of the age, had not other circumstances concurred to nourish this early taste. The seeds of poetry accidentally sown might have perished as they arose, had they not, by a singular concurrence of circumstances, received support from those who were enabled to confer something

* Sir William Trumbull says in a letter: “I wish also I could
 “ learn some more skill in gardening from your father, (to whome
 “ with your good mother all our services are presented, with thanks
 “ for the hartichokes,) who has set us a pattern that I am afraid
 “ we shall copie but in miniature.”

† The house, since that time, has been raised, and considerable additions have been made to it. It is now an elegant mansion, in possession of — Neate esq.

something more than praise. Let not this be thought derogatory from the fame of Pope. They who think so, are ignorant of human nature. The youthful votary of the muses is elated with his first efforts, and looks round with throbbing solicitude for notice; none is excited: he tries again: no encouraging voice is heard. Perhaps he meets derision, where, at least, a smile of favour was expected. Hence the disappointed enthusiast receives disgust at what he thinks an unfeeling age: his energies, as a sublime Poet "has expressed it," are "*rolled back on himself*," and he becomes a solitary and distempered visionary through life.

This is no uncommon picture; the wing of Milton might have ascended to its natural elevation, through all that opposed its career; but, let it be remembered, Pope, from being tenderly brought up, was through life impatient of contradiction, scarcely brooked a dissenting voice, and having been fostered by early patronage, lived afterwards in the sunshine of flattery.

The same disposition that made him *vain*, would, in other circumstances, have caused depression.

Fortunately, the case was different. The reader will be aware that I allude to the residence of the venerable Sir William Trumbull, in the adjoining hamlet, scarcely two miles from the house of Pope's father. Being himself retired, in an

honoured old age, from the toil of business, and seeking amusements more quiet and suited to his declining years, than his stag-hounds and the society of his country neighbours afforded; a similarity, in some respect, of circumstances, might have tended to render the elder Pope and himself agreeable to each other. Their stations of life were different, but they had both "left the croud," and experienced the truth of the sentiment of La Bruyere, thus expressed by the tender Cowper,

"How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!

"But grant me still a friend in my retreat,

"Whom I may whisper "Solitude is sweet."

Sir William, who had been in high political employment during the reign of King William, with cultivated manners, benevolent disposition, good sense, mixed with love of literature, exhibited, at the close of life, in the shades of his native forest, that fair example to Society, a country gentleman of education and knowledge of the world, dispensing hospitality, and cheering with kindness, intelligence, and liberality, the parish in which he was born, and where his bones were finally to be laid. To the honour of such a man, let it be recorded, that his name is yet remembered with veneration by many of the inhabitants of the adjacent parishes. They point to the church where his remains repose, and seem to feel
a kind

a kind of pride that the noble mansion and domains of his ancestors still remain in the possession of his descendants.

Here (1704), he first saw, in manuscript, the Pastorals of Pope. It may not be carrying the fancy too far, to suppose, that such subjects, treated so melodiously, might have been peculiarly in unison with Sir William's sentiments and circumstances.

The stripling minstrel of Binfield was, of course, applauded, and received with the greatest kindness.

Under such auspices began the poetical career of Pope: the manuscript of his Pastorals was circulated among those who were considered as competent judges, and the dawn of genius was hailed by all men of acknowledged taste in literature. Wycherley, who lived near, and had himself grown "*old in rhyme*," was enthusiastic in his admiration. This celebrated wit, now in his 69th year, who to his last scene continued the farce of rhyme and ribaldry, thinking, no doubt, that Pope was like something inspired, cultivated his friendship, with the highest professions of admiration and esteem, chiefly with a view of having his own inferior compositions corrected and elevated by such a genius. During this intercourse, the applause and compliments which they mutually bestowed on each other were not less ridiculous, than a friendship between a sentimental liber-

tine and a young man perfectly ignorant of the world was unnatural. Lady M. W. Montagu says, "Pope courted Wycherley as he did other rich old men, with a view of a legacy." It was not likely, however, that at this age he should have been so coldly and selfishly prudent. It was sufficient that he was young, and flattered by a person who had gained a kind of celebrity. He says, in his first letter, and probably with truth, "it was certainly a great satisfaction to me to see and converse with a man, whom in his writings I had so long known with pleasure."—*Dec. 26, 1704.*

Of a friendship so uncongenial, and begun with such circumstances, a little knowledge of human nature may easily anticipate the conclusion. Unfortunately, after great pains had been taken with Wycherley's verses, which had been the pride and labour of a long life, the young critic seriously advised him, when all was done, to turn them INTO PROSE!! This wound, which Pope, no doubt, gave unconsciously, was never entirely healed. Some faint attempts were made to renew the original kindness, but their friendship could not be re-established, and the superannuated bard died not long after.

By Wycherley the Pastorals in manuscript were shewn to Cromwell, and by Cromwell to Walfsh.

After having been more widely circulated, and as highly applauded, the *pastoral* strain was succeeded by the *descriptive*; at least the descriptive poem of
Windfor

Windfor Forest was now begun, but not finished till 1713.

There was a particular beech-tree, under which Pope used to sit; and it is the tradition of the place, that under that tree he composed the Windfor Forest. The original tree being decayed, Lady Gower of Bill-hill had a memorial carved upon the bark of another immediately adjoining: "Here Pope sang."—The marks are visible to this day, but are *fast wearing* out. During Lady Gower's life, the letters were new cut every three or four years.

Such was the early progress of this great writer's reputation.

The Pastorals, which had been four years circulated in manuscript, were published when he was twenty years of age, having been written at sixteen (1709). The letter of old Jacob Tonson, who offered his press, is extant; and as it is characteristic, it is here inserted.

"SIR,

"I have lately seen a Pastoral of yours, in Mr. Walsh's and Congreve's hand, which is *extremely fine*, and is approved by the best judges in poetry. I remember I have formerly seen you in my shop, and am sorry I did not improve my acquaintance with you. If you design your poem for the press, no one shall be more careful in printing it, nor no one can give greater encouragement to it than, Sir," &c.

The most extraordinary productions said to have been written so early as his fourteenth year must not be passed over. These were the Alterations from Chaucer's Wife of Bath, and the translation of Ovid's Epistle from Sappho to Phaon. Dr. Warton says, that from his profession "he had seen compositions of youths of sixteen years old, far beyond the Pastorals in point of genius and imagination, though not of correctness." But I fear not to assert, that he never could have seen any compositions of boys of that age so perfect in versification, so copious, yet so nice in expression, so correct, so spirited, and so finished, as these alterations and translations.

It is most probable they were corrected and heightened when the taste of the author was matured; and when he was in a greater degree master of that "*copia verborum*," which gives so beautiful a precision to his language, and forms one of the chief characteristical excellencies of his poetry. He had already without success attempted the bolder flight of the Epic song (1708), and, like Icarus, (*Juleceratis*, &c.) found himself unequal to the effort. He says very classically,

" ———Cynthius aurem
Vellit, & admonuit——."

Having, however, obtained so much distinction, he essayed to cope for the lyric palm with Dryden, and published *haud passibus æquis*, the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, and, not long afterwards, the Choruses for

for the Duke of Buckingham's vapid and presumptuous alterations of Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.

His acquaintance was now courted by most men of distinguished character in the republic of letters. At the age of nineteen he wrote the Essay on Criticism. This was, indeed, a most singular and striking production; and as we may date from it the first public enmity of the author to his contemporaries, it ought to be more particularly considered.

After the circulation of his Pastorals, the testimonies to his poetical merit were many and illustrious; but, at this time, one individual, who had great weight as a classical and critical judge, was silent: this was the memorable *John Dennis*.

Dennis, of whose judgment in his favour Pope would most probably have been proud, was not found among the numbers of his admirers. That he had said something against the Pastorals, seems apparent from these lines:

“ Soft were my numbers, who *could take offence,*

“ When *pure description* held the *place of sense?*

“ Yet *then* did Dennis rave in furious pet:

“ I never answer'd—I was not in debt.”

Dennis had certainly published nothing; but as he did not join in the general voice of praise, this circumstance alone, from one who was considered the most accurate critic of the age, was sufficiently mortifying to the self-love of a young author.

To

To this cause, though not generally remarked, I impute the origin of the Essay on CRITICISM, which was written in 1709, but not published till 1711.

Mortified pride sought to gratify itself by general observations ; but personalities could not be avoided, where vanity was deeply wounded. Hence the lines ;

“ But APPIUS * reddens at each word you speak,

“ And stares tremendous with a threat’ning eye,

“ Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.”

Many other passages, which have not been considered in that light, were probably written by Pope, in justification of himself and his muse, against some supposed critical objections to his earlier poems. However this might be, Dennis conceived himself attacked ; and Addison, in his review of the poem in the Spectator, laments there were “ *some strokes of ill-nature.*”

We may here remark, and it is a singular circumstance, that the first effusions of Pope’s muse were the cause of unappeasable enmities. After the publication of his Pastorals, he was piqued that Phillips, who professed to write more from English country life than from what Pope calls the “ Golden Age,” should be compared as a pastoral writer with himself. The Pastorals of Phillips were printed in the year 1709, in the same volume of Miscellanies which contained those of Pope. Both were warmly commended by Addison in the

* Dennis had published a tragedy at this time, called “ APPIUS.”

the Spectator ; but the praise given to the English rustic was "*wormwood*," to the shepherd of the "Golden Age ;" and he gratified his spleen by an ironical comparison, three years afterwards, in the Guardian.

Not satisfied with this disingenuous and unmanly hostility, he encouraged Gay, who had gained his friendship by the dedication of "Rural Sports," to write the Eclogues in ridicule of Phillips, called the "Shepherd's Week."

Phillips, mortified and offended, it is said, hung up a rod at Button's Coffee-house, to chastise, *horresco referens*, his rival Arcadian !

Thus Pope's Pastorals were the foundation of lasting animosity between Phillips and himself ; his Essay on Criticism caused all the subsequent unkindness between him and Dennis ; and the Rape of the Lock was the commencement of the misunderstanding with Addison.

Pope was now in the twenty-third year of his age (1711), but he had not attained that period of his life without experiencing other feelings than those of friendship.

Sir William Trumbull was his first real friend, from whom he might have learned to combine every thing dignified and pleasing in the human mind.

Plain, accomplished, and sincere, he shewed the greatest regard to Pope's rising character, by judicious and affectionate advice ; in particular when he left the Forest, to mix with gayer society in London.

But

But at this dangerous period, when the mind is most susceptible of flattery, and most easily beset with temptation, he met with a different character in Cromwell. As he learnt the language of criticism and taste from Walsh, so he soon affected that of gallantry and licentious pleasantries from a companion who flattered him both for his poetry and powers of pleasing*.

Cromwell was a man of singularity, a quaint compound of the beau and the pedant. Pope early caught the manners of his tutor, and something of his affectation, particularly in regard to the ladies, of whose acquaintance Cromwell was superlatively vain.

Cromwell introduced him to his Mistress, Mrs. Thomas, of whom more will be said hereafter. She had the poetical name of Sappho, and is often spoken of under that name by Pope†.

I need not point out those passages in the letters to Cromwell, undoubtedly genuine, which have been properly suppressed. Some idea of his friend's singularity may be formed from one of Pope's letters, inviting him to Binfield, and another written to him after his departure:

“ Pray, bring a considerable number of *pint bottles* with you. This might seem a strange odd request, if
you

* Let the reader compare his verses on leaving London, with Sir William's remonstrance, “ Fly from all tavern company,” *Tamquam ex incendio!!*

† This was before his acquaintance with Lady M. Montagu.

you had not told me you would *stay* but as many days as *you brought bottles*.”——

“All you saw in this country charge me to assure you of their humble service, and the *Ladies* in particular, who look upon us as *plain country-fellows* since they saw *you*, and heard more *civil things* in that fortnight, than they expect from a whole shire of us in an age. The *trophy* you bore away from one of them in your snuff-box, will doubtless preserve her memory, and be a testimony of your admiration for ever.”——

Pope now commenced lover, notwithstanding his appearance was ill calculated to excite tenderness.

The first person who seems to have engaged his tender feelings, about the year 1709, was the lady distinguished by the epithet of “*unfortunate*,” in his exquisite Elegy, whose real history is still involved in mysterious uncertainty; and concerning whom as much inquiry has been instituted, and with as little success, as of the man in the “*iron mask*.” One thing is plain, that he wished little should be known. It is remarkable, that Caryl of West Grinstead, mentioned in the Rape of the Lock, asks the question in two letters, but Pope returns no answer. It is in vain, after the fruitless inquiry of Johnson and Warton, perhaps, to attempt further elucidation; but I should think it unpardonable not to mention what I have myself heard, though I cannot vouch for its truth. Pope hints in
one

one place, that she was the same lady on whom the Duke of Buckingham wrote his song, entitled, "To a Lady retiring to a Convent." The verses prove that she was nobly allied; and as the Duke of Buckingham was a man very far from exemplary in his moral character, it is probable that an intimacy might have existed between them, and on her he might have written his Dialogue between an "Elderly Swain and a young Shepherdess."

The story which was told to Condorcet by Voltaire, and by Condorcet to a gentleman of high birth and character, from whom I received it, is this:—"That her attachment was not to Pope, or to any Englishman of inferior degree;" but to a young French Prince of the blood royal, Charles Emmanuel Duke of Berry, whom, in early youth, she had met at the court of France. In 1710, if we give this date to the Elegy, the Duke of Berry must have been in his twenty-fourth year, being born 1686.

The verses certainly seem unintelligible, unless they allude to some connexion, to which her highest hopes, though nobly connected herself, could not aspire. What other sense can be given to these words?

"Why bade ye else, ye powers, her soul aspire

"Beyond the vulgar flight of low desire?

"AMBITION first sprung from your bright abodes,

"The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods!"

She

She was herself of a noble family, or there can be no meaning in the line,

“ That once had honour, virtue, *titles*, fame *.”

Under the idea here suggested, a greater propriety is given to the verse, which otherwise appears so tame and common place,

“ ’Tis all thou art, and all the PROUD shall be.”

It sufficiently appears from Pope’s letter, that she was of a wild and romantic disposition. She left her friends and country, and commenced a sentimental pursuit after the object in which her ambition and enthusiastic caprice had centered. Having alienated her relations by her wayward conduct, and being disappointed in the hopes she had formed, she retired *voluntarily* to a convent.

Warton asserts that she was “ forced” into a nunnery.—This is expressly contrary to what Pope himself says, in a letter to her : “ If you are *resolved* in *re-* “ *venge* to *rob* the world of so much example as you “ may afford it, I believe your design to be in vain ; “ for, in a monastery, your devotions cannot carry you “ so far towards the next world, as to make this lose “ fight of you.”

Part of this letter, as it stands in Curll’s edition, Pope in his acknowledged edition has suppressed ; it is singular,

* It is said, her name was Winsberry.

gular, that it conveys an idea very nearly of what has been before mentioned. The passage which Pope, on second thoughts, suppressed, is this—

After the words (“past its power to injure them,”) add, “Therefore if you take it into favour upon its again repentance, and continue in it, you would be so far from leading what is commonly called an *unsettled life*, (or what you with too much unjust severity call a *vagabond life*,) that the wise would only look upon you as a prince in *progress*, who *travels* to gain the affections he has not,” &c.

However this may be, her fate at least is well known, and it is most probable that incipient lunacy was the cause of her perverted feelings, and untimely end.

The same year (1711) he produced the poem, which at once placed him higher than any modern writer, and exceeded every thing of the kind that had appeared in the republic of letters. In the Rape of the Lock, to the mellifluence which distinguished his pastorals, to the “*carminis artem*,” (the most consummate skill of versification in its kind,) he added what might before have been denied to him, the powers of the happiest INVENTION: here were no images and sentiments borrowed and diluted, if I may so say, from Virgil: all was new and fanciful. He stood upon his own ground; and whilst he placed at an immense distance those who had before succeeded in the Mock-Heroic, (Boileau and Garth,) claimed the highest praise the

most successful poet could boast : for the machinery (it matters not from what source taken) was so appropriate, so beautifully interwoven, and so poetical, that the shafts of Dennis, when he afterwards attacked it, severe and acute as he was, dropt impotent.

Let me be here indulged in speaking somewhat more particularly of this extraordinary man. At the time of the first appearance of Pope as a poet, he had long been considered as the most learned critic of the age. In his youth he had associated with the first characters, particularly Congreve, &c.

He had corresponded once with Dryden, who seems to bear the most willing testimony to his acquirements and talents. Even after the declared hostility of Pope, those who most favoured the cause of the rising bard, did not speak with disrespect of the veteran critic.

Dennis, no doubt, considered, that the ground which the young candidate for fame had gained, himself lost ; and an additional sting was, therefore, given to his severity.

The Rape of the Lock appeared first in two books, without the machinery of the Sylphs. When this was so successfully added, Dennis wrote some observations, which however he forbore to publish at the time.

It may be proper here to mention, the cause why they appeared so long afterwards. In 1721, Dennis growing old and distressed, published his correspondence with different eminent characters, by sub-

scription. Pope, fearful of his resentment, became a subscriber, and sent him the following Letter :

“ SIR,

May 3, 1721.

“ I called to receive the two books of your letters from Mr. Congreve, and have left with him the little money I was in your debt. I look upon myself to be much more so, for the *omissions you have been pleased* to make in these letters in my favour, and SINCERELY JOIN WITH YOU in the desire, that not the LEAST TRACES may remain of that difference between us, which indeed I am SORRY FOR. You may therefore believe me, without either ceremony or falseness, SIR, &c.

“ A. POPE.”

Yet, after this protestation, without any fresh provocation from Dennis, he introduced him into the *Dunciad*. The criticism Dennis had written on the *Rape of the Lock* was not published till this unmerited and wanton attack. I have thought it necessary to mention the circumstance in this place; and as Johnson has given an extract from the Criticism on “ the Essay,” perhaps the reader will not be displeased to hear something of what was advanced by the formidable assailant against the Sylphs.

“ The machines which appear in this poem, are
 “ infinitely less considerable than the *human* person-
 “ ages, which is without precedent. Nothing can
 “ be so contemptible as the persons, or so foolish as
 “ the

“ the *understanding* of these *hobgoblins*. Ariel’s speech,
 “ for the first thirty lines, is one continued imper-
 “ tinence ; for, if what he says is true, he tells them
 “ nothing but what they knew as well as himself be-
 “ fore : when he comes at length to the point, he is
 “ full as impertinent as he was in his ramble before ;
 “ for after he had talked to them of *black omens* and
 “ *dire disasters* that threaten his heroines, these by
 “ turns dwindle to the breaking a piece of *china*, the
 “ staining of a *petticoat*, the losing a *necklace*, a *fan*,
 “ or a bottle of *sal volatile*.

“ That which makes this speech more ridiculous is
 “ the place where it is spoken, and that is upon the
 “ sails and cordage of Belinda’s barge ; which is cer-
 “ tainly taken from the Two Kings of Brentford,
 “ descending in clouds, and singing in the style of
 “ our modern spirits :

“ I *King*.—O stay, for you need not as yet go astray,
 “ The tide, like a friend, has brought ships in the way,
 “ And on their high ropes we will play *.”

This is sufficient to shew how little criticism can ef-
 fect, when it is not founded on truth.

But a more formidable adversary, according to
 Pope’s fancy, now appeared against his rising fame :
 this

* In *Prose e Poesie del Sig. Al. Ant. Conti*, ver. 1756, t. 2,
 there is a translation of the *Rape of the Lock*, which begins thus :

“ Canto l’offesa, la vittoria, e’l pianto,
 “ Lo sdegno, la battaglia, & la sconfitta,
 “ Del Riccio tronco,” &c.

xxxviii LIFE AND WRITINGS

this was the celebrated Addison. It has been said that Pope by his three productions, the Pastorals, the Essay, and the Rape of the Lock, made three adversaries, at least such as he thought he had reason to conclude were his adversaries ; Phillips, Dennis, and Addison. But the cause of his imputing enmity and jealousy

This translation was executed with the assistance of Lord Bolingbroke. In a dedication to the Marquis Manfreda Repetta, which contains some observations on the poem, the translator says, “ Voi vi mostrate con ragione curioso dell’ Inglese Poesia, della quale tante volte abbiamo parlato a Compiglia, ma io non saprei darvene un più bel saggio, che inviandov il Riccio del Pope ; io lo tradussi in Francia con l’assistenza di Milord Bolingbrock, & mi ricordo ch’egli avendo letta & esaminata la traduzione, mi disse che se mai la rendessi nota in Italia, vi aggiungeressi questi versi di Virgilio nella Prefazione :

“ Non obtusa adeò gestamus pectora Pœni ;

“ Nec tam averfus equos Tyria sol jungit ab urbe.”

JOS. COOPER WALKER.

I select a few strange passages from this Italian translation of the *Rape of the Lock* :

“ Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.” CANT. I.

“ Là paste, polvi, biblia *, e dolci fogli.”

“ One speaks the glory of the British Queen.” CANT. III.

“ Chi d’antica Eroina † i pregi esalta.”

“ Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks.” CANT. IV.

“ Geme un catin, parla un pasticcio d’oca ‡.”

* Le dame in Inghilterra, & in Francia, leggono spesso il Nuovo & Antico Testamento tradotto nelle lor lingue, ciò, che non è lecito farsi in Italia.

† Si recitava in quel tempo a Londra un drama in Musica, ove era introdotta una antica Reina della Bretagna.

‡ Una dama Inglese s’imaginò d’essere divenuta un pasticcio d’oca, vivanda molto saporita in Inghilterra.

jealousy to Addison, all things considered *, can only be attributed to his own temper.

Addison was the friend of Phillips, and the circumstance of Phillips's "fooleries," as he called it, at Button's, made him the more ready to think that Addison was concerned.

It immediately occurred to Pope, that when Addison expressed a doubt of the propriety of the machinery to be added to the Rape of the Lock, it was done with no other motive than the jealous and malignant one of endeavouring to depress Pope's rising reputation as a poet. Johnson has spoken with the proper sternness of good sense on such an imputation, but I wonder he forgot a case exactly in point: "If Addison was *actuated by jealousy*, when he dissuaded the additions to the Rape of the Lock;" upon the same principles we must grant, that Pope *was actuated by jealousy*, when he recommended that Cato should not be brought on the stage: the opinion of both was diametrically opposite to the event †.

As

* See Note on Addison, Vol. iv.

† Let us only see how a little different colouring makes the same thing appear.—Hear Mr. Ruffhead:

"When Mr. Addison had finished the tragedy of Cato, he brought it to Mr. Pope, and left it with him three or four days, for his opinion. Mr. Pope, with his *wonted ingenuous candour*, told him, he thought he had better not exhibit it on *the stage*; and added, that, by printing it only as a classical production, he might make it turn to a profitable account, as the *piece was well penned!*"

As Johnson has so ably described the history and progress of the translation of the Iliad, proposals for which were issued in 1713, and which was the cause of the final rupture between Pope and Addison, I need not follow, but shall rather refer to his Life of Pope, page 304.—(Lives of the Poets.) He there says (page 318), that from the emission and reception of the proposals of the Iliad, the kindness of Addison began to cool. Addison might ask, “quibus indicibus, quo teste?” Johnson has given no authority, nor have I met with any, except what might be found in Pope’s jealous imagination. Addison was the first adviser and the first promoter of the translation, and he surely expressed his ingenuous warmth, when he urged Pope “not to be satisfied with the applauses of half the country, when he could command the whole;”—meaning the Whigs as well as Tories. If Pope imagined Addison to be estranged from him, and thought he could expect “nothing but enmity from him,” does it follow, that, all this was owing “to the *emission*”

Pope, perhaps, was sincere, then why not Addison? But, what was in Pope “*wonted ingenuous candour*,” was, (according to Ruffhead and Pope,) in Addison, “*disingenuous hostility!* and envy!”

Addison was sixteen years older than Pope: in 1715, Pope was 27, Addison 43. Addison, therefore, from his age and superior station, might justly be supposed to have spoken to Pope as a friend, in a manner to which his reputation and years might have entitled him: is the inference fair, that if, considering the inequality of circumstances, they parted in disgust, that the young man was entirely in the right, and the elder in the wrong?

sion and reception of Proposals for the translation of the Iliad," which Addison was the first to suggest and promote?

Prior to this great project, which at once established his fame and his fortune, he published the Imitation from the Temple of Fame of Chaucer, with some smaller pieces*.

The Windsor Forest now first appeared in public; and, as Addison was supposed to be mortified at Pope's rising fame, of course he must be introduced as having received great pain, from the animated conclusion of this poem, both as a politician and a poet. Johnson sufficiently exposed the petulance of this insinuation; but it shews the "jealousy," of him who could *imagine* it, much more than, in the eye of common sense and common charity, it can be thought to reflect on Addison. Besides, at this time, Pope was so satisfied with Addison, that he courted his favour, by writing two things, which at once honoured and disgraced him—the exquisite prologue to Cato, and the low abuse of Dennis, which the gentlemanly magnanimity of Addison disdained†.

The meditated proposals for the great translation were issued 1713, and the four first books came out in 1715.

As

* He wrote to Steele, that it had been written two years before, but it was not published till 1712, the year before his issuing proposals for his Homer.

† See his Letter to Steele, quoted by Johnson, p. 292.

As the idea of the jealousy of Addison had taken deep root in the mind of Pope, it was in vain that Jervas the painter (the friend of Pope, from whom he was receiving instructions in his art) endeavoured to unite them, 1714. Sir Richard Steele attempted the same friendly part: this was ineffectual; they both parted, as Johnson says, "with aggravated malevolence."

This incident has been generally recorded to the disadvantage of Addison: at such a distance of time the exact truth cannot be known; but as the circumstance in itself, of the final rupture between characters so celebrated, may not be uninteresting, I shall make some further observations.

In the first place, the account is given solely by Pope's friends, and in *Pope's colours*:

παν πρᾶγμα δυας ἐχει λαβας,

is an expression of Epictetus: every thing "has two handles;" and, in this sense, every circumstance in the transactions of life has two "colourings:" in the case before us, we only see the *colouring* of *one side*. Pope's friends represented the transaction in the light in which Pope represented it to them.

I will set the account before the reader, in the words of Pope's most professed admirer, Ayre; and I shall leave to him to form his conclusion even from the evidence of Pope's witness.

" Sir

“ Sir Richard Steele begged him (Addison) to perform his promise in making up the breach with Mr. Pope, and Mr. Pope desired the same, as well as to be sensible how he had offended ; and almost at the command of Sir Richard Steele, instructed Mr. Addison to *speake candidly and friendly*, though it might be with ever so *great severity*, rather than to keep up any *forms* of complaisance to conceal any of his faults.”

After this request, one should suppose that Addison, if he had any friendly feelings, would speak openly and candidly. His age, station, and respectability, might also make him presume, in consequence of such a solicitation, to inform Pope, who was a much younger man, where he considered him to blame. Addison, however, according to Ayre, without any provocation, behaved in such a manner as it is impossible to conceive. Mr. Addison, without appearing to be in anger, though *quite overcome with it*, began a formal speech, and said, “ that he had always wished him well, and often *endeavoured* to be his friend, and as *such advised* him, if his nature was capable of it, to divest himself of *his vanity*, which was too great for his merit.” All this is very natural, sincere, and friendly ; what follows is so unprovoked, so unworthy a man of common feelings and common sense, that as the account comes from one who obviously tries to make the best of Pope’s cause, we should be cautious before we believe

believe the truth of the statement. Addison said, “ that
 “ he had not yet arrived at that pitch of excellence he
 “ might imagine, or think his most partial readers ima-
 “ gined ; when HE and Sir RICHARD STEELE *correct-*
 “ *ed* his verses, they had quite a different air ; he re-
 “ minded Mr. Pope of the amendments of a line in the
 “ poem called Messiah, by Sir Richard Steele,

“ He wipes the tears, &c.”

He proceeded to lay before him *all* the mistakes and inaccuracies hinted at by the crowd of scribblers * and writers, some good, some bad, who had attacked Mr. Pope, and added many things he had himself objected to : Speaking of Mr. Pope’s Homer, he said—
 “ To be sure, *he was not to blame* to get so large † a
 “ *sum of money*, but it was an *ill-executed thing*, and
 “ not equal to Tickell’s, who had all the fire of Ho-
 “ mer. Mr. Addison concluded in a low hollow
 “ voice of *feigned temper*, that he was not solicitous
 “ about his own fame as a poet, but of truth ; that
 “ he had quitted the muses to enter into the business
 “ of the public, and all that he spoke was through
 “ friendship, and a desire that Mr. Pope, as he would
 “ do

* The crowd of scribblers had not yet attacked Pope.

† Tickell’s was not yet published. This circumstance ought to be kept in mind : Ruffhead, Ayre, and Warton, place the meeting between Pope and Addison, subsequent to the publication of this rival translation. See Biographia, article Addison.

“ do if he was much humbler, might look better to
 “ the world.”

The reader, in this account, must see falsehood mixed with truth. That Addison, being solicited with an air of candour by Pope, probably told him some of his faults, I think is clear; but the greatest part of the absurd abuse attributed to Addison, is not only improbable, but impossible, for he is represented as speaking of facts, which did not happen till afterwards. Now let the reader hear what the young man replied.

“ He told Mr. Addison, he appealed from his judgment, *did not esteem him* able to correct him, and
 “ that he had *long* known him *too well* to expect any
 “ friendship; upbraided him with being a *pensioner*
 “ from his *youth*, sacrificing the very *learning* which
 “ was *purchased* by the *public money*, to a mean *thirst*
 “ of power; that he was sent abroad to encourage literature, and had always endeavoured to *cuff down*
 “ *new fledged* merit.”

If Pope spoke in this manner, it is no wonder Addison left him without reply *. My conclusion is, the statement is exaggerated, and as we have only one account, for the most part false †.

Having

* After this, when Addison was in power, he offered his services, nay, his interest at Court, to Mr. Pope, (*Letter from Dennis*, 29 Aug. 1714), to which he received a waspish and disdainful answer, (27 Aug. 1714.) *Biographia*, page 58.

§ That many things advanced against Addison were absolutely false, is proved in the *Biographia*, by Judge Blackstone. The presumption

Having dwelt so long on the unpleasant subject of the early animosities of Pope, let us turn to a view of a more interesting part of his character, his attachments and friendships.

Far be it from me to wish to rake up the ashes of forgotten gallantries, or early affections; but there are two names, so connected with the history of Pope, Martha Blount and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, that I shall be pardoned in laying before the public some circumstances which are less generally known.

The 20th of September 1714, was distinguished by the coronation of George the First. On this occasion the pleasing verses were written, generally understood, and so given out by Pope, as addressed to Martha Blount, youngest daughter of Lyster Blount of Mapledurham, near Reading, and sister to Edward Blount, Pope's friend and correspondent,—

“As some fond virgin,” &c.

The verses, however, were really addressed to Teresa Blount, her sister, who, now in the bloom of youth and beauty, on this occasion appeared in London, and who at this time seems to have made more particular impression on Pope. She was at that age when she began

“To roll a melting eye,

“Yet feel no danger, though a spark was nigh.”

Pope, from his residence only twelve miles distant, was early acquainted with the family; but her introduction

sumption is fair, that other accusations might be so, unless clearly proved. That Addison did not write the rival translation I am convinced, because I think him utterly *incapable* of writing such verses.

duction in London after the coronation, and possibly her appearing to greater personal advantage than before, made him feel impatient when she went

“ To plain work, and to purling brooks,”

leaving the mall, the ring, assemblies, and plays, for the lonely hall and the rooks of Maple-Durham.

That Terefa, not Martha, was the object of his “ wooing in rhyme,” is proved from the letters now published : in the first edition also, the line was written

“ So from the town the fair TERESA flew.”

In the letters Terefa is called “ Zephylinda ;” and her sister Martha “ Parthenia.” Under the name of Zephylinda, for some years the elder sister corresponded with a Swain, who had the Arcadian appellation of Alexis. The want of free and social intercourse, as it exists at this day between those of different sexes, where we see virtue without hypocrisy, modesty without prudery, and unaffected friendliness without artifice or disguise, was probably the cause of these sentimental fopperies.—Terefa, however, was Zephylinda; Martha, Parthenia; Alexis, James Moore, afterwards James Moore Smythe * ; and Pope, though he had no name in romance, (to which, it must be confessed, his figure was little adapted,) was not deficient in those gallant tenderesses of “ sonnets made to his mistress’s eyebrow,” which might beseem a youthful bard. To

Terefa

* This accounts, more than any thing else, for Pope’s inveteracy to him. James Moore had robbed him of Terefa, as Lord Harvey afterwards did, of his idol, Lady Mary.

Teresa he had written an epistle in verse before ; but in this he seems to confess more, though with his usual guardedness of expression at that time, for her sister is mentioned at the same time *.

But the most extraordinary circumstance relating to this epistle in verse, and which evinces the grossness of the times, or the licentiousness of the man, was the conclusion of it, now suppressed, so coarse and indecent, that it almost surpasses belief it could have been sent to any woman, (much less one for whom he professed esteem,) if the lines in his own hand-writing were not extant.

Whatever may be said of the vices of the present age, in many respects, it is so superior to the last, that a professed woman of the town would now feel insulted at receiving what was then written to a woman of character. I am willing to believe that two copies were written, one, which he sent the lady, and another, which he kept

* Ayre says, with his simple solemnity, page 32. vol. 2. " She imagined his civility arose from his youth, complaisance to her sex, and respect to her family ; all which were used as pleas for *more frequent opportunities of conversing* with her : but this was now put an end to for the present. If she went a *little unwillingly* from the town, it is no wonder, for she was a *great admirer of music*, and the *public diversions*, as most at that age she was then at do ; and the place she went to was as retired and as little visited as a nunnery. On the contrary, Mr. Pope, who could with great delight have enjoyed that solitude, (without enquiring who *was* his neighbours), was, by reason of transacting some affairs, under an obligation of being in town : he concealed his *real concern* for this separation, and wrote Miss Blount a letter, being the second he had wrote to her in verse, wherein he confesses (without seeming to do it formally) that she is seldom or ever out of his thoughts.

kept for the “*confilia secretiora*” of Cromwell, and his other friends of the same character. At this time, indeed, he absurdly affected a levity of dissipation. In his verses “*On leaving Town*,” he calls himself

“ The gayest valetudinaire,
“ Most *thinking rake* alive.”

Doncastle, in a letter extant, written not long afterwards, says: “ I am glad you are turn’d such a *bon vivant*.” This affectation was occasioned by vanity and the intercourse of gay companions, but was neither congenial to his disposition, nor long continued.

The kind of reciprocity, between friendship and gallantry, towards the Blounts, continued till it was put to flight, “ not by Gay’s tapping him on the shoulder,” but by something more fair, more interesting, more fascinating than either Teresa or Martha. The object that now arrested his heart, was the celebrated Lady Wortley Montagu.

It is necessary to revert a moment to the change in Pope’s circumstances. Towards the end of this year, 1715, being enabled, by the unparalleled success of the subscriptions to Homer, to “ live more at ease,” the house at Binfield was sold. With his father and mother (for whom his affection seemed to increase as they most needed his kindness) he left the retreat in the Forest *, and arose with fortune and reputation,
“ among

* There is something interesting (but marked by political disappointment) in the letter he wrote his friend Blount, after the battle

“among the swans of Thames,” at the pleasant village of Twickenham, since so much celebrated on account of his residence. A lease, for his own life, of four acres, was purchased of a Mrs. Vernon; so, in his verses, he says,

“Does it concern one

“Whether the house belongs to me, or Vernon?”

He here commenced the character of a man of rural taste. The elevation and design of his residence were planned by himself: the MS. translation of the *Odyssey*, in the British Museum, is filled with sketches of entablatures, columns, and porticos, by his own hand.

He had long been acquainted with Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, whom Swift and Gay fruitlessly wooed, in hopes of preferment. The vicinity of her residence between Twickenham and Richmond, gave him opportunities of friendly intercourse. Here he first became acquainted with the celebrated

battle of Preston, when he went to take leave, 1715, of his friends in the Forest:

“I write this from Windsor Forest, of which I am come to take my last look. We have bid our neighbours adieu! much as those who are *going to be hanged* do their fellow-prisoners who are condemned to follow them a few weeks after! I parted from honest Mr. D. with tenderness; and from old Sir W. Trumbull, as from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the miseries to come, from which he is just going to be removed himself—perhaps now. I have learned so far as *dulcia loquimur arva*; my next lesson may be *nos patriam fugimus*.”

celebrated lady before mentioned, then in the pride of beauty, fashion, and accomplishments.

She had lived retired with her husband till 1714, when his relation, Montague, being appointed to the high office of First Lord of the Treasury, he was made one of the Commissioners, Oct. 13, 1714; in consequence of which, he was introduced to the Court of George the First. "The first appearance of Lady Mary at St. James's," says Mr. Dallaway, "was hailed with that universal admiration, which beauty, enlivened by wit, incontestably claims; and, while the tribute of praise, so well merited, was willingly paid in public to the elegance of her form, the charms of her conversation were equally unrivalled, in the first private circles of the nobility."

Her powers of conversation, her sphere of life, her fascinating manners, added to youth, and beauty, and cultivated talents, certainly might impress the heart of Pope, at this time in his twenty-sixth year. She was not insensible to the flattery of a man so distinguished in literature, and encouraged, possibly very innocently (as not having any idea that his feelings could be mixed with ought but the veneration he professed) his rising predilection in her favour. Delighted with manners naturally unguarded, and by her unaffected disdain of rigid and formal etiquette, his admiration was raised to enthusiasm. Whatever he proposed to himself, and

whatever in the moments of self-love he might hope, the language of passion on his part cannot be mistaken. The last night, previous to her departure, which in all probability for a long period would separate her from her native country, Pope was admitted to take his leave. In a letter during her absence, he exclaims—"May the *last* man who left you be the *last* whom you would wish to leave!" At this time, also, he finished the most touching, affecting, poetical, impassioned, and I must say most pernicious, of all his works, the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard *. When it was begun, he intended it to have ended with an Address to Martha Blount, as, in a letter to her some time after, he says—"I can scarce find in my heart to leave out the conclusion, I once intended for it." He therefore transferred to Lady W. what was originally intended for M. Blount.

In a letter to Lady Mary abroad, he says—"There are some passages I hardly know whether I wish you to understand or not." These were the concluding lines, and perhaps some, which I need not point out, alluding to the tenderness and affection with which he bade her farewell, on the night prior to her departure from England. The latter lines could not be meant for the "Unfortunate Lady," for she was dead and forgotten,—could not relate

* This fixes nearly the date of the Poem, which Johnson was not able to ascertain. It was sent to her in 1717.

relate to Martha Blount, for he was not “condemned whole years in absence to deplore;”—and, therefore, they could be addressed only to Lady Mary; and “he best shall speak them who shall feel them most,” was a direct allusion to his own ardent but hopeless passion. Many passages of that celebrated Poem were transcribed, I have no doubt, from his own bosom; and the conflict which it exhibits of contending passions, are almost as lively depicted in his own letter to her. He continues—“Though *I* am never to see you again, may you live to pleasure other eyes, and improve other minds than mine.”—Again—“It is seriously true, that I have not, since your last letter, the least inclination to see Italy, though before I received it, I longed for your summons thither: but it is foolish to tell you this;—did I say foolish? it is a thousand times worse; it is in vain!” He now appears evidently hurt by some of her observations concerning his *friendship*; for he says, sarcastically,—“You touch me very sensibly, in saying you think so well of my *friendship*! in that you do me too much *honour*! Would to God you would, even at this distance, allow me to correct this period according to the *real truth of my heart*. I am foolish again, and methinks I am imitating, in my ravings, the dreams of splenetic enthusiasts and solitaires, who fall in love with saints, and *fancy themselves in favour* of angels and spirits, whom they can never see or touch.”

Surely such language cannot be mistaken.

When he expressed a desire to visit Italy, it was evidently more for the sake of meeting her than for that of studying pictures, or from a wish to see distant countries. Lady Mary remained with her husband at Constantinople from the year 1716 to 1718. During this time he endeavoured to unite the art of Painting, under the tuition of Jervas, with that of Poetry. In the mean time, the improving his house and grounds at Twickenham, and the cultivation of a larger and more illustrious set of friends, tended to make the period of absence less irksome. Bolingbroke, to whom he had been introduced by Swift, was in exile. Atterbury*, who was made Bishop of Rochester in 1713, enjoyed his confidence. He corresponded with Edward Blount, who was now abroad; and, though his heart was wandering as far as the Hellespont, he was not deficient in attentions and marks of particular kindness to his sisters: Gay, who looked up to him, and was indeed exactly the character to tally with his temper,

* Maty says, in his correspondence of Lord Chesterfield, that Atterbury, at an interview with Bolingbroke, offered to proclaim the Pretender in his lawn sleeves at Charing-Cross, after the death of the Queen. I have the same anecdote on the authority of an eminent nobleman, now no more, who bore the highest offices of the State in this country. Bolingbroke considered the attempt as madness.

temper, was his most intimate associate:—of whom it might truly be said,

“ His care was never to offend,
“ And every creature was his friend.”

He had a great veneration for Pope; was silent or talkative, just as his friend was inclined; he also was a man of wit and talents, though he never presumed to think himself equal to Pope. It was no wonder, therefore, he was agreeable.

But very different was the character of Atterbury; and Pope's acquaintance with him began under auspices the most unfavourable to friendship; with a conversation on religion. Atterbury was hostile to the Hanoverian succession, but he was attached in the greatest degree, as an enlightened man and well-informed divine, to the Protestant faith. Notwithstanding Pope's frequent boast of his disdain of flattery, he had a different behaviour to those who were in high stations and those who were not; but, at the same time, it must be mentioned, to his immortal honour, that in their disgrace, or exile, he never altered his conduct, as his attentions to Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Atterbury, prove.

Whatever was the difference of their religious creed, a subject on which Pope was deaf to all the Bishop's arguments, and all the friend's entreaties; yet there were certain tenets in *politics* which might involuntarily

tarily have drawn the cords of intimacy and confidence closer. Add to this, Atterbury was an eloquent writer, a refined scholar, and a pleasing poet, both in English and Latin *.

This period was perhaps the happiest æra of Pope's career : he was surrounded by illustrious friends ; possessed of fortune sufficient to enable him to receive, with polished hospitality, those whom he selected and loved, in a new and not inelegant mansion of his own design, surrounded by land, on which he might employ his taste and skill in rural decoration, which, next to poetry, was his favourite pursuit †.

The

* See his beautiful translation of Horace's Ode—

“ Quam tu Melpomene,” &c.

† A short account of the present appearance of this celebrated villa may not be unacceptable.

Two wings have been added to the mansion by Sir William Stanhope, who purchased it after the death of Pope ; and four acres were likewise purchased, to increase the extent of the pleasure ground. They are connected by a passage, of the same appearance as the original grotto, with an inscription, recording rather Sir William's vanity than Pope's taste. The original grotto extends under the house, into the gardens behind, passing also under the turnpike road. The extent is about sixty feet : two compartments are excavated in the front part, looking towards the river, which is seen from one end of the whole length of passage, to the other. The round looking-glass remains in the centre of the arch. I do not see the least appearance of robbery or mutilation. One of the compartments has the name of Borlace composed in spar, as the whole recess was furnished from his collection. In this recess was the small running water : this is heard no longer ; and the “ sleeping nymph” is succeeded by an infantine figure,

The sunshine of these enjoyments was now, for a while, suddenly clouded, by the death of his father, 1717, in the seventy-fifth year of his age; who survived the removal from the Forest only two years, but who lived to experience the greatest happiness an aged parent can receive, in witnessing the fame and prosperity of a son, whose natural infirmities had led him to forebode a far different fate.

He died, with the feelings so beautifully and pathetically described by Dr. Morel:

figure, who, I was informed, was no other than "Moses in the bull-rushes." The other recess opposite is adorned with busts of Milton, Pope, &c. Both recesses are diminutive.

The willow planted by Pope, on the small lawn in front of the house, which slopes to the river, is gone; part of the naked trunk only remains, about three feet high, on which are cut three or four steps. One small willow, from the parent trunk, still flourishes near its side.

Cuttings, it is said, from this tree, were sent by Sir William Stanhope into various parts of Europe, and in particular to the Empress of Russia, in 1789.

The trees are so much grown, that little of Pope's original design can be traced; but not much perhaps is lost. The villa has seen a variety of owners, from the nobleman to the cit, and is now in possession of Lady Briscoe.

Very little has been added, except by Sir William Stanhope, and as little taken away; nine acres are kept "levell'd with the scythe," with *eternal* serpentine walks, interspersed with, here and there, an urn, and some fine cedars.

By cutting down half the trees, and feeding the lawn and pleasure-ground with sheep, the place would be more profitable, more natural, and infinitely more beautiful.

"Tears

“ Tears such as tender fathers shed,
“ Warm from my aged eyes descend,
“ For joy—to think, *when I am dead*,
“ My son shall have MANKIND HIS FRIEND.”

The grief which that son felt, cannot be stronger conveyed than by a note, here published, which he sent at the time to Martha Blount.

“ My poor father died last night. Believe, since I don’t forget you this moment, I never shall.

“ A. POPE.”

The shades of his elegant retirement, after the death of his father, became gradually more interesting, from the accession of the splendid and respectable connexions the immediate vicinity afforded.

Lord Burlington, whose house at Chiswick, now in possession of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Harvey wittily characterised as “ *too little to live in, and too large to hang upon a watch,*” resided not farther than six miles from Twickenham.

The manner in which Pope, in the plenitude of fame, now passed his time, is described in a letter to Teresa Blount:

“ I heartily wish many times you led the same course of life which I here partly enjoy and partly regret, for I am not a day without what they call elegant company. I have not din’d but at great entertainments these ten days, in pleasant villas about the
Thames,

My poor Father dyed
last night.
Believe, since I don't
forget you this moment,
I never shall.

A Pope

Thames, whose banks are far more populous than London, through the neighbourhood of Hampton Court." Dated 1716.

Parsons Green, Fulham, was the residence of the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, the conqueror of Spain, who, after his return from his embassy to the King of Sicily, now enjoyed the leisure of a retired private gentleman. Pope says,

"He whose thunder thinn'd the Iberian lines,

"Now forms my quincunx, and now prunes my vines."

Nor can a more pleasing trait be recorded in the life of a foldier and eminent public character, than that which exhibits him, after gloriously sustaining in arms abroad the cause of his country, partaking of the quietude and friendship, and overlooking the rural improvements, of a man of letters.

Among his more intimate associates at this time, may be mentioned Jervas, the painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Dr. Arbuthnot, and a gentleman then well known, but of whom no more now is recorded, than that he was familiarly called "Duke Disney," who generally was of the party in their excursions. Their mode of setting out on one of their journies, is not unpleasantly described by Jervas:—

"On Thursday next (God willing) Dr. A. Duke
 "Disney, and C. Jervas, rendezvous at Hyde-Park
 "Corner about noon, and proceed to Mr. Hill's at
 "Eggam, to lodge there on Friday, and to meet Mr.
 "Pope upon the road, to proceed together to Lord
 "Stowel's,

“ Stowel’s, and there also to lodge: The next
 “ Saturday, to Sir William Wyndham’s. *A shirt and*
 “ *cravat* is all you must think of in *this new scheme*;
 “ and you must have a *shorter* and *less* *bridle* sent
 “ down on Saturday, &c. The tailor shall be chastised
 “ if ’tis real negligence on his part, but *if ’tis only*
 “ *vapours*, you must beg pardon *.”

Among the ladies, Pope might reckon a familiar acquaintance with the maids of honour to the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline; the beautiful Mary Bellenden, Miss Lepel, (afterwards married to his inveterate enemy Lord Harvey,) Miss Griffin, and Miss Howe: To the last of whom, he wrote the lines on Prudery, ending with

“ That rails at dear Lepel and you.”

Pope was not entirely occupied with his friends, his garden, and with the formation of his grotto: he was still busied in the translation of Homer, the first volume of which had been printed in 1715. The rest was published year by year.

As the account of the progress and conclusion of this celebrated work is so amply detailed by Johnson, I proceed to parts of Pope’s life less noticed by his biographers in general.

He now, 1717, collected, in one quarto volume, what he had written, with the addition of the exquisite
 Epistle

* This may appear trifling, but my object is to give a nearer view of his habits, &c.

Epistle of Eloisa, which was sent to Lady Montagu, then abroad. He had continued his correspondence with the Blounts, but was delighted at the unexpected return of Lady Mary, whose husband was recalled from his embassy. The year after the death of his father, 1718, his thoughts were occupied with the idea of her making Twickenham the happy residence of her future years. But, alas, the visions of delight on which we are most eager to dwell, are generally the first to fade.

Soon after Lady Mary's return, by Pope's persuasion, a house was taken at Twickenham: perhaps

“Love might have approach'd him under friendship's name.”

But whatever was the nature of his own feelings, it was not likely he should excite any such reciprocal attachment. He was not willing to part with this hope: but she seems to have held his pretensions or his person in equal dislike: Mr. Dallaway attributes the decline of their intimacy to Pope's *jealousy* of her *rival talents*.

But this could never be the case: In no instance, with respect to talents, did she approach him, and particularly in that art, of which he could be alone jealous,—the art of poetry. No adulation would have been wanting, no insinuating mode of address untried, (so it appears from his letters and subsequent conduct,) could he have flattered himself with receiving confidence

dence and kindness; could he have hoped that her partial attention should be devoted to him.

During their intercourse, I fear, he encouraged the idea of a greater intimacy subsisting between them than the truth warranted. A letter from Jervas seems to imply this.

“ Lady Mary W—y ordered me, by an express this Wednesday morning, *sedente Gayo, et ridente Fortescuvio!* to send you a letter, or some other proper notice, to come to her on Thursday, about five o’clock, which I suppose she meant in the evening.” The cruel imputation he afterwards threw out, strongly corroborates this opinion; and if Lady M. had reason to suspect it, it is no wonder she felt added dislike and disgust.

The first symptoms of the decline of friendship appear from her letter to Lady Mar, of 1720: She says, “ I sometimes see Mr. Congreve, and *very seldom* Mr. Pope, who continues to embellish his house at Twickenham.” How much he was disappointed, is evident from the pathetic and beautiful fragment, part of which he was willing to suppress. The lines were written to Gay, on the finishing his house, and are exquisitely tender:

“ Ah, friend, ’tis true—this truth your lovers know—

“ In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;

“ In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes,

“ Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens:

“ Joy lives not here; to happier seats it flies,

“ And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.

“ What

“ What are the gay parterre, the checquer’d shade,

“ The morning bower, the evening colonnade,

“ But soft recesses of uneasy minds

“ To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?

“ So the struck deer in some sequester’d part

“ Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;

“ He, stretch’d unseen, in coverts hid from day,

“ Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.”

This year, 1720, saw the conclusion of his great labour, the English Iliad.

In 1721, he published the collection of Parnel’s poems, with those verses, next to Eloisa, the sweetest he ever wrote, addressed to Lord Oxford, and which do as much honour to him as a man, as they do credit to him as a poet. There is no lover of poetry, upon their mention, who does not almost involuntarily repeat with tenderness,

“ Such were the notes,” &c.

This year also he appeared in a new character, that of an editor. For this business his habits and his disposition made him totally unfit. An edition of Shakespeare, at the solicitation of the booksellers, was, however, submitted to him, by which he only gave an occasion of triumph to those who were far his inferiors in talents and genius.

Theobald published, with a view of shewing Pope’s numerous errors, his “Shakespeare restor’d.” In a letter on the subject, he concludes thus:

“ If

“ If Mr. Pope is angry with me for attempting to restore Shakespeare, I hope the *public* are not : admit my sheets have *no other merit*, they will at least have *this* : they will awaken him to some degree of accuracy in his *next edition* of that poet, which we are to have in a few months, and then we shall see whether we owed the errors of the former edition to *indiligence* or his inexperience in the author. As my remarks upon Shakespeare shall closely attend upon the publication of his edition, I’ll venture to promise, without arrogance, that I’ll then give above *five hundred* more *fair emendations*, that shall escape *him* and all his *assistants*!!”

The Odyfsey was undertaken, in conjunction with Brome and Fenton, about this time : a more particular account of which will be found in Johnson.

In the year 1723 took place the memorable trial of his friend Atterbury. To this prelate he appeared to have been most affectionately attached ; and reciprocal visits, confidential kindness, and congenial feelings, both in regard to books and men, seemed to have given more than common interest to their intercourse. That Atterbury was inveterately hostile to the existing government, if not guilty of all that was laid to his charge, there is now, I believe, little doubt. That he was hostile to the existing government, *conscientiously*, not from *faction*, or *ambition*,

bition, considering the many interesting parts of his domestic character, his taste, his manly but tender feelings, I wish to believe. It was never imagined, whatever might have been his designs, that Pope was implicated. The conclusion of his speech to the House of Lords, at the time of his trial, and his last letter to Pope on this subject, are so affecting, that, whatever might have been his private views, we can hardly help exclaiming,

“AMBITION SHOULD BE MADE OF STERNER STUFF.”

His last words before his Peers were: “If, after
 “all, it shall be thought by your Lordships that there
 “is any seeming strength in any of the proofs pro-
 “duced against me; if by private persuasions of
 “my guilt, founded on unseen, unknown motives,
 “which ought not certainly to influence public judg-
 “ments; if by any reasons and necessities of state,
 “(of the expedience, wisdom, and justice of which
 “I am no competent judge,) your Lordships shall be
 “induced to proceed on this bill, and to pass it in any
 “shape; I shall dispose myself quietly and patiently
 “to submit to what is determined. God’s will be
 “done! Naked came I out of my mother’s womb;
 “and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave,
 “and the Lord hath taken away; and (whether in
 “giving or taking) blessed be the name of the Lord.”

Whilst he was a prisoner in the Tower he wrote such a farewell to Pope, that Shakespeare, in powers of unaffected pathos, could hardly exceed. In this letter he

evidently seemed to anticipate the judgment which awaited him.

“ I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say something about my way of spending my time at the deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies : but of that I shall consider *. You and I have spent many hours together on much pleasanter subjects ; and that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily and not without some degree of concern apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

“ Some natural tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon :

“ The world was all before him, where to chuse

“ His place of rest, and PROVIDENCE his GUIDE.”

The King, it has been thought, would have pardoned him ; and the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole, in this instance, appears unusually harsh : but Walpole was evidently afraid of the talents, the popularity, the eloquence, and the known hostility of such a man as Atterbury ; and though his conduct respecting the fines † due to him from the church was manly and generous, he seems not to have been quite easy till Atterbury had left the kingdom. His friends had free access to him in the Tower, and his daughter ‡, Mrs.

* Pope appeared on the trial before the House of Lords.

† See Coxe's Memoirs.

‡ A particular account of his daughter's death in his arms will be seen in the second volume.

Mrs. Morris, was allowed to accompany him. He went into exile the 23d of May 1723, and was brought back a corpse to his native country, after having struggled with losses, infirmities, and sorrows, in 1732.

The Bible, which Atterbury gave as a parting memorial to his friend, is now in possession of Lady Hawarden, with the following inscription:

ALEXANDRO POPE,

FRAN. ROFF.

Anno Exilii.

This melancholy event was severely felt by Pope, who never mentioned it but with concern and affectionate remembrance. He was, however, the same year, consoled for the loss of one friend sent into exile, by the return of another; his "guide, philosopher, and friend," Bolingbroke.

From the time of Atterbury's exile to the year 1725, he was engaged on the translation of the *Odyssey* *.

The cause of Bolingbroke's pardon and return has never been clearly explained or understood, before the authentic memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole by Mr. Coxe.

* During this time, Voltaire was in England; and often a visitor at Twickenham. The object of his journey to England was to get the *Henriade* printed here, as appears by the letter of introduction to Doddington, from H. Walpole, in Mr. Wyndham's Collection.

Coxe. In 1723, his pardon passed the great seal. He was now frequently with Pope at Twickenham ; and this circumstance was probably the chief cause of the more decided part his friend latterly took in politics ; for Bolingbroke, notwithstanding the favours he had received, was still chagrined and disappointed.

Such in general was Pope's life, from the year 1715 to 1725. He was carested by noblemen of the highest rank : among his intimate and more endearing connexions he could reckon literary characters, the most respectable of the age : he corresponded with Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, Fortescue : in the summer he visited the seats of Lord Cobham, Lord Bathurst, Lord Harcourt, Lord Digby ; and he was now made more particularly happy by the return of the friend for whom he expressed the most constant veneration and regard. But alas !

“ Surgit amari aliquid quod et ipsis floribus angat.”

From this period may be dated his more marked political hostility, and in particular those circumstances which must have caused the greatest pain, relating to the open unappeasable rupture with Lady M. Montagu, and Lord Hervey, who espousing her cause, was involved in the abuse.

The intimacy of Pope and Lady Mary was now entirely discontinued. Mortified pride and disappointed feelings sought consolation and refuge elsewhere,

where, among other objects, who were more easily pleased, and more disposed to admire. A friendly but indefinite connexion, a strange mixture of passion, gallantry, licentiousness, and kindness, had long taken place between himself and the Miss Blounts.

It has been said that Teresa was the first object of his attention. For some time his partiality seems to have been wavering. He was consulted, and interested himself in the affairs of the family, for the father died in 1710. After some misunderstanding, mutual bickerings, and complaints with Teresa, he finally set his heart on Martha. She was neither so handsome nor so intelligent as her sister; and to be admired by a man so celebrated as a wit was the more grateful, as it flattered her understanding, the point in which she was most deficient.

The curious letters which passed between him and her sister Teresa, published in the tenth volume, will shew the decline and termination of their connexion, as well as evince how much he felt on the occasion.

In one he says,

“ If your meaning be, that the very things you
 “ ask and wish become odious to you, when *it is I*
 “ that comply with them, or bring them about, pray
 “ own it, and deceive me no longer with any thought
 “ but that you hate me. My friendship is too warm
 “ and sincere to be trifled with; therefore, if you
 “ have any meaning, tell it me, or you must allow

“ me to take away that which perhaps you don’t care
 “ to keep. Your humble servant.”

As these letters are without date, we cannot say exactly when they were written. Pope seems to have fixed his regard solely on Martha so early as 1714, for he says in one letter: “ In these overflowings of
 “ my heart I pay you my thanks for those two oblig-
 “ ing letters you favoured me with, of the 18th and
 “ 24th instant. That which begins with “ *My*
 “ *charming Mr. Pope!*” was a delight to me *beyond*
 “ *all expression.* You have at last entirely gained the
 “ conquest over your fair sister. ’Tis true, you are
 “ not handsome, for you are a woman, and think you
 “ are not: but this good-humour and tenderness for
 “ me has a charm that cannot be resisted. That face
 “ must needs be irresistible, which was adorned with
 “ smiles even when it could not see the corona-
 “ tion.”

Though it is hardly worth noticing, my opinion is, that after this letter the public appearance of Teresa in town at the coronation, revived all his suppressed tenderness; and the most direct addresses to Martha were not conceived till after the coolness of Lady Mary, and the death of the brother in 1726.

Pope, however, was in this respect a politician, and he carefully, to *the family* at least, avoided any expressions in his letters that might be construed into a direct avowal; and when his warmth sometimes be-

trayed him, he generally contrived to make old Mrs. Blount and her other daughter parties, so that what was said might appear only the dictates of general kindness.

On the death of their brother, his intimate friend and correspondent, he seems to speak more openly his undisguised sentiments to Martha, who from this time became his confidant, having admitted a connexion which subjected her to some ridicule, but which ended only with his life. Pope was now in his 38th year. He was never indifferent to female society, and though his good sense prevented him, conscious of so many personal infirmities, from marrying, yet he felt the want of that sort of reciprocal tenderness and confidence in a female, to whom he might freely communicate his thoughts, and on whom, in sickness and infirmity, he could rely. All this Martha Blount became to him: by degrees she became identified with his existence. She partook of his disappointments, his vexations, and his comforts. Wherever he went, his correspondence with her was never remitted; and when the warmth of gallantry was over, the cherished idea of kindness and regard remained.

We are now brought to the close of the year 1726; having touched, so far as I hope may be excused, on these material points of Pope's life and history, which have been less noticed.

By the sudden death of George I. in the next year, 1727, all the hopes of his political friends were revived.

Swift immediately left Ireland, and hurried to Twickenham ; hoping that from the interest of Mrs. Howard, whom he considered his patroness, his presence might be thought as necessary as it once had been to the concerns of administration.

He was introduced at Court, but nothing followed ; and he returned to the grotto at Twickenham, to join the other disappointed patriots, Bolingbroke and Wyndham, who, Pope says,

“ Dared to love their country, and be poor.”

Disappointed in his views, and with sorrow at his heart, he abruptly left the society of those, who, in their own opinion, were alone capable of saving their country, which had indeed been in no danger except from themselves. However, being now in opposition, they chose to call themselves “ patriots.” And Pope’s terrace, and shrubbery, and grotto, were often the scenes of their hopes, and desponding forebodings of a state, the affairs of which they were not called upon to direct.

From this time it should seem that Pope’s spleen and anger against Lady Wortley Montagu became more inveterate. She was particularly intimate with Lord Hervey, the friend of Walpole.

Incensed

Incensed with Lord Hervey, both as a favourite at Court, and as the person who now certainly lived in intimacy with Lady Montagu, of whose partiality he would have been proud, he was less guarded than usual in his remarks. These of course were all exaggerated, and repeated: replication was the consequence; so that if there was no open rupture as yet, there was more than the germ of suspicion and resentment.

A particular circumstance, connected with Pope's private life, happened in the year 1727, which is too material to be passed over:—I mean the first publication of his letters to Cromwell, without his knowledge or consent. The letters were offered to Curll by Mrs. Thomas, and were of course published. A more particular account is given of Mrs. Thomas in volume the seventh. It is not here repeated; it is sufficient that in the more juvenile days of Pope, he was in habits of great intimacy with her.

This, however, was all forgotten; and notwithstanding the reverse of her fortune, and that what she did was the effect of distress, Pope immediately meditated vengeance.

As the indelicate ballad of Corinna, in the Miscellanies, was published at this time, there is no doubt she was intended by the name. She also stands conspicuous in the Dunciad as Curll's Corinna.

Pope, all things considered, might have been less severe, and ought to have assisted her in distress, rather than have made her the object of his satire, for having been guilty of an offence which penury prompted.

Soon after the publication of his juvenile letters, and whilst Swift was with him, the "Miscellanies," including their lighter and fugitive pieces, were collected. They seem to have projected this publication as a relief under political disappointment.

In this collection was printed the treatise on the Bathos, which was indeed an attack on all the critics of the age, except those of his own party. Here the first public blow was given to Lord Hervey, who was designated by the initials L. H., and described "as the swallow eternally skimming and fluttering up and down, whilst all its agility is employed to catch flies."

In this production Pope had the hardihood to assert, that the letters forming the initials of well-known names, were put down at random, which never was, or could be believed.

This production was a kind of light *avant-courier* to the formidable Dunciad, which came out the next year, to destroy, as it were, at one blow, all the petty competitors for fame.

The "great, the important day" that ushered into the literary world the mighty Dunciad, created, according to Pope, the highest alarm. It was indeed the death-blow to many a hapless author, whose remains,

mains, like "the grubs in amber," are now only preserved merely by the value of medium.

These sons of dulness, who, "like the beetle, wheeled their droning flight," in the twilight of their literary existence, no sooner found themselves assailed, than they came forth in swarms to annoy the dauntless champion who had so boldly advanced to "drag them into light*."

"Ut videre virum, fulgentia arma per umbram,

"Ingenti trepidare metu; pars tollere vocem

"*Exiguam.*"——

The writer, whose name we regret the most to see among them was that of Hill. Pope trembled whilst he struck. The letters to Hill evince his cowardice, whilst his equivocation is as unmanly as his conduct was unfriendly. Hill, however, might well have borne the abuse, on account of the elegant and poetical compliment paid to his muse. Pope beautifully says,

"He bears no token of the fable streams,

"But mounts far off amid the swans of Thames."

Pope denied that Hill was meant; but he described him exactly under the same character in the
Bathos,

* This is Pope's expression. His whole account, though plausible, is very far from being a just representation. He calls them the "common enemies of mankind:" universal slanderers. He endeavours to make the public a party in his private piques; and calls general justice, what was personal animosity.

Bathos, with the same *initials*. This coincidence of the letters and character could not be accidental. Hill is placed among the flying fishes.—“These writers here and there arise out of the profound, but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H.”

This might justly have given Hill more offence than the beautiful lines in the *Dunciad*.

As Hill is the person for whom we feel the most, since it was never pretended that he gave offence, so we feel the least for Ralph, who, officiously intruding, was dispatched, as by a side-blow, in two lines of unequalled satire. Poor Ralph had written an Ode to Cinthia, on which he received the compliment :

“ Silence, ye wolves, whilst Ralph to Cinthia howls,
“ Making night hideous,—answer him, ye owls * !”

Dennis was introduced with wanton cruelty, for Pope had expressed sorrow for what had passed between them. Pope, however, could not restrain his natural turn for satire; and it was now that the veteran critic published the remarks he had written on the *Rape of the Lock*, which have been quoted: but alas! it was the contest of Priam against Neoptolemus,
“ Telum

* Ralph was a political writer for pay. Some account of him may be seen, vol. v. p. 224, 225. 351.

“*Telum imbelli sine ictu.*” From this time, notwithstanding all his former professions, Pope waged unceasing war with his first antagonist, till he lay in decrepitude and sorrow, vanquished at his feet.

He now sat down, apparently in lofty tranquillity, under his poetic laurels. At this time, if ever, he might truly say,

“ All the din the distant world can keep,

“ Rolls o’er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.”

But there were other feelings still rankling at his heart, that neither time nor success could heal: these were the long-nourished animosities against the woman he once adored, and her chief companion and favourite, Lord Hervey.

The first public attack on Lord Hervey * we have seen was in the *Bathos*. He was exhibited again, as some imagine, in the *Dunciad*, where it is said,

“ Room for my Lord, &c.”

After

* Lord Hervey wrote memoirs of his own times, with strict injunctions that they were not to be published until the decease of his present Majesty. They are contained in two thick quarto volumes MS., and are now in the possession of Lord Hervey’s son, General Hervey, and will be published as soon as the event mentioned takes place. Lord Hervey also wrote a farce, the subject of which was the supposed account of his death, as received by Queen Caroline and her Maids of Honour, &c. in which her Majesty’s character, and those of her attendants, are accurately displayed.

After this provocation, neither his Lordship nor the Lady were silent; but the great and long-meditated attack was not made till some time afterwards.

Pope, in a letter to Craggs, written not long after Dennis's pamphlet against the "Essay," says, he did not know Dennis was persecuted by fortune. This was said handsomely, and the old man had been appeased; and far from being, as Johnson says, the "perpetual persecutor of his studies," the criticism, which he wrote on the first appearance of the Rape of the Lock, was suppressed, and never would have appeared probably, if Pope had not provoked it.

The publication of the Dunciad seemed to set the mind of Pope in some degree at ease, except in the instances we have mentioned. He had proceeded leisurely on the great moral plans he had projected, the chief of which was the Essay on Man, begun so early as 1725.

The return of Bolingbroke to England (1726), and the conversations in the garden and the grot, which is described as the place where the

"Nobly-pensive St. John sat and thought,"

tended to promote the maturity of this work.

Bolingbroke, as he could not illuminate the world by politicks, was resolved to do it with philosophy. Pope was the harmonist, whilst the "nobly-pensive St. John" dictated the subject, which, in its new and
more

more captivating dress, was now presented to the public.

I need not repeat that the three books, in consequence of the fears excited from the hostility of the numerous authors he had provoked, were published anonymously.

The fourth book was avowed, with the conscious pride, that

“ He stoop’d to truth, and moralis’d his song.”

The Moral Epistles, which, he wished to persuade himself, formed a part of a great general plan, were separately finished and published.

The first which appeared, though it now stands the fourth in the volume, was the Epistle to Lord Burlington, in 1731, the occasion of much obloquy, as Pope was considered, after the pointed satire on Cannons, injurious and ungrateful : injurious, in making a direct attack on a benevolent, though ostentatious nobleman ; and ungrateful, as having himself partaken of the hospitality, if not of the bounty, of the liberal possessor of Cannons.

All things considered, in the first instance, no great blame can surely attach to Pope : his subject was public, and the imperial fopperies of the Duke of Chandos were public. The “ False Taste” (under which title the Epistle first appeared) was, as far as taste could be concerned, a public evil ; the correction of it, a public good.

The

The personality, the hospitality, as it was universally supposed, ungratefully returned; the general character of kindness and benevolence which the Duke of Chandos preserved; and the paltry equivocation that Pope afterwards made use of, were the circumstances that injured him in the public esteem.

At the same time, I must confess my opinion, that Pope, as he was before made little less than a tool by Bolingbroke, became, in this instance, the echo of Burlington, Bathurst, Cobham, &c. who were piqued that a nobleman, whose great wealth was acquired from his having been paymaster to the army, should rival them in pretensions to taste, and totally eclipse them in splendour and magnificence.

The entrance steps, each of which was one solid piece of the most beautiful marble; the doors, which were said to turn on golden hinges; the princely array of domestic retinue at Cannons, were such that, in the opinion of the multitude, the woods of Cirencester, the temples at Stowe, and the Palladian designs of Chiswick, hid "their diminished heads."

Lord Burlington, notwithstanding Pope's laboured letter to him, was always, it is understood, ready to acknowledge whose house and gardens were meant, and whose character was intended to be ridiculed under the name of Timon.

In fact, HE was the person most gratified.—
This seems evident from the caricature by Hogarth,
in

in which Pope is represented as white-washing Chiswick House, while the Duke of Chandos's carriage, passing, is bespattered with dirt.

Some circumstances respecting Cannons may be here more particularly mentioned.

As every thing at this magnificent villa was intended to bear the air of regal state, there was an establishment for the chapel, (memorable for its "silver bell,") of which there was no example in England, so that the satire could nowhere else apply.

Here, according to Dr. Burney, the "cathedral service was daily performed by a choir of voices and instruments, superior in number and excellence to that of any sovereign Prince in Europe." Here, also, it was, says the same author, that "Handel produced, besides his anthems, the chief part of his hautbois concertos, sonatas, lessons, and organ fugues."

These last seem evidently to be alluded to, when Pope, who had no ear, says,

"Light quirks of music, broken and uneven."

Though this is very far from being characteristic of the sublime and unrivalled strains of Handel, yet to an uncultivated ear the organ fugues might no doubt seem such as is described.

There is only one circumstance in Pope's description, which did not apply to Cannons: it is said,

"On every side you look, *behold a wall!*"

This has since been proved, from the testimony of De Foe, to have been otherwise: describing Canons minutely at the time, he says, the divisions of the garden were made by *pallisades*, so that fight was not interrupted.

Pope, it has been sensibly suggested, was in this instance willing to mislead: but to put it out of doubt, that pallisades, not walls, formed the grand divisions, it may be merely necessary to say, that the range of iron pallisades, now in the garden of New College, Oxford, was purchased from Canons.

Pope was amply repaid for ridiculing the house and grounds of Chandos, by the increased regard of the noble persons whose taste he had obliquely praised. He was now considered the “*arbiter elegantiarum*” of rural decoration: at Lord Bathurst’s seat, the buildings, which are interspersed along the immense line of plantation, were designed by Pope; one in particular still bears his name. They are merely seats, but at a distance appear like small projecting temples.

The gardens of Stowe, which he called a “place to *wonder* at,” received also, in the temple of British worthies, the head of Pope.

I have sought in vain for a spot dedicated to him at Chiswick; but at Lord Peterborough’s seat of Bevis Mount, which he called his “*Amoret*,” in opposition to the stately “*Saccharissa* of Stowe,” Pope’s beech-walk is still shewn; and, at Lord Digby’s seat,
appears

appears on a hill, which overlooks the vales of Somersetshire, his "clump of firs."

It is well-known that Warburton, who was Pope's professed defender, in his first edition, inadvertently but absolutely admits the fact, that Cannons was intended; for, in a note on the passage,

"Another age shall see the golden ear

"Embrown the slope, and wave on the parterre,"

he says, "Had the poet lived but three years longer, "he had seen this *prophecy* fulfilled." Vol. iii. p. 288.

There is now, I believe, no doubt on the subject.

The Imitations from Horace, in which "Lord Fanny" is first introduced, Pope says, were written "in consequence of the outcry raised against him by this Epistle;" and the "Imitation" almost immediately succeeded the Epistle.

In this Imitation his spleen again openly appears, by the contemptuous mention of Lord Hervey, and more so by a virulent and indecent attack on Lady Mary.

I will not quote the couplet in which she is in so unmanly a manner traduced: it will perhaps suggest itself unavoidably to every person who recollects the name of Sappho, given to her by the satirist.

The cause of this disgraceful invective was no doubt owing to many circumstances. Their reciprocal contempt was not concealed, though it had not hitherto

been published to the world : her wit, which had for its object his passions or his person, was not easily retorted ; and whatever she tauntingly said, was repeated to him with added acrimony. At the same time, the party feelings already mentioned will be remembered ; the angry subjection of Bolingbroke, the disappointed hopes and exile of Swift, and the particular favour of Hervey at the Court.

With these feelings, long smothered, but now fresh awakened, in consequence of the clamour raised by his character of Chandos, (in which, it may be supposed, neither the voices of Lord Hervey or of Lady Montagu were restrained,) he resolved to revenge himself by insulting the woman he once loved.

Lady Montagu appealed to their common friend, the gallant Earl of Peterborough*, in whose breast it might at least be supposed the spirit of chivalry was not extinct ; and that “ if the sword might not have leaped from his scabbard,” he would at least, by expostulation with the angry bard, procure passages so offensive to gallantry to be expunged. In this petition the Lady designated by Delia † joined ; but the gallant soldier, who in his own case publicly whipped Senefino for affronting Miss Robinson, now in vain exerted his address in endeavouring to rescue Sappho and Delia from the revenge of the poet.

He

* Ruffhead.

† Countess de Loraine, Lady of the Bed-chamber to Queen Caroline, who was supposed from jealousy to have caused the death of the beautiful Miss Makenzie, dressing-woman to the Queen.

He indeed, by equivocation, denied the charge. To Lord Peterborough he said: "he wondered how
 " the town could apply these lines to any but a
 " noted common woman; naming, at the same time,
 " Mrs. Centlivre, Mrs. Haywood, Mrs. Behn, and
 " Mrs. Manly, and asserted, that such were the objects
 " of his satire."—Lord Peterborough, in his letter
 to Lady Montagu, adds,

" I hope this assurance will prevent further, and
 " any consequences upon so *odd* a subject*."

As no redress was to be had, Lord H. and Lady M. endeavoured to assail the terrible satirist with his own weapons, and conjointly produced the Verses to the Imitator of Horace, by which they lessened their own fame, without injuring his.

Among the causes which contributed to confirm his animosity against Lord Hervey, one in particular ought not to be passed over, the celebrated pamphlet called "Sedition and Defamation displayed," universally considered at the time as being written by Lord Hervey, and in consequence of which he fought the memorable duel with Pulteney†.

In this pamphlet, published 1731, there is a character of Bolingbroke, designated with a most masterly vigour and skill.

Pope,

* Ruffhead.

† In a ludicrous print, which came out at the time, representing this memorable combat, Sir Robert Walpole was drawn as bottle-holder. The pamphlet was written by Sir William Young.

Pope, as well as Pulteney, whose name also had been severely animadverted on, were now in arms. Pulteney, in the pamphlet called "A Reply to a scurrilous Libel," retorts on Lord Hervey, the supposed author, by contemptible personalities, and sarcasms on the "pretty Mr. Fairlove," the little "Master-Miss," which Pope seems particularly to have had in his eye, when he wrote afterwards the character of Sporus.

The Epistle on "False Taste" was followed, in 1732, by the Epistle to Bathurst "on the Use of Riches."

I am inclined to think that the singular character, Kyrle, who was in fact a "village Chandos," beneficent, charitable, but in a smaller sphere not unostentatious*, was noticed by Pope, in consequence of a journey from Lord Bathurst's to Lord Oxford, in which he must pass through Rofs. Kyrle died in 1724. The mind of the poet must have been warmed by what he heard and saw; and certainly he could not have described every thing so minutely, (though I cannot find the date of his visit,) without being an eye-witness†.

This

* See the remarkable display of his arms in two places of the wall that encloses the small field he exchanged, for the poor people of Rofs to walk in.

† The following more particular account of this extraordinary man is given in the words of his immediate descendant, the late Thomas Hutcheson, Barrister, whose sister, married to Mr. Jones, is now in possession of the property.

Observations

This year, 1732, his feelings received a severe wound, by the death of the friend whom he longest
and

Observations on the facts stated by Pope in his Moral Essay, as they respect the character of the "Man of Rofs,"

"Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow."

There was, and still is, a very long shady walk, of nearly a mile and a half in length, called Kyrle's Walks, which, whilst I had the estate, was kept in a good preservation, and is on the summit of an eminence, commanding a beautiful prospect of the river Wye and country to a great extent. There is a summer-house now remaining thereon, erected by the "Man of Rofs," with a motto over the door, "Si non tibi non ibi."

"From the dry rock who bade the waters flow."

The "Man of Rofs" promoted, and partly assisted by his own pecuniary aid, the erection of a small water-work near the river Wye, which supplied the town of Rofs with water, in which article it was very deficient before.

"Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows."

A causeway of the greatest safety to the country, in the time of floods, was, when surveyor of the roads, made by him; and his estate being on each side of it, he, I think, gave up some land for the conveniency of its erection, and caused the same to be completed.

"Whose seats the weary traveller repose."

Seats were fixed by him in the walks first mentioned, which the different possessors of the estates kept, until lately, in good repair. The church-path being through them, also being a short way to Goodrich ferry, &c. they certainly afforded rest and pleasure to passengers, and to the inhabitants of the town of Rofs.

"Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise."

The "Man of Rofs" certainly first promoted the erection of that beautiful structure, both by his pecuniary aid and personal attention, each of which were considerable.

lxxxviii LIFE AND WRITINGS

and most loved, poor Gay, of whose fate he so pathetically speaks :

“ Thanks

“ Behold the market-place with poor o’erspread.”

His house was opposite the market-place. He kept an open house every market-day : any person without distinction might meet on that day at his hospitable board, which, according to the stories related to me by some old tenants, consisted of a joint of meat of each sort. The poor, who were always in waiting on that day, and every other, had distributed to them, by his own superintendence, the whole of the remains of each day, besides continual distributions of bread, &c.

“ He feeds yon alms-house,” &c.

He founded a small alms-house in Rofs, and left an annual sum charged on his estate towards its assistance. His charities, whether by pecuniary aids, sustenance, or by the gift of medicines, were more than commensurate with his income. He was the constant and just arbitrator of all differences.

“ This man possess’d five hundred pounds a-year.”

Miss Sarah Kyrle, afterwards Mrs. Hutchefon, being the niece of the “ Man of Rofs, inherited the estate, which then amounted to that sum, after the separation of some copyholds, which afterwards came to Robert Kyrle Hutchefon of Bath, Esq. ; but his father having had eight children, and a power to charge the estate, it was so burdened as to prevent his keeping it ; and accordingly he sold the greater part to his sister, now Mrs. Jones of Rofs.

“ And what no monument,” &c.

There was erected, several years since, by the bounty of the Earl of Kinnoul, who was a cousin, by his father’s marriage with Miss Vicentia Kyrle of Much Marcle, to the “ Man of Rofs,” a very handsome monument, at the expence of upwards of two hundred pounds.

“ His race, his form, his name almost unknown.”

The “ Man of Rofs” was one of the best families in the county of Hereford, was allied to the Scudamores, the Traceys, the
Clarkes,

“ Thanks to the great for those they take away,
 “ And those they left me, for they left me Gay ;
 “ Left me to see neglected genius mourn ;
 “ Of all thy blameless life the sole return,
 “ This verse, and Queensberry weeping o’er thy urn.” }

Gay died December 4th, 1732.

Johnson says, the epistle to Arbuthnot was published 1735. If this was the case, it seems strange he should have addressed his mother as yet living, who had been dead nearly two years.

“ Me

Clarkes, and all other the then principal private families ; and the Kyrles, by marriage, brought into the Clarke family an estate, called the “ Hill,” of the value of two hundred pounds a-year.

The estates of Much Marcle, of the value of four thousand pounds per annum, belonged to his cousin, Sir John Kyrle, Bart. who left four daughters and no son ; and I believe that the limitation was in the will to the heirs male general, and that they might have taken it, had he chosen. Splendid monuments of the family are to be seen in Much Marcle church, Walford near Ross, and other places.

He wrote out his own pedigree on parchment, commencing in the reign of Henry the Seventh, now in Mr. Hutchefon’s possession ; and it is a very accurate and methodical arrangement. A good picture of him was at the inn, which had been his dwelling-house, but not an original, which the innkeeper, Ball, removed. There is an original picture in the possession of Mrs. Jones.

There are several little stories amongst the old people in the country, as to the plain attire of the “ Man of Ross,” and the consequent mistakes of persons seeing him in such, and their surprise when they approached his hospitable mansion to partake of his liberality, and witness his mode of living. This general outline, I submit, is fully sufficient to verify the truths which run through the whole of Pope’s lines, in praise of the character which, from all I have learned, was only exaggerated by the elegance of the poetical writing.

“ Me let the tender office still engage,
 “ To *rock the cradle* of declining age.”

In the common editions, it is said, this epistle, now called the Prologue to the Satires, was published 1734. The beautiful concluding lines were originally addressed to Murray, on his gaining some cause of importance, with this difference :

“ Whilst every joy, successful youth, is thine,
 “ Be no unpleasing melancholy mine.”

As it now stands addressed to Arbuthnot, it is,

“ O friend, may each domestic joy be thine !”

The exact time of its publication is ascertained by Ruffhead to have been just before his mother's death, 1733.

Still rankling under the wound he received from his leagued noble opponents, he manifests in this Epistle the most bitter animosity both against Lady M. Wortley and Lord Hervey. I do not know why he altered the name of *Paris* to that of *Sporus*, as *Paris*, which was first used, seems more appropriate than that of *Sporus*, to the delicate and effeminate Hervey.

Lord Hervey was to be crushed *dextrâ lævâque*, by prose and verse ; and the peevish and malignant remonstrance, printed among the letters, was written at the same time, but not sent.

Political parties were now in considerable agitation. The opposition under Pulteney pressed on,
 hoping,

hoping, by every effort, to weaken the power and ascendancy of Sir Robert Walpole. Pope had sufficiently manifested his party. With Lord Hervey, high in the court favour, and who had lately been called to the house of peers, he was more than ever indignant, accusing him of misrepresenting his character, to the King and Queen.

This “whisper,” as he calls it, forms a perpetual theme of invective :

“The whisper that to greatness still too near,
 “Perhaps still vibrates on his Sovereign’s ear.”

Hervey only said what was generally known ; but surely Pope had no right to complain at being represented as disaffected to the reigning family, when he himself, in a letter published about this time, had spoken of the “sink and colluvies of human greatness at Windsor!!”

Pope had now increased his enemies. He had written an account to Swift, respecting his conduct to Lord Hervey, in which he says,—“That I am an
 “author, whose characters are thought of some
 “weight, appears from the noise and bustle that the
 “court and town make about me. I desire your
 “opinion as to my Lady ——’s and Lord ——’s
 “performance.”

It appears that Arbuthnot kindly but ineffectually had remonstrated with him. What was dictated by private spleen, he persuaded himself was the language
 of

of general virtue; and there is no persuasion that wounded self-love more easily admits.

Pope, therefore, talks very high of the “disdain and indignation against vice, the only disdain and indignation he has;” and “reformation,” he persuades himself, is the great object he has in view. He gravely asserts, that “to reform, and *not to chastise*, is impossible: to attack vices in the abstract, without touching persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but fighting with shadows.”

The obsolete satires of Donne were new versified, with the same view with which the satires of Horace were imitated, as a vehicle for personalities.

This year, 1733, he lost his aged mother, who had gradually sunk before his eyes into the extremest imbecility of age, and whose “cradle of parting repose” he had so long rocked with solicitude and affection. The most beautiful monument in his garden, an obelisk erected to her memory in a small circus of dark evergreens, yew, &c. still appears uninjured, with an inscription perfectly visible on the four sides:

Ah EDITHA,
Mulierum optima,
Matrum amantissima,
Vale.

By the death of Gay and his mother he lost not only much of that which sweetened life, but much which operated,

operated, on the various occasions of disgust with the world, as the balm to his wounded feelings. Whatever irritation he might sometimes have experienced, he no sooner turned his eye on those he loved, but his passions seemed to subside, and his spirit became gentle. Hence, in his severest denunciations of satirical indignation, he so often and so delightfully interests us by unexpected touches of domestic tenderness. These habitual leniencies to his mind were taken away, and a greater degree of irritation and asperity gradually succeeded.

Arbuthnot remained, who often softened his resentment; but the intercourse was neither so uninterrupted or endearing.

Murray, also, fast rising in fame, which was afterwards so eminently established, now with as much suavity of manners as elocution and learning, was his associate. It has indeed been said that Pope was his instructor in elocution.

After the death of those on whom the mind has long relied, we receive a melancholy satisfaction in looking over the memorials of their kindness; Pope, in arranging the letters and papers of Gay, was perhaps first impressed with the idea of publishing their private correspondence, that the world might know, particularly as his character was considered by his enemies sufficiently tinctured with gall, how candid and kind-hearted he was.

His

His occupation over his friend's papers, and the hostility he was conscious he had been gradually involving himself in with the world, contributed to form the resolution, that if his private correspondence was ever to be published, this would be the most proper period.

Mrs. Thomas had already set the example, by publishing the letters to Cromwell. He had only to follow the same path, and pretend a similar story.

The deep-laid contrivance he had recourse to, that the letters might be published, whilst all the time he might be supposed to be ignorant of the circumstance, is not to be paralleled in the history of Machiavelian self-love.

The account which Curll gave, and which has never been denied, together with extracts from some of the letters which tend to throw a light on this singular transaction, the reader will see subjoined to the seventh volume.

Johnson says, "Lintot declared his opinion to be, that *Pope knew better than any body else how Curll obtained the copies:*" but one circumstance, which has not been hitherto observed, puts the matter beyond all doubt, if indeed a doubt ever existed.

The circumstance is this: almost all the letters in that very collection which Pope calls the spurious one, are *carefully corrected and amended*. That any one else should have taken the trouble of doing this is not likely: that he did it himself will appear, when we find

find that the letters afterwards printed in his own name, in 1735, retained all the amendments, corrections, additions, &c. he had carefully inserted in the "spurious" edition.

The real letter to Lady Mary Wortley begins thus :

" Twickenham, Aug. 18, 1716.

" I can say little to recommend the letters *I am beginning to write* to you, but that they will be the most impartial representations of a free heart, and the truest copies you ever saw of a very mean original."

In Curll's and in Pope's own edition, the words, "*I am beginning to write,*" are left out, and "*shall write*" inserted in their place.

Original.—" The freedom I shall use in this manner of thinking aloud, (*as somebody calls it,*) or *talking upon paper,*" &c.

Curll and Pope.—" The freedom I shall use, in this manner of *thinking aloud,* may," &c.

These alterations, trifling as they may appear, must have been made by Pope himself, or adopted by him. Whether any one else should have thought of making them, or whether, if he had, Pope should, "*literatim et verbatim,*" adopt the alterations, I leave to the reader's judgment. The original letters printed in this edition, compared with some in Curll, and in Pope's own, more decidedly evince the same thing.

Curll and Pope vary from the original in exactly the *same amendments and additions*: Curll and Pope, therefore, must have been “*unus et idem*.”

The art and hypocrisy with which the whole stragem was carried on, could only be equalled by the consummate assurance of appealing to the House of Lords, instigating them to punish the dupe who was his instrument.

This publication was useful to him in two points of view: in shewing that this formidable satirist, this reviler of beauty and of birth, was the most gentle, candid, liberal, and innocent being, in private life; and in gaining him a friend in the room of one he had lately lost. His correspondence, thus promulgated, filled the world, says Johnson, with praises “of his candour, tenderness, and benevolence, the purity of his purposes, and the fidelity of his friendship.”

The “humble” Allen, who had acquired great opulence, but felt the want of that which opulence cannot give, the reciprocities of disinterested friendship, now thought, with an amiable simplicity, that this extraordinary treasure was to be found; and, with a mixture of romance and reason, began to view the great satirist, whom he before dreaded, as the most perfect pattern the world had ever seen, the very paragon of friendship!!

Nothing can more decidedly shew the general labour with which the published letters of Pope were
written,

written, than a comparison with those which, without a view of publication, were written to Fortescue, and which are now given to the public. No letter by Pope (those excepted which in his early youth he wrote to Cromwell) appeared in print, but such as had received the polish of revival, as much perhaps as his poems. Respecting their composition it may be observed, that the language of truth and nature is so totally remote from affectation, that it cannot be imitated. If, indeed, the imitation could be generally mistaken for the reality, then every man of shrewdness could deceive, by *professing* what he did not *feel*. But such is the character of art, that even in the most consummate artist it betrays itself.

This is strongly marked by Pope's eternal expression of unreservedness, and throwing himself "out on paper." Such language might deceive the good-natured Allen; but a man deeper read in human character would form very different conclusions. It is pleasant, however, to hear what Ruffhead (p. 406.) says on this subject. "What particularly recommends them (the letters), is that frank sincerity, that *artless naivete*, that unaffected openness, which shews the amiable and virtuous disposition of the writer."

As the letters, said to be published without Pope's consent, were the cause of the connexion with Allen, so it was cemented by his new friend offering to "pay the cost" of a genuine edition. This was published in 1737 (three years afterwards). Mr. Hayley

thinks that Johnson contradicts himself, when he says, "that they awakened no popular kindness or resentment." In fact, the sensation they at first caused had long subsided, and it was not to be awakened by a republication of those letters which the public had been already in possession of, and which now ceased to be a topic of conversation. Besides, when they first appeared, the public appeal to the Lords, and the general idea of their being the *secret* correspondence of persons so distinguished, caused them to be read with greater avidity.

In 1734 was published the fourth book of the Essay on Man, which concluded the philosophical work.

The kind office he received from Warburton on this occasion is too well known to be repeated, who voluntarily advanced, with a triple mail of ingenuity, learning, and confidence, in aid of the bard, against the bold defiance of the Swiss and Dutch commentators*.

The Epistle on the Characters of Men, inscribed to Lord Cobham, appeared the same year with the fourth book of the Essay on Man. What Johnson has said on the principle of this poem, the ruling passion,

* As this is amply detailed by Johnson, and as I have no additional fact to advance, to take his words would be to swell the book; to record it in others, would be superfluous and unpleasant.

passion, is most just and incontrovertible; but criticism does not form a part of my plan. One circumstance, however, I cannot help noticing, respecting this Epistle, which is, that Pope has most unaccountably introduced the character of a *woman*, to illustrate the characters of men. He says, in his Epistle on the Ladies' character :

“ In men we various “ruling passions” find,

“ In women *two* almost divide the kind :

“ ‘The *love of pleasure*, and the *lust of sway*.”

Now, in this Epistle, “poor Narcissa” is adduced as an example of a different ruling passion, whilst the work professes itself to be on the Characters of Men; as strange as if he had introduced the Duke of Marlborough among the ladies!

Another circumstance I would take notice of, is this, that when Warburton first saw the rudiments of this Epistle, it had neither connection nor plan, but consisted of separate pieces of description and of characters. The forming it into its present shape was, by his own confession, the work of Warburton.

After the death of his friend Gay, and of his mother, all that was tender in the heart of Pope now rested on one whom he had loved with more or less ardour from 1712; with passions sometimes wavering this way, and sometimes, as in the case of Lady Mary, determined another. Martha Blount

had now the sole ascendancy : he was also to *her*, in some degree, if not from choice, yet from circumstances, almost necessary. She had seen her youth fade, and all hopes of a suitable settlement in life wear out, whilst she had incurred alternately censure or pity, for a mysterious connexion with one whom she could not acknowledge as a husband. She had melancholy leisure to sum up what she had gained, and her vanity might at times magnify the idea of what she had lost. Charmed at first with the thought of possessing the exclusive attentions and flattery of so distinguished a poet, she insensibly was led on to a sentimental and undefined union. It was now, however, too late to recede ; the connexion had become habitual : they had long corresponded : she had been the depositary of his secrets and his cares ; and he was disappointed if, wherever he was an inmate, she was not admitted also.

He now, in some respects, acknowledged the connexion, in the Epistle on the character of Women, by saying,

“ To you gave sense, good humour, and a *poet*.”

Her name, however, did not appear, though it was well known to whom the lines were addressed. The most remarkable circumstance attending the publication of this Epistle, 1735, was, his saying that “ no character was drawn from life,” and solemnly asserting it

“ upon

“upon his honour!” These remarkable words were in the first edition.

One circumstance is mentioned by H. Walpole*, which, if true, was indeed flagitious. Walpole informs Gray, that the character of Atossa was shewn to the Dukes of Buckingham, and to the Dukes of Marlborough; that Pope received a thousand pounds from the Dukes of Marlborough, promising on these terms to suppress it; that he took the money, and then published it!

It must be owned, from the most solemn assertion made use of, it might seem that Pope thought the *assertion* alone sufficient to prove his adherence to the engagement; but a story so base, I think, ought not for a moment to be admitted solely on the testimony of Walpole.

Pope certainly was not a favourite (on account of political differences) with the Walpoles, though he received civilities from Sir Robert; and till there is other proof besides the *ex parte* evidence and sole assertion of Walpole, the same candour which made us reject what, upon no better foundation, was said of Addison, ought to make us reject, with equal readiness, the belief of a circumstance so derogatory to the character of Pope. Whatever can be proved ought not to be rejected: whatever has no other foundation but the *ipse dixit* of an adversary, is entitled

* Late Earl of Orford.

titled to no regard, particularly when the first essential of character is in question.

During the last five years he had experienced the vicissitudes inseparable from increasing age. Atterbury died at Paris ten years after his banishment, the same year with Gay. Of his mother, we have seen, he was deprived the year after. Swift, still in discontented exile, kept up a friendly, but, on account of growing infirmities, in many instances, apparently a reluctant correspondence.

In looking back on the five last years which we have passed over, from 1730 to 1735, it may not be improper to offer an observation on the different characters of two eminent men of genius, both intimate friends, who had met with different fates, but who felt equally disgust and chagrin at the world, increasing with years.

The anger of Swift was general; the spleen of Pope particular: one was disgusted with the *nature of man*; the other piqued and offended by *individuals*, confining his animosity to the small circle of those who offended him. Swift, politically speaking, was disappointed that the high post in society, to which, from his talents, he thought himself entitled to aspire, was early wrested from the grasp of his ambition. Pope, attaining a situation, though a private one, much higher than he could have expected, chiefly felt offended when his intellectual superiority was disputed.

Neither

Neither had reason to complain ; but the acrimony of Swift was directed against man and society ; the spleen of Pope against the individuals, Phillips, and Dennis, Lord Fanny, and Lady Mary, &c. &c.

Swift, in 1732, employed Pope to publish for him, in London, his satire on human nature, Gulliver's Travels. The letter of Pope, on the occasion, is preserved in Nichols's valuable miscellany, the Gentleman's Magazine. As a curiosity, it is here inserted.

From Mr. POPE to Mr. MOTTE.

“ SIR, Aug. 16, 1732.

“ Had I had y^e least thought you w^d have now
“ desired what you before so deliberately refused, I
“ w^d certainly have preferr'd you to any other
“ bookseller. All I c^d now do was to speak to
“ Mr. Gilliver, as you requested, to give you the
“ share you w^d have in y^e property, and to set
“ aside my obligation and covenant with him so far,
“ to gratify the Dean and yourself. You cannot ob-
“ ject, I think, with any reason to the terms which
“ he pays, and which at the first word he agreed
“ to. I am, SIR,

“ Your friend and servant,

“ A. POPE.”

Whilst Swift was thus gratifying his angry disdain against MAN, Pope was pursuing his career of personal detraction and invective against the immediate and ob-

noxious offenders he feared or hated. Swift, in his lofty disdain, seemed to scorn the sensations of anger, and his indignant sallies were accompanied by exquisite humour, delightful irony, the most happy levity of raillery, or the most pointed shafts of wit. In Pope, whose satire was directed individually, all was close and cutting animosity, and sarcastic and wounded personal pride.

This period, as it was pregnant with losses to him, so it was marked by the flame of long-kindled animosity being at last extinguished. Poor Dennis, his early antagonist, was now unfriended, and old, and blind, and subdued at his feet. In this deplorable state a play was acted for his benefit, and the prologue was solicited and granted from the pen of him, whose progress he had opposed, and whose talents he had so often affected to despise.

Such are the vicissitudes of human life! May they teach a lesson which Pope never, I fear, stooped to learn,—that of humility and forbearance!

I proceed from the period to which we have already traced the progress of Pope, viz. 1735.

The loss of friends seemed now to accumulate. After the death of his mother, he had spent part of his time in visiting his friends in the country, Cobham, Bathurst, &c. He was now called to Bevis Mount, the seat of Lord Peterborough, near Southampton, to attend him on the couch of languor and pain.

The letters he wrote to Martha Blount, at this time, are peculiarly interesting. All his levity was gone, and a sincere and settled friendship seemed only to remain. The letter, published in the tenth volume, written from the sick chamber of the gallant Lord Peterborough, is curious, as accurately describing his character and suffering, more than any account that is extant. He says,

“ It is impossible to conceive how much his heart
“ is above his condition: he is dying every other
“ hour, and obstinate to do whatever he has a mind
“ to do. He has concerted no measures beforehand
“ for his journey, but to get a yacht in which he will
“ sail, but no place fixed on to reside at; nor has
“ determined what place to land at, or provided any
“ accommodation for his journey on land. He talks
“ of going towards Lyons, but undoubtedly he can
“ never travel but to the sea-shore.”

This was written August 1735; and at this time Lord Peterborough gave Pope, as with his dying hand, the watch which had been given him by the King of Sardinia, and which, Pope, in his will, says, was presented to him by his Lordship on his death-bed. Lord Peterborough finally determined to proceed to Lisbon, where he died the same year, aged seventy-three.

Pope, from his connexions, had now become more and more implicated with the politics of the time.

With one view, namely, that of driving Sir R. Walpole from the helm of administration, were united the most discordant characters, professing the most discordant principles; Whigs, Tories, and Jacobites; Shippen and Barnard, Pulteney and Bolingbroke. Pope certainly was not an indifferent spectator: he seems even to have taken his decided part; but still, with his usual caution, he speaks respectfully of Walpole. In 1736, the Prince of Wales, being irritated that his claim of 100,000*l. per annum* was not granted by parliament, became the chief of the coalition. Lyttelton, who was his secretary, had long regarded Pope with respect and deference, as the greatest living genius. From this period may be dated the particular attentions of his Royal Highness to a poet, who had *two undoubted* recommendations, that of being hostile to the existing government, and personally friendly to many that opposed it.

Busts and urns were now presented to embellish the poet's grotto and gardens, who loftily exclaims,

“ And if more high, &c.

“ Still let me say, no *follower* but a FRIEND.”

Bolingbroke, whose genius felt rebuked and shrunk from the “Ithuriel spear” of Walpole, foiled in politics, again retired to France, (1736,) where he endeavoured to amuse his mind, and divert his ambition,

tion, not by the abstractions of philosophy, but in hunting the wolf in the forest of Fontainbleau*.

Cobham, Marchmont, Sir William Wyndham, Chesterfield, Lyttelton, and Pulteney, were left to struggle in the field of political contention.

They courted Pope, who was elated by the circumstance which contributed to raise his pride, but not to lessen his spleen; and though he was in heart a Jacobite, he decidedly joined the leaders of talents, who, under the banners of the Prince, were now in open opposition to the King.

The Imitation of Horace, which was published in 1731, has been already noticed. The other Imitations, written inclusively from this period to the year 1739, I shall here class together, and speak, at the same time, of such circumstances as seem more materially connected with their publication.

They were written at Pope's leisure, and seem to be, in some instances, the amusement of his idle hours; and, in others, the depositary of his resentment, when he was afraid to express it more openly.

A man

* Bolingbroke, like an actor, had his "exits" and his "entrances." He came upon the political stage, and then retired; then came forward again, then retired. He came to England, 1723, but remained a short time, not having his estate or rank restored: he came back, 1725, in consequence of being put in possession of both. He now set up the Craftsman, in opposition to government; tried in vain to supplant Walpole, and retired to France again, 1736.

A man of a most respectable and amiable private character, whom he had before designated, in his *Essay on Man*, as the “blameless Bethel,” had the honour of an Epistle ascribed to him. Once circumstance attending his connexion with this estimable man may here be mentioned, respecting some Latin lines, of which Pope has been supposed to be the author. In the presentation copy of his works to this friend, in 1717, (the quarto edition,) Pope had written the following lines :

Viro, antiquâ probitate, & amicitia, prædito,

Hugoni BETHEL,

Munusculum ALEXANDRI POPE.

Te mihi junxerunt nivei sine crimine mores,

Simplicitas sagax, ingenuusque pudor,

Et bene nota fides, & candor frontis honestæ,

Et studia studiis non aliena meis!

This has been considered as a specimen of Pope's Latinity ; and the verse part is certainly elegant. Warton thinks that he was also author of some Latin lines in the *Guardian*, No. 173.

The lines in the *Guardian*, describing the absurdities of the style of gardening prevalent at the time, manifest such a consummate knowledge of versification, that to suppose Pope could have written them is to suppose what is next to an impossibility, considering

considering his education. I leave the consideration to those who are conversant in compositions of the kind; only observing, that at fourteen years old he was entirely unacquainted with what is called quantity, as, in his Translation from the Thebais, he pronounces Malēa, what in the original is Malēa, which was never corrected.

Pope, I am convinced from the circumstance mentioned, neither wrote the verses to Bethel, nor those in the Guardian. If they are not to be found among acknowledged writers of Latinity, I should be inclined to attribute them to Parnel, whose facility in compositions of the kind was undoubted*.

The Imitation of the Epistle, "Flore bono," it is probable, was written the latter end of the year 1734, as his friend Cobham was this year deprived of his military command; and he classes the love of Cobham with that of our country:

"Dear Colonel, *Cobham's* and *your country's* friend."

The Epistle addressed to Bolingbroke I am inclined to place in the year 1736, just before Bolingbroke left England. Pope speaks of his declining age, and that now in "the Sabbath of his days," he was "sick alike of censure and of praise."

In

* I say this with great deference to the opinion of others, particularly to that of Dr. Warton, and the able reviewer in the British Critic.—Article, Warton's Pope.

In 1736, he was in his forty-eighth year; and whatever his real disposition might have been, he certainly joined his name and talents to the opposition formed against Sir Robert Walpole and the Court.

But the most striking of the Imitations of Horace was the Epistle addressed to the King, against whose government Pope was particularly instigated by the party of the Prince, who was now in open rupture with his father.

In this satire, the utmost contempt and most pointed sarcasm of indignation are veiled under the appearance of praise. Warburton makes no observation, as if all that was said, was seriously meant.

Some circumstances which throw light on it, I shall notice. At the time it was written, the people were clamorous for a war with Spain; the British flag was insulted on its own element: the country resounded with one cry of vengeance. The government, however, still remained pacific and immovable. The dominion of the seas, it was said, was wrested from us, whilst our lethargic policy neither regarded the wrongs of individuals nor the honour of the nation. At this period, before the breaking out of the Spanish war, 1739, the severe but polished satire was written, in which the King is ironically complimented, for his great success "in arms," and "opening all the main" to our enemies.

As a relief to this vein of sarcasm, may be mentioned the elegant paraphrase of the Ode of Horace,
addressed

addressed to Murray. As Pope described himself fifty, it was written probably in the year 1738. One thing is particular, as it alludes to the circumstance in the life of the great Lord Mansfield, having a thought of taking, at this time, Pope's house and grounds at Twickenham. Lord Mansfield, whom he elegantly describes as striking

“ ——— the female heart,

“ With every graceful, every manly art,”

after being rejected by “Chloe*,” whose name I have fought in vain, was married, the latter end of the same year, 1738, to Lady Elizabeth Finch, daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea.

The lines allusive to Murray's summer abode on the banks of the Thames are very beautiful :

“ His house embosom'd in the grove,

“ Sacred to social life and social love,

“ Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,

“ Where Thames reflects the visionary scene.”

These interspersions of Pope's lighter muse did not seem now to accord with the increasing severity of his disposition.

Still proceeding in his career of satirical invective, which was chiefly directed against the ministry and the Court, he published the “Epilogue to the Satires,” which has the date prefixed of 1738.

As

* “ See Chloe, deaf to honour, sense, and worth,

“ Marries the dullness of a son of Earth.”

As he had before attacked the King, so, in the most vindictive language of ironical contempt, he makes even the bed of sorrow and dissolution a subject for his implacable dislike, by representing, with insinuations as uncharitable as they were untrue, that the Queen, in her last moments, retained resentment against her son :

“ And unforgiving, unforgiven dies.”

The judicious and accurate biographer of Sir Robert Walpole, has completely done away this cruel charge *.

After these undisguised and bold attacks, he began to be seriously alarmed, as a prosecution had been commenced against Whitehead. He therefore affects to say, or Warburton does for him : “ This was the
 “ last poem of the kind printed by our author, with
 “ a resolution to publish no more ; but to enter thus
 “ a sort of protest against that *insuperable corruption*
 “ and depravity of manners, which he had been so
 “ unhappy as to live to see !”

In the verses to Lady Elizabeth Shirley †, he alludes to the circumstance of the prosecution, which was indirectly threatened by the House of Lords :

“ You’ll

* See an interesting account of Queen Caroline’s illness and death, in Coxe’s Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, chap. 49.

† Lady Elizabeth Shirley was second daughter of Earl Ferrers. Lord Chesterfield long continued his attention to this celebrated beauty, whose passion, when he first saw her, is described in his well-known lines :

“ When

“ But, friend, *take heed* whom you attack,
 “ You’ll bring a house (I mean of Peers),
 “ Red, blue, and green, nay, white and black,
 “ L—— and all about your ears.”

He therefore quits, *professedly* for ever, the dangerous office of corrector of public offenders; but a curious fragment, preserved by Dr. Warton, shews his disposition. This fragment is dated 1740, at the time when parties were very violent, before the general election, which put a period to the long rule of Walpole. All Pope’s indignation against men and measures seems combined in this effusion; and he even directs his satire against those with whom he had united, particularly Pulteney, who is described as

“ Foaming a Patriot, to subside a Peer:”

which

“ When Fanny, blooming fair,
 “ First met my ravish’d sight,
 “ Struck with her shape and air,
 “ I gaz’d with strange delight.”

Their intimacy is described humourously by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams:

“ I went, who’d no engagement any where,
 “ To the opera. Were there many people there?
 “ The Duchesse cried. Yes, Madam, a great many,
 “ Says Lovel; there was *Chesterfield* and FANNY.
 “ In that *eternal whisper* which begun
 “ Ten years ago, and never will be done!”

She died unmarried, 1762, at Bath.

which indeed literally happened some time afterwards.

The lines, at the conclusion of this poetical invective, will bear a different interpretation from that which is given to them in the fourth volume *.

Although they might be construed to apply to the Prince of Wales, they were more probably addressed to the Chevalier St. George, commonly called the Pretender, who, four years afterwards, came to England to claim the crown. He was now in his twentieth year; and the satirist seems to think there could be no hope left to the country but by again resorting to the exiled heir of the Stewarts. Hence he says,

“ Alas ! on ONE ALONE our ALL relies,
 “ Let him be honest, and he must be wise ;
 “ Let him no trifler from his (*father's* †) school,
 “ Nor, like his (*father's father,*) still (*a fool*) ;
 “ Be but a MAN ! unminister'd, alone,
 “ And free at once the SENATE and the THRONE !”

It appears, therefore, that, notwithstanding his joining *any party* against the Court, Pope continued in the same principles which he inherited from his father ‡.

Sickness

* The note in vol. iv. p. 377, was written prior to the life.

† The blanks in the original I have here filled up, with words printed in Italicks, according to my own surmise.

‡ It is a singular circumstance, that he was born the very year of the Revolution, and died the year before the *last effort* was made to re-establish the throne of the Stewarts.

Sickness had now made a slow but manifest progress on his constitution. A disease, which appears to have been a dropy in the chest, but which was then considered an asthma, had shewn its first symptoms in 1739.

His friends had long since sunk round him. Gay, Arbuthnot, Atterbury, were no more. He felt himself more alone and sad in the world, and unequal to finish a work he had meditated, which, judging from the specimen, (the fourth book of the Dunciad,) I think, would have been the noblest and most legitimate satire he ever wrote *.

It is remarkable that this most polished and elaborate poem, which now is printed as the fourth book of the Dunciad, should, on its first appearance, have found scarcely any admirers.

Shenstone calls it "his dotage." The sole testimony of Bolingbroke, who was just returned to England, is certainly most just. At his first interview with Pope, he said, as Ruffhead relates the circumstance: "It seems you have written a fourth
" book; but it was represented to me as so *obscure*
" by every body, that I had no inclination to read it
" till the other day, when I found it to be the best
" and most finished of all your writings."

Respecting

* In a note subjoined to the end of this book of the Dunciad, I allude only to the six *concluding lines* as objectionable, Vol. v. page 334.

Respecting the cause of the quarrel with Cibber, who now retains the pre-eminence of King of the Dunciad, I can add nothing to the information which may be found in Johnson. He seems to think the cause assigned by Cibber, which was the farce of "Three Hours after Marriage," to be *improbable*, as he calls it a "very distant cause." The farce was acted in 1715: the account of Cibber's and Pope's quarrel may be found in the fourth volume. But Johnson, who appears to think that, from the *distance* of time mentioned by Cibber, this could not be the real cause of the animosity, seems not to be sufficiently aware of one part of Pope's character; that wherever his self-love was wounded, he was ever afterwards implacable. Bentley, who is so prominent a character in the fourth book of the Dunciad, it is known, offended Pope soon after the publication of Homer, 1720. An expression used by Bentley in conversation, respecting the translation, was never forgotten or forgiven. This fact is decidedly ascertained by Mr. Cumberland, in the interesting account of his own life.

In the year 1742 happened the extraordinary quarrel with his friend Allen. I am inclined to think that Warton's account of Allen's * not suffering his coach to take Miss Blount, in the year of his mayoralty, to the Roman Catholic chapel in Bath, is true. It appears, however, from the additional letters, that the
rupture

* Allen was Mayor of Bath in 1742.

rupture was chiefly between the two Ladies, Mrs. Allen and Miss Blount. Pope says, "However well I might wish the *man*, the *woman* is a *minx*, and an *impertinent one*, and HE will do what SHE would have him."

In the lingering period of his decline, being incapable of great original exertions, he published, in two volumes, a collection of Latin Poems, by Italian writers, containing, among others, the "Siphilis of Fracastorius," the "Bombyx," "Poetics, and Scacchia Ludus of Vida," &c. &c.

His mind was now intent on collecting his works, which, before he left the world, he endeavoured very laudably to render such as might be bequeathed to posterity.

During this state in which infirmities and sorrows were gathering fast, it is said, he was neglected by one, whose consolation and kindness he most needed; by her who had so long been the depositary of his hopes and anxieties, his joys and sorrows; the friend and favourite of his heart,—Martha Blount. As vanity on her part was the first occasion of the intimacy, so, in the hour of sickness and suffering, he could not hope to receive that kind and anxious support, which could only be expected from affection.

In a marginal note, written in Warton's edition, by the late George Steevens, it is said, Pope wished to have married Miss Blount, "*in articulo mortis*." This, if true, might perhaps explain the nature of the connexion.

He expressed full hope and confidence of a future existence, till languid and exhausted, but still with occasional, though faint, coruscations of intellect, he closed his eyes on this world, without a sigh, on the 30th day of May, 1744.

Swift, in the verses on his own supposed death, says,

“ Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay

“ A week, and Arbuthnot a day.”

So much could not be said of the surviving friends of Pope. Swift was in a state of helpless and deplorable ideotcy ; Martha Blount was more pleased with her legacy than grieved with her loss ; Bolingbroke, who hung over the couch of parting friendship, neglected his friend's dying request, and afterwards employed Mallet to asperse his memory *.

Old John Searle, for many years his faithful servant, whom he mentioned in his Poems, and whom he remembered with beneficence in his will, perhaps most lamented his loss, and revered his memory. The care of his posthumous fame was entrusted to a guardian, with whom he became connected late in life ; and Mason, a young man of genius, personally unknown, bedewed his ashes with “ the *most melodious tear* †,”—though no poet perhaps ever left the world with greater general testimonies to his virtues and to his genius.

* In consequence of his pamphlet, the “ Patriot King,” being found among Pope's papers, clandestinely printed. See Johnson,

† The exquisite Musæus.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
CHARACTER OF POPE*.

I SHALL say little concerning Pope's person, which, it is well known, was diminutive and ill-formed. His voice was melodious; his eye brilliant and penetrating. Of the few personal recommendations he possessed he was sufficiently vain. In his dress, when he appeared in public, he was particular, that he might appear to as much advantage as possible. His "dress of ceremony," Warton says, was a small sword, and black suit of velvet: to this account I may add, that he was often seen with a basket of fruit from his own garden, or a bouquet of flowers, as a present to the Miss Blounts.

I would willingly have avoided the task, by no means grateful, of attempting any delineation of his general character. The reader has been left to make his own reflections on the several passages of the life as they occurred; and after the luminous and masterly

* For observations on his Poetic Character, see vol. x. and criticisms interspersed through his works.

terly fummary of the leading qualities of his mind by Johnson, any thing I could add might appear ufelefs, as well as presumptuous.

Some account of character, however, is confidered as almost a neceffary appendage to the life of an author ; and I fhall therefore hope to be excufed, if I endeavour to mark, as I have done in the life, fome of thofe traits which have been lefs particularly noticed by Johnson *.

That he was a moft dutiful and affectionate fon, a kind mafter, a fincere friend, and, generally fpeaking, a benevolent man, is undoubted.

In fpeaking of other parts of his character, I would advance no opinion but that which I think can be dire&ly proved ; and, at the fame time, I truft I fhould never forget the fentiment that “ I would fo judge as I would wifh to be judged.”

The firft and moft obvious feature in the character of Pope was his predominant and infatiable love of praife. From this one fource almoft all his other defects may be derived : fuch as his jealousy, particularly excited when his own fame was confidered in collifion ; his animofity, implacable to all who denied his fuperiority ; and an habitual bent of mind towards art and ftratagem, by which he constantly endeavoured to promote, extend, and confirm his own reputation.

With

* Johnson certainly has mentioned his vanity, but he does not feem to have confidered the *caufe* ; or the *effect*, on other parts of his character.

With respect to the avidity and lust of praise, which began in his childhood, strengthened with his strength, and ended only with his life, the cause of it may be found in the indulgence, partiality, and VANITY of his parents.

His weakness in infancy required the greatest indulgence: as years increased, the marks which he displayed of intellectual superiority were acknowledged with the more partial regard, as his childhood had been barren of promises gratifying to a parent.

Hence, by degrees, he became a kind of little Lama in the household at Binfield*.

The effect of early indulgence was experienced when he was sent to school. He made scarcely any progress: he wanted the voice whose gentle adulation made him first proud: he vented his impatience, though so young, in the way which strongly designated his future character, by writing his first lisping lampoon on his schoolmaster.

From this school, instead of being corrected and punished, he was removed, probably in consequence of maternal solicitude, generally, in regard to the advantages of education, as ill-judging as it is amiable.

At

* During his residence at Binfield, he appears to have employed his time, and to have excelled, in drawing with a pen and Indian ink, I have a copy of a head of Rubens by him, which belongs to the Rev. Mr. Cole, that has remarkable facility, expression, and precision. It is said to have been purchased at the sale of a Mr. Constable, at Binfield. Alexander Pope is written on it, apparently with his own hand, "Alexander Pope fecit," but there is no date.

At the school where he fabricated the play from Ogilby's Homer, he seems to have contemplated his little self with most complacency. Still, however, a school was a school, and he made very slow progress in learning, till he returned to his father's house, and was left without a competitor.

If he had received a more enlarged education, whether he would have been so great a poet I know not; but I do not fear to say, he would have been a more estimable member of society; a more complacent, and a more happy man. He would have known the exact point which his abilities reached: he would have excelled without vanity, and viewed competitors for fame without alarm.

The contrary to this was visible in his character through life.

When he publicly appeared as an author, the voices of Trumbull, Wycherley, Garth, &c. were in unison with those of his family. But it happened, at the same time, that the first step he made as an author into the world was attended with a wound to his feelings. I allude to Phillips's Pastorals.

I need not repeat what has been said concerning the criticism in the Guardian: but Gay, who had gained Pope's kindness by the flattering address in the beginning of Rural Sports, now came in aid of his friend, with the ridicule, called the "Shepherd's Week *."

The

* Written in burlesque of Phillips.

The three first letters Pope wrote to Gay, I think, will attest the nature of his feelings. The first begins with "Sir;" the next, "Dear Sir;" and the next after the burlesque Pastorals, "Dear Mr. Gay," and concludes, "Thine, *divine Bucoliast!*"

Gay gained his *lasting love*, and Phillips his *lasting resentment*, in consequence of that excessive love of superiority which he imbibed from the nursery.

It was this paramount idea which made him also so *bitter* an enemy.

Wrapt up in a fastidious contemplation of himself, he was persuaded that all those who did not join the number of his professed adulators were actuated by jealousy and envy at his rising fame. Hence his own jealousy and suspicion were constantly on the watch, and were ready to interpret, as in the case of Addison, many things into a direct attack upon himself. For instance, what but such jealousy could make him apply to himself these observations of Welsted?

"As to the numerous *treatises, essays, arts, &c.*
 "both in *verse* and *prose*, that have been written by
 "the *moderns* on this ground-work, they do but
 "hackney the same thoughts over again, making
 "them still *more trite*. Most of their pieces are no-
 "thing but a most insipid heap of common-place.
 "Horace has even, in his Art of Poetry, thrown out
 "several

“several things, which plainly shew, he thought an
“art of poetry was of no use, even whilst he was
“writing one.”

This Pope ostentatiously quotes as a “glance at” his essay; though it is no more than Swift, and almost all writers of all ages, (generously excepting themselves,) have said of the age in which they lived. This, which an unsuspicious man would not have thought of, and which a wise man would not have regarded, was the first cause of his hostility to Welsted.

Mr. Cumberland, who will receive from posterity the applause which his muse so well deserves, clearly proves that the cause of Pope’s contemptuous description of Bentley, was an expression used by Bentley, respecting the translation of Homer. It was the same with regard to Theobald, and, I have no doubt, Dr. Woodward, and many others, concerning whom the cause of Pope’s animosity is not known.

As Pope loved flattery so much, and was stung to exasperation by the slightest word of detraction, so in bestowing praise himself, no one was more happy. In fact, judging from his own feelings, he knew the value of praise; and though he cannot be accused of gross personal flattery, yet no one had such consummate art in bestowing this kind of homage.

In his own Epitaph, he affects to say he never flattered the great :

“Heroes

“ Heroes and kings, your distance keep,

“ In peace let one poor Poet sleep,

“ Who *never flattered folks like you* :

“ Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

Kings he certainly never flattered, but no one understood the art better when he chose ; and to this art may be attributed his connexion with Buckingham, whose poem he mentioned with sufficient adulation in the Essay on Criticism.

The self-love which made him so alive to praise, and so impatient of censure, operated in confirming his disposition to “ *stratagem*.”

He contrived to promulgate his private letters, that he might shew how amiable he was in life, as well as superior in talents. Hence he makes Cleland declare, “ It was not his capacity, or writings, but the *honest, open, and beneficent man*, that we esteemed and loved in him.” (Letter on the Dunciad.)

This duplicity, which in the first instance was caused by vanity, became by degrees habitual. On all occasions, when attacked, he almost instinctively resorted to it. He never seemed inclined to speak the “ truth, the *whole truth*, and *nothing but the truth*.” In one of his letters he even says, he had asserted nothing false, but “ equivocated pretty genteelly !”

Mr. Cooper Walker, the elegant author of the Essay on the Italian Drama, says, that when the Marquis de Mafféi visited Pope, he found him busied in a translation of the Drama of Merope, written by
the

the Marquis. Mr. Walker wonders nothing was ever heard of this translation. My opinion is, (I give it merely as an opinion,) that when the Marquis saw Pope at Twickenham, Pope had before him Aaron Hill's *Merope*, which, knowing the Marquis had written a play on the same subject, he was not unwilling he should suppose was a translation by himself of Maffei's play. The play was never heard of, and the account is not inconsistent with Pope's character: but of this no one can speak with certainty.

His professions were equally at *variance* with his conduct: he talks of writing with *freedom* and *carelessness*, when no one wrote with *so much caution*; he describes himself as *totally indifferent* to the state of his pecuniary affairs, when no one was more prudent*. Yet it would be hard to say he meant to *deceive*.

* The following Letter has never been published, for which I am indebted to the Rev. Mr. Rogers, of St. Austel. He speaks of poetry being totally unprofitable, when by it he had gained himself a large fortune:

(TO CHRISTOPHER SMART.)

" SIR, Twitnam, Nov^r 18th.

" I thank you for the favour of y^{rs}. I w^d not give you the
 " trouble of translating the whole Essay you mention; the two
 " first Epistles are already well done, and if you try, I c^d wish it
 " were on the last, which is less abstracted, and more easily falls
 " into poetry and common place. A few lines, at the beginning
 " and conclusion, will be sufficient for a trial, whether you y^rself
 " can like the task, or not. I believe the Essay on Criticism will
 " in general be the more agreeable, both to a young writer, and
 " to the majority of readers. What made me wish the other well
 " done

deceive. The avenues to self-love are so many and imperceptible, it is possible he might have thought, and even felt a conscious pride, that he was such as he described himself.

If he sometimes contradicted himself, particularly in speaking at one time disrespectfully of those whom he had at other times exalted, it ought in charity to be attributed more to the acuteness of feeling at the time, than to wayward and unmanly caprice. So, if he means his friend Warburton, when in the letters now published he says, "W— is a sneaking parson," it is to be attributed to the impression of the moment, when he conceived that the woman he loved had been insulted.

In the last volume will be found some general observations on his poetic character. In this outline
of

" done was the want of a right understanding of the subject,
 " which appears in the foreign versions, in 2 Italian, 2 French,
 " and 1 German. There is one indeed in Latin verse, printed at
 " Wirtemberg, very faithful, but inelegant; and another in
 " French prose: but in these the spirit of poetry is as much lost,
 " as the sense and system itself is in the others. I ought to take
 " this opportunity of acknowledging the Latin translation of my
 " Ode, which you sent me, and in which I c^d see little or nothing
 " to alter, it is so exact. Believe me, Sir, equally desirous of
 " doing you any service, and afraid of engaging you in an art
 " so little profitable, though so well deserving, as good poetry.

" I am,

" Your most oblig'd

" and sincere humble serv^{nt},

" A. POPE."

of his general moral character, I think I have said nothing but what palpable facts will justify.

If any thing should have been advanced, which, upon farther consideration, may appear groundless or hasty, I shall be more happy to retract it,

(“ ——— to mark the passage into a blot,

“ And hate the line where candour was forgot,”)

than any of his most sanguine admirers.

One part of his character I approach with reluctance, but it is too striking to be passed over; the nature of his attachment to Martha Blount.

Many facts tend to prove the peculiar susceptibility of his passions; nor can we implicitly believe that the connexion between him and Martha Blount was of a nature “so pure and innocent,” as his panegyrist Ruffhead would make us believe. But whatever there might be of criminality in the connexion, it did not take place till the “hey-day” of youth was over; that is, after the death of her brother (1726); when he was thirty-eight, and she thirty-six. Teresa was of the same age with Pope, being born at Paris, 1688*.

Martha

* This may seem to contradict the statement of Teresa being in the bloom of youth and beauty at the Coronation, 1714.

I imagined she must have been about eighteen, when subsequent inquiries enable me to state that she was at that time twenty-six. But it will be remembered that young ladies were perhaps

Martha three years younger, was born at Maple-Durham 1691 : consequently she was thirty-six, when the connexion between her and Pope became more avowed and explicit. At this time of life there was perhaps no great danger of a "false step." Certainly she became by degrees more indifferent to the opinion of the world. At no time could she have regarded Pope personally with attachment; and when *other* views were past, she might have acquiesced in her situation, rather than have been gratified by any reciprocities of kindness or affection.

But the most extraordinary circumstance, in regard to his connection with female society, was the strange mixture of indecent, and sometimes *profane*, levity*, which his conduct and language often exhibited. The cause of this particularity may be sought perhaps in his consciousness of physical defect, which made him affect a character uncongenial, and a language opposite to the truth.

This

perhaps employed at their sampler (in 1714), at an age when they are (1807) more agreeably engaged at a ball. Besides, the Miss Blounts lived at Maple-Durham like unwilling recluses in a convent.

* Some of those indelicacies, I am sorry to say, have escaped my notice in the publication of his last letters, though much has been expunged.

exxx OBSERVATIONS ON THE

This levity, to call it by its flightest name, I wish to consider, though it is no palliation, as palpable and gross affectation, from which he was in no instance free*.

It may seem strange that such language could be endured; but we must consider the character of the times. As to the Ladies, they were probably proud (particularly Martha) of the attentions of so celebrated a poet, and allowed the licentiousness of his expressions, that they might boast the honour of his correspondence.

In many instances he appears to have felt a sort of libertine love, which his passions continually prompted him to declare; but which the consciousness of his infirmities, and we ought to add his moral feelings, corrected and restrained.

If these and other parts of his character appear less amiable, let the reader constantly keep in mind the physical and moral causes which operated on a mind like his: let him remember his life, "one long disease," the natural passions, which he must have felt in common with all the world, disappointed: his tenderness thrown back on his heart, only to gather there with more force, and more ineffectual wishes:

* With regard to some few compositions admitted into this edition, which were undoubtedly written by Pope, I have wished to avoid *either extreme*: not to *admit* what would be a discredit, nor to *reject* what readers in general would wish to see in a complete edition of his works.

wishes : his confined education, intrusted chiefly to those who were themselves narrow-minded * : his being used from the cradle to listen only to the voice of partial indulgence ; of tenderness, almost maternal, in all who contemplated his weakness and his incipient talents †.— When he has duly weighed these things, and attended to every alleviating circumstance that his knowledge of the world, or his charity, may suggest, then let him not hastily condemn what truth compels me to state ; but let him rather, without presuming on his own virtues, lament the imperfection of our common nature, and leave the judgment to HIM, “ who knoweth whereof we are made, who remembereth we are but dust.”

* I hope this will not be thought illiberal, when it is remembered how much he offended some of his own persuasion, by the praise of Erasmus, in the Essay on Criticism.

† Whatever might have been his defects, he could not be said to have many bad qualities, who never lost a friend, and whom Arbuthnot, Gay, Bathurst, Lyttelton, Fortescue, and Murray, esteemed and loved through life.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO the names of those to whom I am indebted for any communications, I ought to have added that of the Rev. Mr. Bannister. His Notes, in the fifth and sixth volumes, are marked with his name, as are the respective communications of all those who have been before mentioned. The account given me of Mrs. Thomas, in Vol. vii. as copied from a MS. by my friend D. P. Okeden, I have since found in print: but the book is obscure; and as I can trace no *authentic* source from which this part is derived, I think it probable that the same MS. furnished the information to the publisher.

Mr. Rogers lent me his copy of Warton's edition of Pope, with *manuscript* remarks in *pencil* by Steevens. These are constantly marked by his name.

For all observations without signature, I rely on the reader's candour.

In the Life, I have been led into a mistake, from following a *date* of Johnson, though I have been in general attentive to this material part of biography. The first Imitation of Horace I have dated 1731, instead of 1733, when it was published. The Imitation addressed to Bolingbroke ("Prima dicte mihi") was
written

written in 1737, soon *after* Bolingbroke left England, not *before*. The additional letters were neither procured nor arranged by me, except the letter of Pope to Mrs. Price, that of Martha Blount, and that of Pope, in the Life, to Christopher Smart.

If it should be thought I have in some places spoken too harshly of Pope's conduct, I can only say, I should not have considered myself an *honest man* if I had spoken otherwise.

WM. LISLE BOWLES,

BREMILL,

Jan. 25, 1807.

ERRATA, ET CORRIGENDA.

VOL. I.

- Page 36, line *ult.* Note, *for* "Virgil's speech had formed the conclusion," *read* "Virgil's speech, which formed the conclusion, had been compressed."
— 48, line 16, Note, *for* "in censum," *read* "in numerum."
— 312, line 15, Note, "The accents on "Sinē," and "Arābia," are as they *ought* to be placed, not as the stress is laid by Parnell."
— 319, line 8, Note, *dele* "but."

VOL. II.

- Page 29, line 16, Note, *dele* comma at "guiding," *and insert it* at "vessel."
— 57, line 8, Note, *for* "personage," *read* "passage."

VOL. III.

- Page 17, line 15, Note, *for* "attended," *read* "intended."
— 47, line 32, Note, *after* "sky," *add* "I fear, I must be thought very arrogant in presuming to suggest a word, but "rush" for "run" was originally used by Pope."

VOL. IV.

- Page 13, line 9, Note, *for* "Charbonner les murailles," *read* "Charbonner les mures."
— 28, line 1, Note, *for* "Essay on Man," *read* "Essay on Criticism."
— 33, line 1, Note, *for* "Milton," *read* "Bentley."
— 44, line 17, Note, *for* "revelli," *read* "repelli."
— 55, line *antepen.* Note, *for* "Pope had the name" *read* "Pope had given him the name"
— 162, line *ult.* *at the end of the Note,* *add* "Warton."

VOL. V.

- Page 258, line 24, Note, *for* "Theobald," *read* "Cibber."

VOL. VI.

- Page 12, line 2, *for* "Terentum," *read* "Tarentum."
— 21, line 1, Note, *for* "Swift's disappointment," *read* "Swift's subsequent disappointment."
— 313, line 1, Note, *for* "Corgate," *read* "Coryate."
— 328, line 7, Note, *for* "gonsalo, Continho," *read* "Over his grave Gonsalo, Continho."

ERRATA ET CORRIGENDA

VOL. I.

Page 10, line 15. Note for "Vigil's speech" had formed the
"association," read "Vigil's speech," which formed the
"association," had been completed.
Page 11, line 15. Note for "in certain," read "in numerous."
Page 12, line 15. Note for "the account on 'Bird,'" and
"Ardor," are as they appear to be placed, not as the
first is placed by the author.

VOL. II.

Page 10, line 15. Note, del comma at "girding," and insert a
comma.
Page 11, line 15. Note for "perforage," read "parage."

VOL. III.

Page 10, line 15. Note for "attended," read "attended."
Page 11, line 15. Note for "I," read "I," and "I" read "be."
Page 12, line 15. Note for "I," read "I," and "I" read "be."
Page 13, line 15. Note for "I," read "I," and "I" read "be."

VOL. IV.

Page 10, line 15. Note for "Chapman's les minutes," read
"Chapman's les minutes."
Page 11, line 15. Note for "Ellis on Mary," read "Ellis on
Mary."
Page 12, line 15. Note for "Bentley," read "Bentley."
Page 13, line 15. Note for "repell," read "repell."
Page 14, line 15. Note for "I hope had the name," read
"I hope had the name."
Page 15, line 15. Note for "I hope had the name," read
"I hope had the name."

VOL. V.

Page 10, line 15. Note for "Theobald," read "Cibber."

VOL. VI.

Page 10, line 15. Note for "Tremont," read "Tremont."
Page 11, line 15. Note for "disappointment," read
"disappointment."
Page 12, line 15. Note for "Cyprian," read "Cyprian."
Page 13, line 15. Note for "Cyprian," read "Cyprian."
Page 14, line 15. Note for "Cyprian," read "Cyprian."

THE

*AUTHOR'S PREFACE**.

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest ; so on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot

* The clearness, the closeness, and the elegance of style with which this preface is written, render it one of the best pieces of prose in our language. It abounds in strong good sense, and profound knowledge of life. It is written with such simplicity that scarcely a single metaphor is to be found in it. Atterbury was so delighted with it, that he tells our Author he had read it over twice with pleasure, and desired him not to balance a moment about printing it ; “ always provided there is nothing said there that you may have occasion to unsay hereafter.” These words are remarkable. This preface far excels those of Pellisson, Vaugelas, and D’Ablancourt, of which the French boast so highly. May I be allowed just to add, that the finest prefaces ever written, were, perhaps, that of Thuanus to his History, of Calvin to his Institutes, and of Causabon to his Polybius. J. WARTON.

but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly past upon Poems. A Critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments*.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad Author deserves better usage than a bad Critic: for a Writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but such a Critic's is to put them out of

* In the former editions it was thus—*For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation.*—But the Author altered it, as these words were rather a consequence from the conclusion he would draw, than the conclusion itself, which he has now inserted.

WARBURTON.

humour;

humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. . What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination: and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now if he happens to write ill, (which is certainly no sin in itself,) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write; and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their Bookfellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the

B 2

world;

world; and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince or a Beauty. If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit, for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a Coxcomb: if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people, who make the largest

part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities ; and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him : a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent women as a Satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of : the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone ; the privilege of being admitted into the best company* ; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

* What is here said of the privileges of the Poetic Character, will not, I believe, bear the test of truth and experience. Surely a Poet is not particularly allowed the “ freedom of saying careless things,” and his moral character and manners are to be estimated, as well as his talents, before he is entitled to a certain station in society. Let me however take this opportunity, and I do it with pride, of vindicating a respectable, and superior class of men, the English Poets. A few eccentric characters among them, who have disgraced their Genius, have been considered sufficient to throw a shade upon the whole class.

But let us estimate their character fairly, and we shall find the sons of true and original genius, in general, as highly elevated by their personal character, as by their talents. Need I mention the names of the “ princely” and elegant Surrey, the amiable Spenser, the great, and, bating his political prejudices, the severely-moral, Milton, Pope, Addison, Thomson, Young, Gray, Littelton, and many others, all of them as conspicuous for their superior virtues, moral character, and correct understanding, as for their high poetical endowments.

Hoc tribuisse, parum, non tribuisse, scelus !

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors *, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about Fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore; since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these Trifles by Prefaces †, biassed by recommendation, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ because it amused me; I corrected because it was

* This fate and these dangers have been the subject of an ingenious epistle by the amiable Mr. Whitehead, The danger of writing Verse; one of the happiest imitations of our Author's didactic manner; in which are many particulars suggested or borrowed from this preface.

J. WARTON.

† As was the practice of his master Dryden, who is severely lashed for this in the Tale of a Tub; and of as great a Genius P. Corneille, whose pieces of base adulation are a disgrace to Poetry and Literature. Our Author was accustomed to mention Locke's dedication to Lord Pembroke with strong marks of disapprobation,

J. WARTON.

as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published because I was told, I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: for they have always fallen short * not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of Poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much Genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: Tho' if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that be-

* Il n'y a presque aucun de mes ouvrages dont je sois content, & il y en a quelques uns que je voudrais n'avoir jamais faits, says Voltaire.

J. WARTON.

If this sentiment be real, and not affected, what a contrast does it form to the dignified and lofty confidence of Milton;

Si quid meremur sana posteritas judicabit!

came universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one Island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one Age.

All that is left us * is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients : and it will be found true,

* I have frequently heard Dr. Young speak with great disapprobation of the doctrine contained in this passage ; with a view to which he wrote his discourse on *Original Composition* : in which he says, “ Would not Pope have succeeded better in an *original* attempt ? Talents untried are talents unknown. All that I know is, that, contrary to these sentiments, he was not only an avowed professor of imitation, but a zealous recommender of it also. Nor could he recommend any thing better, except emulation, to those who write. One of these, all writers must call to their aid ; but aids they are of unequal repute. Imitation is inferiority confessed ; emulation is superiority contested or denied ; imitation is servile, emulation generous ; that fetters, this fires ; that may give a name ; this, a name immortal. This made Athens to succeeding ages the rule of taste, and the standard of perfection. Her men of genius struck fire against each other ; and kindled, by conflict, into glories, which no time shall extinguish. We thank Eschylus for Sophocles, and Parrhasius for Zeuxis ; *Emulation* for both. That bids us fly the general fault of *imitators* ; bids us not be struck with the loud report of former fame, as with a knell, which damps the spirits ; but, as with a trumpet, which inspires ardour to rival the renowned, Emulation exhorts us, instead of learning our discipline for ever like raw troops, under ancient leaders in composition, to put those laurelled veterans in some hazard of losing their superior posts in glory. Such is Emulation's high-spirited advice, such her immortalizing call. Pope would not hear, pre-engaged with imitation, which blessed him with all her charms. He chose rather, with his namesake of Greece, to triumph in the old world, than



To front Page IX [A 5] of Vol. I.

D. Christie sculp.

Published June 1. 1797. by Cadell & Davies, Strand.

true, that in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times ; and what we call learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our Fathers : And indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading ; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living ; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies : But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to

than to look out for a new. His taste partook the error of his religion ; it denied not worship to saints and angels ; that is, to writers, who, canonized for ages, have received their apotheosis from established and universal fame." It might, perhaps, have been replied to Young ; you, indeed, have given us a considerable number of original thoughts in your works, but they would have been more chaste and correct if you had imitated the ancients more. There are entertaining dissertations on plagiarisms and borrowing in Le Motthe le Vayer, tom. ii. 344.

The opinion of Longinus deserves our attention. 'Εστὶ δ' ἡ κλοπὴ τοῦ πράγματος, ἀλλ', ὡς ἀπὸ καλῶν ἡθῶν, ἢ πλασμαίων, ἢ δημιουργημάτων ἀπολύπωσις. Sect. 13. p. 88. edit. Pearce. Of this opinion also were Addison and Boileau.

J. WARTON.

live :

live : One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together : and what Critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement ?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves ; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those Authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole Poem, and vice versa a whole Poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts ; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned ; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection*. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many

* This fair and honest statement should surely have prevented the admission of many things, which have been inserted, in Pope's Works, contrary to his own intentions.

dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miscellanies, or Works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a Person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If Time shall make it the former, may these Poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony, that their Author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or Self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices, or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that 'tis what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals

appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty: so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary * with ill language; or, when I could not attack

* Dr. Warton says "this was written in 1716; did our author recollect it in 1729?" Who can help grieving, indeed, for the weakness of our best resolutions, when we reflect that the heart and hand which dictated and wrote these manly sentiments, should be capable of nourishing resentment, and directing the shafts of increasing hostility, against a female, once the object of tenderness and respect. I allude to the lines on lady M. W. Montagu, which no provocation could justify. Nothing, however, can be more just and beautiful, than the sentiments and language of the author conveyed in this passage. If he departed from them in his more advanced age, let us attribute something to the irritation of sickness and bodily infirmity, to the disappointments which increasing years necessarily bring; to warmth of feelings unreturned, and to ideas of unkind treatment exaggerated, by a mind too refined in its sensations of wrong.

a Rival's

a Rival's works, encouraged reports against his Morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a Memento mori to some of my vain contemporaries the Poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general *.

Nov. 10, 1716.

* I cannot forbear adding how excellently well written is Cowley's preface to his works, folio, 1659; and how much superior it is to Sprat's Life of that amiable Author. Both Cowley and Spenser wrote prose excellently. J. WARTON.

VARIATIONS

IN THE

AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT PREFACE.

AFTER p. 5. l. 13. it followed thus—For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency: but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry*; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet)*. 'Tis a vast happiness to possess the plea-

* But at the conclusion of his translation of the *Iliad*, he contradicts this sentiment, by applying to himself a passage of *M. Antoninus*.

J. WARTON.

fures

fures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muses are amicæ omnium horarum; and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I can't but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials and sad experience have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct: besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At p. 9. l. 12.—In the first place I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces. That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of
my

my errors by my friends and my enemies : And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old, and when we are old, we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reserve some of my time to save my soul ; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life than in pleasing the critics.

ON MR. POPE AND HIS POEMS,

BY HIS GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WITH Age decay'd, with Courts and bus'ness tir'd,
 Caring for nothing but what Ease requir'd ;
 Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,
 And from the Critics safe arriv'd in Port ;
 I little thought of launching forth agen, 5
 Amidst advent'rous Rovers of the Pen :
 And after so much undeserv'd success,
 Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
 Itself a subject for satiric rhyme ; 10
 Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
 Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd !
 But to this Genius, join'd with so much Art,
 Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
 Poets are bound a loud applause to pay ; 15
 Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing
 As the great ILIAD, scarce could make me sing ;
 Except I justly could at once commend
 A good Companion, and as firm a Friend. 20
 One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
 Can all desert in Sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways,
But a much greater to give Merit praise.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS PASTORALS.

IN these more dull, as more censorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
A Muse sincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found 5
Art strength'ning Nature, Sense improv'd by Sound.
Unlike those Wits, whose numbers glide along
So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
Laboriously enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear: 10
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at best most musically dull:
So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
As smoothest speech is most deceitful found, 15
The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound.
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as Youth, as Age consummate too:
Your strains are regularly bold, and please
With unforc'd ease, and unaffected ease, 20
With proper thoughts, and lively images:

Such

Such as by Nature to the Ancients shewn,
 Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own :
 For great men's fashions to be follow'd are,
 Altho' disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear. 25
 Some in a polish'd style write Pastoral,
 Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall ;
 Like some fair Shepherdess, the Sylvan Muse
 Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce ;
 And the true measure of the Shepherd's wit 30
 Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit :
 Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
 More nicely than the common swains be wrought.
 So, with becoming art, the Players dress,
 In silks the shepherd, and the shepherdess ; 35
 Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
 Shap'd like the homely russet of the swain.
 Your rural Muse appears to justify
 The long lost graces of Simplicity :
 So rural beauties captivate our sense 40
 With virgin charms, and native excellence.
 Yet long her Modesty those charms conceal'd,
 'Till by men's Envy to the world reveal'd ;
 For Wits industrious to their trouble seem,
 And needs will envy what they must esteem. 45
 Live and enjoy their spite ! nor mourn that fate,
 Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait ;

VER. 28. *Sylvan Muse*] From Boileau's Art of Poetry,
 Chant. 2. l. 1.

Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight ;
 Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight ;
 So Larks, which first from lowly fields arise, 50
 Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WINDSOR-FOREST.

HAIL, sacred Bard ! a Muse unknown before
 Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
 To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
 And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
 The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care, 5
 And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here :
 A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
 The pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand,
 And China's Earth was cast on common sand :
 Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay, 10
 And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
 Thy treasures next arriv'd : and now we boast
 A nobler cargo on our barren coast :
 From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
 More lasting glories than the East can give. 15

Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,
 What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage !
 The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
 Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.

Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows 20
 The sylvan state that on her border grows,
 While she the wand'ring shepherd entertains
 With a new Windsor in her wat'ry plains;
 Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
 The living scene is in the Muse's glass. 25
 Nor sweeter notes the echoing forests cheer,
 When Philomela fits and warbles there,
 Than when you sing the greens and op'ning glades,
 And give us Harmony as well as Shades:
 A *Titian's* hand might draw the grove, but you 30
 Can paint the grove, and add the Music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine;
 A new creation starts in ev'ry line.
 How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
 And make a doubtful scene of shade and light, 35 }
 And give at once the day, at once the night!
 And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
 In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
 And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
 And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom: 40
 Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
 And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre,
 Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields
 inspire!

Thrice happy thou! and worthy best to dwell 45
 Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.

I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
 Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
 Here on the Western beach attempt to chime. }
 O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main! 50
 Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!
 Snatch me, ye Gods! from these *Atlantic* shores,
 And shelter me in *Windsor's* fragrant bow'rs;
 Or to my much lov'd *Isis's* walks convey,
 And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay. 55
 Thence let me view the venerable scene,
 The awful dome, the groves eternal green:
 Where sacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,
 And brought the Muses to the sylvan feat,
 Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Classic store, 60
 And made that Music which was noise before.
 There with illustrious Bards I spent my days,
 Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise,
 Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
 Nor envy'd *Windsor* in the soft abode. 65
 The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
 And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day:
 They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
 That *Maro* taught, or *Addison* inspir'd.
 Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string: 70
 Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing?

Rouz'd from these dreams by thy commanding
 strain,

I rise and wander through the field or plain;

Led

Led by thy Muse from sport to sport I run,
 Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
 Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy 76
 On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheasant lie;
 His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
 And every feather shines and varies there.

Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by, 80
 But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
 He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly
 O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,
 Nor can the rapid fight pursue the flying horse.
 Oh could thy *Virgil* from his orb look down, 85
 He'd view a courser that might match his own!
 Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.

Who can refuse *Lodona's* melting tale?
 The soft complaint shall over time prevail; 90
 The Tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,
 The Nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.

Nor shall thy song, old *Thames*! forbear to shine,
 At once the subject and the song divine.
 Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n *Britons* more
 Than all their shouts for Victory before. 96

Oh! could *Britannia* imitate thy stream,
 The World should tremble at her awful name:
 From various springs divided waters glide,
 In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide, 100
 Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
 At once they murmur and enrich the Isle;

A while distinct through many channels run,
 But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one; 104
 There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names,
 And make one glorious, and immortal *Thames*.

FR. KNAPP.

TO MR. POPE,

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM ON HOMER.

WHEN *Phoebus*, and the nine harmonious maids,
 Of old assembled in the *Thespian* shades;
 What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
 Befit these harps to sound, and thee to hear?
 Reply'd the God; "Your loftiest notes employ, 5
 "To sing young *Peleus*, and the fall of *Troy*."
 The wond'rous song with rapture they rehearse;
 Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse?
 He answer'd with a frown; "I now reveal
 "A truth, that envy bids me not conceal; 10
 "Retiring frequent to this Laureat vale,
 "I warbled to the Lyre that fav'rite tale,

VER. 1. *When Phoebus*,] By far the most elegant and best turned compliment of all addressed to our Author; happily borrowed from that fine Greek epigram in the *Anthologia*, p. 30, and most gracefully applied;

"Ἡεὶδον μὲν Ἐγὼν ἑχάρασσε δὲ θεῖος Ὅμηρος.

Fenton was the best Greek scholar of all our Author's poetical friends. Boileau also imitated this epigram. WARTON.

"Which,

“ Which, unobserv’d, a wand’ring *Greek* and blind,
 “ Heard me repeat, and treasur’d in his mind;
 “ And fir’d with thirst of more than mortal praise,
 “ From me, the God of Wit, usurp’d the bays. 16
 “ But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
 “ Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
 “ Yet when my Arts shall triumph in the West,
 “ And the white Isle with female pow’r is blest; 20
 “ Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
 “ And the Translator’s Palm to me transfer.
 “ With less regret my claim I now decline,
 “ The World will think his *English Iliad* mine.”

E. FENTON.

TO MR. POPE.

TO praise, and still with just respect to praise
 A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,
 The Learn’d to show, the Sensible commend,
 Yet still preserve the province of the Friend;
 What life, what vigour must the lines require? 5
 What Music tune them, what Affection fire?
 O might thy Genius in my bosom shine;
 Thou should’st not fail of numbers worthy thine:
 The brightest Ancients might at once agree
 To sing within my lays, and sing of thee. 10
 Horace himself would own thou dost excel
 In candid arts to play the Critic well.

Ovid

Ovid himself might wish to sing the Dame
 Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream:
 On silver feet, with annual Osier crown'd, 15
 She runs for ever through Poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's Hair,
 Made by thy Muse the envy of the Fair?
 Less shone the tresses Egypt's Princess wore,
 Which sweet Callimachus so sung before. 20
 Here courtly trifles set the world at odds;
 Belles war with Beaus, and Whims descend for Gods.
 The new Machines, in names of ridicule,
 Mock the grave phrenzy of the Chemic fool.
 But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art, 25
 The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a Woman's heart.
 The Graces stand in fight; a Satire-train
 Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.

In Fame's fair Temple, o'er the boldest wits
 Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits; 30
 And sits in measures such as Virgil's Muse
 To place thee near him might be fond to chuse.
 How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
 Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;
 While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife, 35
 Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the Prize?
 Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
 And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
 Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
 Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail! 40

Here

Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
 Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head:
 Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees,
 Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze!
 Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal spring, 45
 Be hush'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
 Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
 He shines in Council, thunders in the Fight,
 And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight. 50
 Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
 Like Monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
 In all the Majesty of Greek retir'd;
 Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd; 54
 His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
 Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
 So wealthy Mines, that ages long before
 Fed the large realms around with golden Ore,
 When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
 And shepherds only say, *The mines were here*: 60
 Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
 Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
 The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs! 65
 How ev'ry Music varies in thy lines!

VER. 50. *And flames*] A very poor unmeaning line, and unworthy the sensible and elegant Parnell! WARTON.

Still,

Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
 And rise in raptures by another's heat.
 Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
 While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease, 70
 Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
 And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest :
 The shades resound with song—O softly tread,
 While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my Friend—and when a friend inspires,
 My silent harp its master's hand requires ; 76
 Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound ;
 For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground ;
 Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
 From wit, from learning—very far from thee. 80
 Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf ;
 Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf ;
 Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
 Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet ;
 Or lazy lakes unconscious of a flood, 85
 Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.
 Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Ease,
 A Friend delight me, and an Author please ;
 Ev'n here I sing, when POPE supplies the theme,
 Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame. 90

T. PARNELL.

TO MR. POPE.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
 Or speaking marbles, to record their praise;
 And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
 The mimic Feature on the breathing stone;
 Mere mortals; subject to death's total sway, 5
 Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
 A monument which Worth alone can raise:
 Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
 The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust: 10
 Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
 Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die:
 Then sink together in the world's last fires,
 What heav'n created, and what heav'n inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
 With human transport touch the mighty dead, 16
 Shakespear, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
 Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines;
 Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
 So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote; 20
 Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
 And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
 And the bold figure from the canvas fades,

VER. 17. — *thy page*] This was a compliment our author could not take much pleasure in reading; for he could not value himself on his edition of Shakespear.

WARTON.

A rival

A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part 25

Some latent grace, and equals art with art ;

Transported we survey the dubious strife,

While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre

Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire? 30

This you beheld ; and taught by heav'n to sing,

Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.

Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,

Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,

Tow'rs o'er the field of death ; as fierce he turns,

Keen flash his arms, and all the Hero burns ; 36

With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,

He strides along, and meets the Gods in fight :

Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,

Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores, 40

Tremble the tow'rs of Heav'n, earth rocks her coasts,

And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.

To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay ;

Here rolls a torrent, there Meanders play ;

Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise, 45

Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies ;

Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,

The gentle breezes breathe away and die.

Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,

You paint the vale, or gild the azure way ; 50

And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,

Sink without grov'ling, without rashness rise.

Proceed,

Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious string,
 Be ours all Homer! still Ulysses sing.
 How long ^a that Hero, by unskilful hands, 55
 Stripp'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands?
 Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
 Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost:
 O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;
 Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head; 60
 Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
 The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
 But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
 With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
 Touch'd by your hand his manly frame improves 65
 With grace divine, and like a God he moves.

Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
 Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
 Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
 Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire: 70
 So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
 Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
 Like theirs, our Friendship! and I boast my name
 To thine united—for thy Friendship's Fame.

This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing, 75
 While hov'ring angels listen on the wing,
 To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
 As, when they sing, suspended hold the Skies:
 Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
 From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws: 80

^a Odyfsey, lib. xvi.

Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend :
 To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
 And men more fierce : when Orpheus tunes the lay
 Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

TO MR. POPE,

ON THE PUBLISHING HIS WORKS.

HE comes, he comes ! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
 The song of triumph, and attend his Car.
 Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,
 And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads,
 First gives the Palm she fir'd him to obtain, 5
 Crowns his gay brow, and shews him how to reign.
 Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
 Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought :
 Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
 Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God. 10

But hark, what shouts, what gath'ring crouds
 rejoice !

Unstain'd their praise by any venal Voice.
 Such as th' Ambitious vainly think their due,
 When Prostitutes, or needy Flatt'ers sue.
 And see the Chief ! before him laurels born ; 15
 Trophies from undeserving temples torn ;
 Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
 Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,

Prone

Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
Weak to support the blaze of majesty. 20

But what are they that turn the sacred page?
Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
As he that met his likeness in the stream:
The GRACES these; and see how they contend, 25
Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The Chariot now the painful steep ascends,
The Pæans cease; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,
Its prospect an unbounded view commands: 30
Say, wond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou chuse,
What laurell'd Arch for thy triumphant Muse?
Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
Tho' ev'ry Laurel through the dome be thine,
(From the proud Epic, down to those that shade 35
The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid)
Go to the Good and Just, an awful train,
Thy soul's delight, and glory of the Fane:
While through the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
" Sweet to the World, and grateful to the skies." 40

SIMON HARCOURT.

TO MR. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL Bard! for whom each Muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
 Preserv'd, our drooping Genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more;
 After so many stars extinct in night, 5
 The darken'd age's last remaining light!
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of ancient Wit:
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost: 10
 From Tyrants, and from Priests, the Muses fly,
 Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.
 Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincio rove;
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire, 15
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, where cheer'd with summer rays
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy winter's un auspicious reign, 20
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of Fate:

Not

Not that Barbarian hands her Fasces broke, 25
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
 Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her Cities desert, and her fields unfown;
 But that her ancient Spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled, 30
 That there the source of Science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious Names! that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct, and to command Mankind;
 Chiefs, by whose Virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
 And Poets, who those Chiefs sublimely prais'd! 36
 Oft I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
 Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown; 40
 Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
 Than all the pomp of modern Luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
 While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes 45
 Beheld the Poet's awful Form arise:
 Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
 These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
 When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
 To Pope this message from his Master bear: 50

“ Great Bard! whose numbers I myself inspire,
 To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,

If high exalted on the Throne of Wit,
 Near Me and Homer thou aspire to fit,
 No more let meaner Satire dim the rays 55
 That flow majestic from thy nobler Bays ;
 In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
 But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;
 Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
 Address the least attractive of the Nine. 60

Of thee more worthy were the task to raise
 A lasting Column to thy Country's Praise,
 To sing the Land, which yet alone can boast
 That Liberty corrupted Rome has lost ;
 Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid ; 65
 And plants her Palm beneath the Olive's shade.
 Such was the Theme for which my lyre I strung,
 Such was the People whose exploits I sung ;
 Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
 With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd,
 Dauntless opposers of Tyrannic Sway, 71
 But pleas'd, a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,
 Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live ;
 Envy to black Cocytus shall retire, 75
 And howl with Furies in tormenting fire ;

VER. 60. Warton prefers Fenton's verses, but in my opinion, these lines of Lord Lyttelton are much superior to all the other commendatory verses, as elegant, and correct in themselves, as the sentiments they convey appear sincere, and worthy an ingenuous, cultivated, and liberal mind. There is a small inaccuracy in one or two expressions, and perhaps it would have been better if Virgil's speech had formed the conclusion.

Approving Time shall consecrate thy Lays,
And join the Patriot's with the Poet's Praise."

GEORGE LYTTELTON.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

'TIS true, what fam'd Pythagoras maintain'd,
That souls departed in new bodies reign'd :

We must approve the doctrine, since we see
The soul of god-like Homer breathe in thee.
Old Ennius first, then Virgil felt her fires ;
But now a British Poet she inspires.

To you, O Pope ! the lineal right extends,
To you th' hereditary muse descends.
At a vast distance we of Homer heard,
Till you brought in, and nat'raliz'd the Bard ;
Bade him our English rights and freedom claim,
His voice, his habit, and his air the same.
Now in the mighty Stranger we rejoice,
And Britain thanks thee, with a public voice.
See ! too, the Poet, a majestic shade,
Lifts up in awful pomp his laurel'd head,
To thank his Successor, who sets him free
From the vile hands of Hobbs and Ogilby ;
Who vext his venerable Ashes more,
Than his ungrateful Greece, the living Bard before.

While Homer's thoughts in thy bold lines are
shown, 21

Tho' worlds contend, we claim him for our own ;
Our blooming boys proud Ilion's fate bewail ;
Our lisping babes repeat the dreadful tale,
Ev'n in their slumbers they pursue the theme, 25
Start, and enjoy a fight in ev'ry dream.

By turns the Chief and Bard their souls inflame,
And ev'ry little bosom beats for fame.
Thus shall they learn (as future times will see)
From Him to conquer, or to write from Thee. 30

In ev'ry hand we see the glorious song,
And Homer is the Theme of every tongue.
Parties in State poetic schemes employ,
And Whig and Tory side with Greece and Troy ;
Neglect their feuds : and seem more zealous grown
To push those countries Interests, than their own. 36
Our busiest Politicians have forgot
How Sommers counsel'd, and how Marlbro' fought ;
But o'er their settling coffee gravely tell,
What Nestor spoke, and how brave Hector fell. 40
Our softest Beaux and Coxcombs you inspire,
With Glaucus' courage, and Achilles' fire.
Now they resent affronts which once they bore,
And draw those swords that ne'er were drawn before ;
Nay, ev'n our Belles inform'd how Homer writ, 45
Learn thence to criticize on modern Wit.

Let the mad Critics to their side engage
The envy, pride, and dulness of the age ;

In vain they curse, in vain they pine and mourn,
 Back on themselves their arrows will return : 50
 Whoe'er would thy establish'd fame deface,
 Are but immortaliz'd to their disgrace ;
 Live, and enjoy their spite, and share that fate,
 Which would, if Homer liv'd, on Homer wait.

And lo ! his second labour claims thy care, 55
 Ulysses' toils, succeed Achilles' war.
 Haste to the work ; the ladies long to see
 The pious frauds of chaste Penelope.
 Helen they long have seen, whose guilty charms
 For ten whole years engag'd the world in arms. 60
 Then, as thy Fame shall see a length of days,
 Some future Bard shall thus record thy Praise :
 " In those blest times, when smiling Heav'n and Fate
 Had rais'd Britannia to her happiest state,
 When wide around she saw the World submit, 65
 And own her Sons supreme in Arts and Wit ;
 Then Pope and Dryden brought in triumph home,
 The Pride of Greece, and Ornament of Rome ;
 To the great task each bold Translator came, 69
 With Virgil's Judgment, and with Homer's Flame.
 Here the pleas'd Mantuan swan was taught to soar,
 Where scarce the Roman eagles tower'd before :
 And Greece no more was Homer's native earth,
 Tho' her sev'n rival cities claim'd his birth ;
 On her sev'n cities, he look'd down with scorn, 75
 And own'd with pride, he was in Britain born."

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

VOLTAIRE AU ROI DE PRUSSE.

———Horace avec Boileau :

Vous y cherchiez le vrai, vous y goutez le beau ;
 Quelques traits échappés d'une utile morale,
 Dans leurs piquans écrits brillent par intervalle ;
 Mais Pope approfondit ce qu'ils ont effleuré ;
 D'un esprit plus hardi, d'un pas plus assuré,
 Il porta le flambeau dans l'abîme de l'être,
 Et l'homme avec lui seul apprit à se connoître.
 L'Art quelquefois frivole, et quelquefois divin,
 L'Art des vers est dans Pope utile au genre humain.

AT Stowe in Buckinghamshire, the seat of Earl Temple, is a building called The Temple of British Worthies, designed by Kent. One of the niches has a bust of Pope, with the following inscription :

ALEXANDER POPE,

Who uniting the correctness of Judgment to the fire of Genius,
 by the melody and power of his numbers,
 gave sweetness to Sense, and grace to Philosophy.

He employed the pointed brilliancy of Wit to chastise the vices,
 and the eloquence of Poetry to exalt the virtues of human nature ;
 and being without a rival in his own age,
 imitated and translated, with a spirit equal to the originals,
 the best Poets of Antiquity.

TO MR. POPE.

To move the springs of nature as we please,
 To think with spirit, but to write with ease:
 With living words to warm the conscious heart,
 Or please the soul with nicer charms of art,
 For this the Grecian soar'd in Epic strains, 5
 And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains:
 Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
 And awful Milton strung his heav'nly lyre.

'Tis yours, like these, with curious toil to trace
 The pow'rs of language, harmony, and grace, 10
 How Nature's self with living lustre shines;
 How Judgment strengthens, and how Art refines:
 How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
 And force a pleasure which we dare not blame,
 To charm us more thro' negligence than pains, 15
 And give ev'n life and action to the strains:
 Led by some law, whose pow'rful impulse guides
 Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides:
 Some fairer image of perfection, giv'n
 T' inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from heav'n. 20

O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise;
 Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays!
 Add that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine;
 Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line;
 Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues, 25
 Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse.

A foul

A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
 Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind :
 Not critics, but their planets prove unjust :
 And are they blam'd who sin because they must ? 30

Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays ;
 I cannot rival—and yet dare to praise.
 A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage,
 Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
 Statius' free vigour, Virgil's studious care, 35
 And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.

So seems some Picture, where exact design,
 And curious pains, and strength and sweetness join :
 Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
 And each warm stroke with living colour glows : 40
 Soft without weakness, without labour fair ;
 Wrought up at once with happiness and care !

How blest the man that from the world removes
 To joys that MORDAUNT, or his POPE approves ;
 Whose taste exact each author can explore, 45
 And live the present and past ages o'er :
 Who free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
 Move calmly forward to the verge of life :
 Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
 To live by reason, and to write by thee ! 50

Nor deem this verse, tho' humble, thy disgrace ;
 All are not born the glory of their race :
 Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
 And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame.

The

The Muse who now this early homage pays, 55
 First learn'd from thee to animate her lays :
 A Muse as yet unhonour'd, but unstain'd,
 Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd :
 Unbias'd, or to censure or commend, 59
 Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend ;
 Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
 And fix her fame immortal on thy own *.

WALTER HARTE.

* Pope's turn of versification, formularies of expression, &c. are well preserved in these verses, which appear sincere, although the praise is excessive and exaggerated. Upon reading these encomiums, it may be remarked, that Pope was ushered into the world with all the consideration which the patronage of the Great, and the efforts of friendship, could bestow ; while Milton, who published his great work in obscurity and indigence, had no patron to protect, and few friends to encourage him : but the true merit of each as a *poet*, is better tried by the effect of their respective works, when the authors themselves, their patrons and friends, are no more. Pope, whose works will be always interesting to the reader of taste, does not claim that superior adoration paid to the great master of English poetry ; while Milton now, I had almost said, “ looks from his sole dominion” like that Luminary he has himself so finely described.

The Mule who now this early homage pays
 First learnt from those to submit her days
 A Mule as yet unbroken, but unkind,
 Who paid no vices, no pretence of kind
 Unkind, or to converse or command,
 Who knows no easy, and who knows no kind;
 Perhaps too fond to think those vices known,
 And her time immortal on her own.

WALTER HARTLEY

* Pope's turn of expression, formulae of expression, &c.
 are well preserved in these verses, which appear, however,
 the quality is excellent and elegant. Upon reading the
 comments it may be remarked, that Pope was placed into the
 world with all the conditions which the patronage of the Great
 and the effects of friendship could bestow; while Addison, who
 published his great work in obscurity and indigence, had no
 patron to protect, and few friends to encourage him; but the
 true merit of each as a poet is best tried by the effect on their
 respective works, when the authors themselves, their patrons and
 friends are removed. Pope's works will be always interest-
 ing to the reader of taste, does not claim that superior adoration
 paid to the great master of English poetry, while Milton now
 I had almost said, is lost from the domain, like that
 of Homer in the hands of his translators.

PASTORALS,

WITH

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL.

Written in the Year MDCCIV.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius!

VIRG.

PASTORALS

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORALS

Written in the Year 1760

By the Rev. Mr. [Name]

Vol.

A
DISCOURSE
ON
PASTORAL POETRY.^a

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any fort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals ; nor a smaller than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations that Critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in
my

^a Written at sixteen years of age. POPE.

This sensible and judicious Discourse, written at so early an age, is a more extraordinary production, than the Pastorals that follow it : in which, I hope, it will not be deemed an injurious criticism to say, there is scarcely a single rural image to be found that is new. The ideas of Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser, are indeed here exhibited in language equally mellifluous and pure ; but the descriptions and sentiments are trite and common. To this assertion, formerly made, Dr. Johnson answered ; “ That no invention was intended : ” he therefore allows the fact, and the charge. Our author has chiefly drawn his observations from Rapin, Fontenelle, and the preface to Dryden’s Virgil. A translation of Rapin’s Discourse had been some years before prefixed to Creech’s Translation of Theocritus, and is no extraordinary piece of criticism. And though Hume highly praises the Discourse of Fontenelle, yet Dr. Hurd thinks it only rather more tolerable than
his

my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that Age which succeeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably *pastoral*^b. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so

his Pastorals I much wonder our Author did not allude to the elegant lines on Pastoral Poetry at the beginning of the second canto of Boileau's Art of Poetry. The best dissertations on this subject, seem to be those in the II^d and Vth volumes of the Memoirs of the French Academy, that which is prefixed to Heyne's excellent edition of Virgil's Eclogues, and that which is prefixed to the * Oxford edition of Theocritus, in two volumes 4^{to}, 1776; in which the reader will find a particular account of the three distinct characters and personages introduced by Theocritus, namely, the Keepers of Oxen, the Keepers of Sheep, and of Goats; to which distinction even Virgil did not attend: and in which he also will find such reasons for preferring the pastorals of Theocritus to those of Virgil, as will serve for a complete confutation of Dr. Johnson's opinion on this subject.

The truly learned Heyne goes so far as to say, that if Virgil had written only his Bucolics, *vix eum in censum principum poetarum venturum fuisse arbitror*. So competent and able a judge as the sweet and pathetic Racine, assured M. de Longepierre, that he thought the second Idyllium of Theocritus was one of the most exquisite pieces that antiquity had left us, and that it contained the most striking and forcible descriptions of the passion of love he had ever seen. WARTON.

^b Fontenelle's Disc. on Pastorals.

POPE.

* Edition of Theocritus by Th. Warton.

proper

proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that Character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both^c; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity^d, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

^c Heinſius in Theocr.

POPE.

^d Rapin de Carm. Paſt. p. 2.

POPE.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this Idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age*. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the Gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short^e, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some Knowledge in rural affairs is discovered^f. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we
destroy

* Avoiding, what a sensible writer calls, *les sentimens quintessencies, les douceurs metaphysiques*. Gesner's Pastorals are exquisite; and abound in new situations, images, and sentiments.

WARTON.

^e Rapin, *Reflex. sur l'Art Poet. d'Arist.* p. 2. *Reflex. xxvii.* POPE.

^f Pref. to *Virg. Past.* in Dryd. *Virg.* POPE.

destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the Idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries^g. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Besides, in each of them a design'd scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety^h. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection,

^g Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals.

POPE.

^h See the forementioned Preface.

POPE.

they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus * excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapersⁱ and fishermen as well as shepherds †. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But 'tis enough that all others learnt their excellencies from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil ‡, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points, where judgment is principally

* Stesichorus, it is said, wrote pastorals also. WARTON.

ⁱ ΘΕΠΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyl. x. and ΑΑΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi. POPE.

† The 10th and 21st Idyll. here alluded to, contain some of the most exquisite strokes of nature and true poetry any where to be met with, as does the beautiful description of the carving on the cup; which, indeed, is not a cup, but a very large pastoral vessel or cauldron. Vas pastoritium amplissimum. WARTON.

Dr Warton might have mentioned the 7th and 22d Idyll, as most highly picturesque, romantic, and beautiful.

‡ He refines indeed so much as to make him, on this very account, much inferior to the beautiful simplicity of his original.

WARTON.

pally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them*, which the Greek was a stranger to^k. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso †
in

* It is difficult to conceive where is the "wonderful variety" in Virgil's Eclogues, which the "Greek was a stranger to." Many of the more poetical parts of Virgil are copied literally from Theocritus, but are weakened by being made more *general*, and often lose much of their picturesque and poetical effect from that circumstance. Every thing in Theocritus is painted with the hand of a Pouffin, a Salvator, or a Rubens. Witness the pines and broken waterfalls, the Bebrycian mountains, and the savage Amycus, near the clear fount, and the rich glowing summer scene in the 7th Idyll. It is indeed the variety, the wildness, and the nature, which give such a charm to Theocritus.

^k Rapin, *Refl. on Arist.* part ii. refl. xxvii.—Pref. to the *Ecl.* in Dryden's *Virg.* POPE.

† The *Aminta* of Tasso is here erroneously mentioned by Pope as the very first pastoral comedy that appeared in Italy: and Dr. Hurd also fell into the same mistake. But it is certain that *Il Sacrificio* of Agostino Beccari was the first, who boasts of it in his prologue, and who died very old in 1590; which drama was acted in the Palace of Francesco of Este. Such a mistake is very pardonable in so young an author, and very different from

in his *Aminta* has as far excelled all the Pastoral writers, in his *Gierusalemme* he has out-done the Epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's *Calendar*, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil¹. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His *Eclogues* are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetra-stic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length

the gross and unscholar-like blunder of Trapp, who tells us in his fourteenth Lecture, that all the *Eclogues* of Calphurnius and Nemefian, who flourished under Diocletian, were entirely lost.

I will just add, that the famous Critic, Jason de Noyes, who wrote so well on Horace's *Art of Poetry*, condemned the Pastoral Drama. And that the above-mentioned *Il Sacrificio* was acted at Ferrara 1550, and the *Aminta* 1573, and the *Pastor Fido* before Cardinal Borghese 1590. It is observable, that Pope does not mention the *Comus* of Milton, the most exquisite of all pastoral dramas.

WARTON.

¹ Dedication to Virg. Ecl.

POPE.

length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human Life to the several Seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into Months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their Titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to

furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

* Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the Critics

* The superiority of Milton's *Lycidas* to all pastoral poems in our language is, I should hope, acknowledged by every man of true classical judgment; and Dr. Johnson's strange animadversions on it have been thus effectually answered. "*Lycidas*, (says he,) is filled with the heathen deities; and a long train of mythological imagery, such as a College easily supplies.—But it is also such as even the Court itself could now have easily supplied. The public diversions, and books of all sorts, and from all sorts of writers, more especially compositions in poetry, were at this time over-run with classical pedantries. But what writer, of the same period, has made these obsolete fictions the vehicle of so much fancy and poetical description? How beautifully has he applied this sort of allusion to the Druidical rocks of Denbighshire, to Mona, and the fabulous banks of Deva! It is objected, that its pastoral form is disgusting. But this was the age of pastoral; and yet *Lycidas* has but little of the bucolic cant, now so fashionable. The satyrs and fauns are but just mentioned. If any trite rural topics occur, how are they heightened!

" Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night.

" Here the day-break is described by the faint appearance of the upland lawns under the first gleams of light: the sun-set, by the buzzing of the chaffer: and the night sheds her fresh dews on their flocks. We cannot blame pastoral imagery and pastoral allegory, which carry with them so much natural painting. In this piece there is perhaps more poetry than sorrow. But let us read it for its poetry. It is true, that passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, no calls upon *Arethuse* and *Mincius*, nor tells of rough satyrs with cloven heel. But poetry does this;
and

Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: That they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: that in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observ'd, the rural employments
in

and in the hands of Milton, does it with a peculiar and irresistible charm. Subordinate poets exercise no invention, when they tell how a shepherd has lost his companion, and must feed his flocks alone without any judge of his skill in piping: but Milton dignifies and adorns these common artificial incidents with unexpected touches of picturesque beauty, with the graces of sentiment, and with the novelties of original genius. It is said, "here is no art, for there is nothing new." But this objection will vanish, if we consider the imagery which Milton has raised from local circumstances. Not to repeat the use he has made of the mountains of Wales, the Isle of Man, and the river Dee, near which Lycidas was ship-wrecked; let us recollect the introduction of the romantic superstition of Saint Michael's Mount in Cornwall, which overlooks the Irish seas, the fatal scene of his friend's disaster.

"But the poetry is not always unconnected with passion. The poet lavishly describes an ancient sepulchral rite, but it is made preparatory to a stroke of tenderness. He calls for a variety of flowers to decorate his friend's hearse, supposing that his body was present, and forgetting for a while he was drowned: it was some consolation that he was to receive the decencies of burial. This is a pleasing deception: it is natural and pathetic. But the real catastrophe recurs. And this circumstance again opens a new vein of imagination."—Poems of Milton, second edition, Robinson, 1791, p. 35.

T. WARTON.

REMARKS.

The Discourse on Pastoral Poetry is certainly, as Dr. Warton observes, a sensible and judicious performance. But Pope's definition of Pastoral is too confined. In fact, his Pastoral Discourse seems made to fit (if I may say so) his Pastorals. For the same reason he would not class as a true * Pastoral, the most interesting of all Virgil's Eclogues:—I mean the first; which is

* See his account of Pastoral in the Guardian.

founded

in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments ; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But

founded on fact, which has the most tender and touching strokes of nature, and the plot of which is entirely pastoral, being the complaint of a *Shepherd* obliged to leave the *fields* of his infancy, and yield the possession to soldiers and strangers. The characters, and every image, are taken from rural life, the landscape part is picturesque, and the story interesting and affecting.

Pope says, because it relates to soldiers, it is not pastoral : but how little of a military cast is seen in it : — the soldier is mentioned, but only as far as was absolutely necessary, and always in connection with the rural imagery, from whence the most exquisite touches are derived.

En queis consecvimus agros !

Barbarus hæc tam CULTA NOVALIA miles habebit ?

Barbarus HAS SEGETES ?

Pope's pastoral ideas, however, with the exception of the Messiah, seem to have been taken from the least *interesting* and *poetic* scenes of the ancient Eclogue : the Wager, the Contest, the Riddle, the alternate praises of Daphne or Delia, the common-place complaint of the lover, &c. The more interesting and picturesque subjects, therefore, were excluded, as not being properly pastoral according to his confined definition.

We cannot help making an observation here, that in defining pastoral, critics in general should not have taken notice of *one* I think the most essential adjunct to this species of poetry ; that is, the PICTURESQUE. Pastoral scenery is indeed required by all : we have a shepherd, a grove, and a river ; but what is more strikingly *picturesque* is scarcely ever considered as *essential*.

Let us look at the great Father of the Pastoral : in what does he excel all others ? “ In simplicity and nature,” I admit with Pope ; but more particularly in one circumstance, which seems to have escaped general attention, and that circumstance is the PICTURESQUE.

Pope says, he is too long in his descriptions, particularly of the Pastoral Cup, Idyl. 1. Was not Pope a professed admirer of painting,

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old Authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate.

ing, aware that the description of that Cup contains touches of the most delightful and highly finished landscape? The old fisherman, and the broken rock, in one scene; in another, the beautiful contrast of the little boy weaving his rush-work, and so intent on it, that he forgets the vineyard he was set to guard; we see him in the fore-ground of the piece: then there is his scrip and the fox eyeing it askance; the ripe and purple vineyard, and the other fox treading down the grapes, whilst he continues at his work: and, as is beautifully express'd,

————— μελεται δὲ ὅτε τὴ πηρης
Οὐτε φυτῶν τοσσήνων, ὅσον περὶ πλεγματὶ γαθεῖ

Idyll. I. line 54.

Add to these circumstances the wild and beautiful Sicilian scenery; and where can there be found more perfect landscapes in the works, which these pictures peculiarly resemble, of Vernet, or Gainsborough? Considered in this view, how rich, wild, and various, are the landscapes of the old Sicilian! and we cannot but wonder that so many striking and original traits should be passed over by a “youthful bard,” who professed to select from, and to copy, the ancients.

S P R I N G :
THE FIRST PASTORAL,
OR
D A M O N.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields I try the fylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windfor's blissful plains :
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing ;

Let

R E M A R K S.

These Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr. Walsh, Mr. Wycherley, G. Granville afterwards Lord Lansdown, Sir William Trumbal, Dr. Garth, Lord Hallifax, Lord Somers, Mr. Mainwaring, and others. All these gave our Author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr. Walsh, whom Mr. Dryden, in his Postscript to Virgil, calls the best Critic of his age. " The Author (says he) seems to have a particular genius for this kind of Poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the Ancients. But what he has mixed of his own with theirs is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say that Virgil had written nothing so good at his Age. His Preface is very judicious and learned." Letter to Mr. Wycherley, Ap. 1705. The Lord Lansdown, about the same time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, says (in a printed Letter of the Character of Mr. Wycherley), " that if he goes on as he hath begun in the Pastoral way, as Virgil first tried his strength, we
may

Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play, §
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You,

REMARKS.

may hope to see English Poetry vie with the Roman," &c. Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the Author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The reason for his labouring them into so much softness, was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought and smoothness of verse; whereas that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fulness of both. In a letter of his to Mr. Walsh about this time, we find an enumeration of several niceties in Versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any English poem, except in these Pastorals. They were not printed till 1709. POPE.

Sir William Trumbal.] Our Author's friendship with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years; he was under sixteen, but Sir William above sixty, and had lately resign'd his employment of Secretary of State to King William. POPE.

LINE 1. *First in these fields, &c.*] It seems natural for a young Poet to initiate himself by Pastorals, which, not professing to imitate real life, require no experience, and exhibiting only the simple operation of unmingled passions, admit no subtle reasoning or deep enquiry. Pope's Pastorals, however, are not composed but with close thought. JOHNSON.

In this sentence, Dr. Johnson does not appear sufficiently attentive to the true character and nature of Pastoral Poetry. No doubt it is natural for a young Poet to initiate himself by Pastorals; for what youthful heart does not glow at the descriptions of rural nature, and scenes that accord with its own innocence and cheerfulness; but although Pastorals do not, in the sense of Dr. Johnson, imitate real life, nor require any great insight into human passions and characters, yet there are many things necessary in this species of composition, more than Dr. Johnson seems to require. The chief thing is an eye for picturesque and rural scenery, and an intimate acquaintance with those minute objects and particular appearances of nature, which alone can give a lively and original colour to the painting of Pastoral

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
 Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
 And carrying with you all the world can boast,
 To all the world illustriously are lost! 10
 O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
 Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:

So

REMARKS.

Pastoral Poetry. To copy the common descriptions of Spring or Summer, Morning or Evening, or to iterate from Virgil the same complaints of the same shepherds, is not surely to write Pastoral Poetry. It is also difficult to conceive where is the "close thought," with which Johnson says Pope's Pastorals are composed. They are pleasing as copies of "the Poems of Antiquity," although they exhibit no striking taste in the "selection," and they certainly exhibit a series of musical versification, which, till their appearance, had no precedent in English Poetry.

VER. 7. *You, that too wise*] This amiable old man, who had been a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and Dr. of Civil Law, was sent by Charles II. Judge Advocate to Tangier, and afterwards in a public character to Florence, to Turin, to Paris; and by James II. Ambassador to Constantinople; to which city he went through the continent on foot. He was afterwards a Lord of the Treasury, and Secretary of State with the Duke of Shrewsbury, which office he resigned 1697, and retiring to East Hampstead, died there in December 1716, aged seventy-seven. Nothing of his writing remains but an elegant character of Archbishop Dolben.

WARTON.

VER. 12. *in your native shades*] Sir W. Trumbal was born in Windsor-forest, to which he retreated, after he had resigned the post of Secretary of State of King William III.

POPE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. "Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,
 Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia."

This is the general exordium and opening of the Pastorals, in imitation of the sixth of Virgil, which some have therefore not improbably

So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
 The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
 But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings, 15
 And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.

Soon

REMARKS.

VER. 13. *So when the Nightingale*] Warton observes that the Nightingale does not sing till the other birds are at rest. This is a mistake: the Nightingale sings by day as well as at night; but there is an obscurity, if not an inaccuracy, in the passage. The expressions, "to rest removes" and "forsaken groves," give an idea of evening, in which case there would be certainly an error in making the Thrush "chant to the forsaken groves" after the Nightingale. As to the *Thrush* being charmed to *silence* at any time by the Nightingale, and the "aërial audience" applauding, it is allowable as a *fanciful* allusion, perhaps, though the circumstance is contrary to nature and fact.

IMITATIONS.

improbably thought to have been the first originally. In the beginnings of the other three Pastorals, he imitates expressly those which now stand first * of the three chief Poets in this kind, Spenser, Virgil, Theocritus.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)—
 Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,—
 Thyrsis, the Music of that murm'ring Spring,—

are manifestly imitations of

"—A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)"

"—Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi."

"—Αδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ αἱ πίτυς, αἰπύλε, τήνα." POPE.

VER. 9. *And carrying, &c.*]

Happy is he that from the world retires,
 And carries with him what the world admires.

Waller. Maid's Tragedy altered.

* The learned and accurate Heyne, after much investigation, is of opinion, that the following is the order in which the Eclogues of Virgil were written: what is now usually called the second was first; the third, second; the fifth, third; the first, fourth; the ninth, fifth; the sixth, as it was called, to be the sixth still; the

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
 Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
 Pour'd o'er the whit'ning vale their fleecy care,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair: 20
 The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry blooming spray,
 With joyous music wake the dawning day!
 Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing, 25
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?

REMARKS.

VER. 16. *And all th' aërial audience, &c.*] Pope was not perhaps aware of it, but the circumstance of "audience" and "clapping" gives an air of burlesque to this passage. It is true, birds clap their wings, but the image and the expressions here, come too near artificial life, from which they should be as remote as possible.

VER. 17, &c.] The Scene of this Pastoral a Valley, the Time the Morning. It stood originally thus,

Daphnis and Strephon to the shades retir'd,
 Both warm'd by love, and by the Muse inspir'd,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair,
 In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care;
 And while Aurora gilds the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

the fourth, seventh; the eighth, still the eighth; the seventh, the ninth; the tenth and last, as it was called, still the tenth. Vol. I. 205.

The collection of passages imitated from the Classics, marked in the margin with the letter P. was made by the accurate and learned Mr. Bowyer the Printer.

WARTON.

Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain. 30
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow,
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines, 35
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:

REMARKS.

VER. 32. *Here western winds, &c.*] The slow oxen, the bright crocus, and the blue violet, are images of Spring, the season of this Pastoral: the introduction of roses at the same time is not so appropriate.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 28. Dr. Warton observes this verse is from Spenser's *Muiopotmos*. The words, "*lavish nature*," are, but there is nothing of "*painting the purple year*."

Spenser's words are,

There *lavish nature*, in her best attire,
Pours forth sweet odors, and alluring sights.

VER. 28. *Purple year?*] Dryden has "*purple spring*."

Purple is used in the Latin sense, of the brightest, most vivid colouring in general, not of that peculiar tint so called.

WARBURTON.

Gray has adopted the expression of the *purple year*, in the first stanza of his exquisite Ode on Spring.

WARTON.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 34. The first reading was,

And his own image from the bank surveys. WARBURTON.

Four

Four figures rising from the work appear,
 The various seasons of the rolling year;
 And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
 Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie? 40

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
 Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
 Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 36. And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines. POPE.

This line was probably rejected from its resembling too nearly Dryden. The "Grapes in *clusters lurk* beneath the vines." Dryden's Translation of Virgil's Eclogues.

REMARKS.

VER. 38. *The various seasons, &c.*] The subject of these Pastorals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety.

WARBURTON.

My friend Mr. William Collins, author of the Persian Eclogues and Odes, assured me that Thomson informed him, that he took the first hint and idea of writing his Seasons, from the titles of Pope's four Pastorals. So that these Pastorals have not had only the merit of setting a pattern for correct and musical versification; but have given rise to some of the truest poetry in our language.

WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 35, 36.

"Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,

Diffusos edera vestit pallente corymbos." Virg. POPE.

The Shepherd's hesitation at the name of the Zodiac imitates that in Virgil,

"Et quis fuit alter,

Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?" POPE.

F 2

O'er

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise, 45
 With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
 A milk-white Bull shall at your altars stand,
 That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
 And make my tongue victorious as her eyes: 50
 No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
 Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
 Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise;
 But if I conquer and augment my fold,
 Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to gold. WARBURTON.

REMARKS.

VER. 41. *sing by turns,*] Amabæan verses, and the custom of vying in extempore verses, by turns, was derived from the old Sicilian shepherds, and spread over all Italy; and is, as Mr. Spence observes, exactly like the practice of the Improvisatori at present in Italy. They are surprizingly ready in their answers, and go on, octave for octave, and speech for speech alternately, for a considerable time. At Florence they have even had Improviso Comedies. It is remarkable that the celebrated Trissino, Leonardi du Vinci, Bramante, and the charming dramatic poet Metastasio, were all Improvisatori. WARTON.

VER. 46. *Granville*—] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, known for his Poems, most of which he compos'd very young, and propos'd Waller as his model. POPE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 41. *Then sing by turns,*] Literally from Virgil,
 “ Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camoenae :
 Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
 Nunc frondent sylvae, nunc formosissimus annus.” POPE.

VER. 47. *A milk-white Bull.*] Virg.—“ Pascite taurum,
 Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam spargat arenam.” POPE.
 Me

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
 Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
 But feigns a laugh, to see me search around, 55
 And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
 She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
 While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
 How much at variance are her feet and eyes! 60

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
 And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 61. It stood thus at first,
 Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,
 Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast,
 Blest Thames's shores, &c. POPE.

VER. 61. Originally thus in the MS.
 Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
 Compar'd to thine how bright her Beauties show;
 Then die; and dying teach the lovely Maid
 How soon the brightest beauties are decay'd.

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods so long,
 Of Amaryllis learn a sweeter song;
 To Heav'n arising then her notes convey,
 For Heav'n alone is worthy such a lay. WARBURTON.

REMARKS.

VER. 60. *How much at variance*] A very trifling and false conceit, and too witty for the occasion. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 58. *She runs, but hopes*] Imitation of Virgil,
 "Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
 Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri." POPE.

Bright Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves ; 65
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves ;
If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring, 71
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The Sun's mild lustre warms the vital air ;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore, 75
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always ; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight. 80

VARIATIONS.

VER. 69, &c. These verses were thus at first :
All nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,
Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flow'rs supply ;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing. POPE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 69. *All nature mourns,*]
“ Aret ager, vitio moriens fitit aëris herba,” &c.
“ Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit.” Virg. POPE.
Sylvia's

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
 More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
 Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
 But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears, 85
 A wondrous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears;
 Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
 And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
 The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields: 90
 And then a nobler prize I will resign;
 For Sylvia, charming Sylvia shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend, for, Daphnis, I decree,
 The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee;

REMARKS.

VER. 86. *A wondrous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears;*] An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle at Worcester. POPE.

This is one of the most trifling and puerile conceits in any of our author's works; except what follows of the Thistle and the Lily. WARTON.

VER. 93. *Cease to contend,*] An author of strong sense, Dr. Johnson, says, "That every intelligent reader sickens at the mention

IMITATIONS.

VER. 90. *The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields:*] Alludes to the device of the Scots Monarchs, the Thistle, worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the Fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. Ecl. iii.

"Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum
 Nascantur Flores, et Phyllida solus habeto." POPE.

Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel; 95
 Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so well!
 Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
 A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
 The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
 While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
 For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend, 101
 And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 99. was originally,
 The turf with country dainties shall be spread,
 And trees with twining branches shade your head. POPE.

REMARKS.

mention of the crook and the pipe, the sheep and the kids." This appears to be an unjust and harsh condemnation of all Pastoral Poetry. WARTON.

Surely Dr. Johnson's decrying the affected introduction of the "crook and pipe," &c. into English Pastorals, is not a condemnation of all Pastoral Poetry. Dr. Johnson certainly could not very highly relish this species of Poetry, witness his harsh criticisms on Milton's exquisite *Lycidas*, &c. but we almost forgive his severity on several genuine pieces of poetic excellence, when we consider that he has done a service to truth and nature, in speaking with a proper and dignified contempt of such trite puerilities.

SUMMER:

THE SECOND PASTORAL.

OR

ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
 Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
 Where dancing fun-beams on the waters play'd,
 And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, were thus printed in the first edition :

A faithful swain, whom Love had taught to sing,
 Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring ;
 Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
 Thro' verdant forests, and thro' flow'ry meads.

POPE.

VER. 3. Originally thus in the MS.

There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,
 And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

WARBURTON.

REMARKS.

VER. 3. The Scene of this Pastoral by the river side, suitable
 to the heat of the season ; the Time, noon.

POPE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar, January :

A shepherd's boy, (no better do him call,)
 When Winter's wasteful spight was almost spent,
 All in a sun-shine day, as did befall,
 Led forth his flock, that had been long ypent

Soft

Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow, 5
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
 The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
 And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O GARTH! the Muse's early lays,
 That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays; 10
 Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
 From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
 Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
 To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing, 15
 The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
 The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
 Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?

REMARKS.

VER. 9. Dr. Samuel Garth, Author of the *Dispensary*, was one of the first friends of our Poet, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death. POPE.

He was a man of the sweetest disposition, amiable manners, and universal benevolence. All parties, at a time when party violence was at a great height, joined in praising and loving him. One of the most exquisite pieces of wit ever written by Addison, is a defence of Garth against the *Examiner*, 1710. WARTON.

VER. 14. *Defence from Phœbus', &c*] A harsh line, and a false and affected thought.

VER. 16. *The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.*] Is a line out of Spenser's *Epithalamion*. POPE.

VER. 18. *Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?*] A line unworthy our Author, containing a false and trivial thought; as is also the 22d line. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 8. *And Jove consented*]

“Jupiter et læto descendet plurimus imbri.” Virg. POPE.

VER. 15. *nor to the deaf I sing,*]

“Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvæ.” Virg. POPE.

The

The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
 They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee. 20
 The fultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
 While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
 While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
 In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides, 25
 Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?

REMARKS.

VER. 20. *They parch'd with heat, &c.*] Pope says, his merit in these Pastorals is his copying from the Ancients. Can any thing like this and other conceits be found in the natural and unaffected language of Virgil? No such thing. But what do we find in *Dryden's Imitation of Virgil*:

The creaking locusts with my voice conspire,
 They fry'd with heat, and I with fierce desire.

This is Virgil's:

Sole sub ardenti resonant arbuta cicadis!

And Pope had this imitation in his eye, not the original.

I take this opportunity of saying, that there is a peculiar propriety in Virgil's "ARBUSTA cicadis resonant," which is overlook'd by the Translator.

In Italy, the cicada is known to fly from *tree to tree*; it is larger than in England, and its note is much more shrill.

VER. 23. How inferior is Virgil to Theocritus? See the original passage:

Πᾶσι ποτ' ἀρ' ποθ' οὐκ, &c. Idyll. 1. l. 66.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 23. *Where stray ye, Muses, &c.*]

"Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ
 Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?
 Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
 Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe."

Virg. out of Theocr. POPE.

AS

As in the crystal spring I view my face,
 Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
 But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
 I shun the fountains which I fought before. 30

Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
 And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
 Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
 To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care, 35
 Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 27. Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
 And equal'd Hylas, if the glass be true;
 But since those graces meet my eyes no more,
 I shun, &c.

POPE.

REMARKS.

VER. 27. *As in the crystal spring*] This is one of those passages in which Virgil, by too closely copying Theocritus, has violated propriety; and not attended to the different characters of Cyclops and Corydon. The sea, which is a proper looking-glass for the gigantic son of Neptune, who also constantly dwelt on the shore, was certainly not equally adapted to the face of the little Land-shepherd. The same may be said of the cheese and milk, and numerous herds of Polypheme, exactly suited to his Sicilian situation, and the rude and savage state of the speaker, whose character is admirably supported through the whole eleventh Idyllium of Theocritus.

WARTON.

VER. 35, 36. *Care,*] The only faulty rhymes, *care* and *sheer*, perhaps in these poems, where versification is in general so exact and correct.

WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 27. Virgil again, from the Cyclops of Theocritus,

“ nuper me in littore vidi,

Cum placidum ventis stare mare; non ego Daphnim,

Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallat imago.”

POPE.

But

But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
 Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
 That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death : 40
 He said ; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
 That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name :

REMARKS.

VER. 38. *Embrace my Love, &c.*] It is not easy to conceive a more harsh and clashing line than this. There is the same imagery in Theocritus, but it is made more striking by the circumstances, and picturesque accompaniments, as well as by the extraordinary effect of the lines adapted to the subject.

Αλλ ὑπο τὰ πετρά ταδε αἶσμαι, αἶκας ἔχων τυ,
 Συνομαι μάλ' ἔσθρων τὰν Σικελαν ἐς ἀλὰ !

Idyll. 8. l. 55, 56.

VER. 39. *Colin*] The name taken by Spenser in his Eclogues, where his mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda. POPE.

VER. 42. *Rosalinda's*] This is the Lady with whom Spenser fell violently in love, as soon as he left Cambridge and went into the North ; it is uncertain into what family, and in what capacity. Her name is an Anagram, and the letters of which it is composed will make out her true name ; for Spenser (says the learned and ingenious Mr. Upton, his best Editor) is an Anagrammatist in many of his names : thus *Algrind* transposed is Archbishop *Grindal* ; and *Morel* is Bishop *Elmer*. He is supposed to hint at the cruelty and coquetry of his Rosalind in B. 6. of the Fairy Queen, in the character of Mirabella. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 40. *bequeath'd in death, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. ii.

“ Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis

Fistula, Damoetas dono mihi quam dedit olim,

Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum.” POPE.

But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
 For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
 Oh ! were I made by some transforming pow'r 45
 The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r !
 Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
 And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
 Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song :
 The Nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring, 51
 Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring !
 Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
 On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
 For you the swains their fairest flow'rs design, 55
 And in one garland all their beauties join ;
 Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
 In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear !
 Descending Gods have found Elysium here. 60
 In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
 And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
 Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
 When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs ;
 When weary reapers quit the sultry field, 65
 And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 60. *Descending Gods have found Elysium here.*]

“ Habitarunt Di quoque sylvas ” — Virg.

“ Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis. ” Idem. POPE.

This

This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
 But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
 Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
 But your Alexis knows no sweets but you. 70
 O deign to visit our forsaken seats,
 The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
 Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
 Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade:
 Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
 And all things flourish where you turn your eyes. 76
 O! how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
 Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above. 80
 But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
 The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 79, 80.

Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,
 And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verses were originally written. But the Author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity which Spenser himself overlooked, of introducing wolves into England. POPE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. *And winds shall waft, &c.*]

"Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures?" Virg.
 POPE.

REMARKS.

VER. 73. *Where'er you walk, &c.*] Very much like some lines in Hudibras, but certainly no resemblance was intended:

Where'er you tread, your feet shall set

The primrose and the violet;

Nature her charter shall renew,

And take all lives of things from you!

The

The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat, 86
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends. 90

REMARKS.

VER. 84. *And headlong, &c.*] Pope has carried the idea into extravagance, when he makes the stream not only "listening," but "hang listening in its headlong fall." Mr. Stevens in his MS. notes, quotes Lucan, in a passage where the image is precisely the same, though possibly Pope never saw it:

—"de rupe pependit
Abscissâ fixus torrens!"

But as it is here used, it is too hyperbolical, and only allowable in a very young writer. An idea of this sort will only bear *just touching*, if I may say so; the mind then does not perceive its violence: if it be brought before the eyes too minutely, it becomes almost ridiculous. This is often the fault of Cowley. Oldham has a passage of the same stamp:

"For which the list'ning streams forgot to run,
And trees lean'd their attentive branches down."

How much more judiciously and poetically has Milton given the same idea?

"Thirstis, whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook, to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd, &c."

COMUS.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 88. *Ye Gods, &c.*]

"Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adsit amori?"

Virg. POPE.

On

On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay. POPE.

REMARKS.

VER. 92. *By night, &c.*] This is certainly the poorest of Pope's Pastorals; and it has many false thoughts and conceits, such as,

"The bleating flocks with my complaints agree,

"They parch'd with THIRST, and I inflam'd by thee."

"This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,

"But in my breast the *serpent love abides*, &c."

"On me love's fiercer flames, &c."

But the ingenuous and candid critic will always bear in mind the early age in which they were written, and the false taste of Cowley at that time prevalent.

Speaking of the "Headlong stream, that hangs list'ning in its fall," Ruffhead says, "Though it may be allowed that the *new* images in these Pastorals are not frequent, yet it is too much to say they do not contain a *single image that is new*! Let any reader of *sensibility* attend to the following lines:

"But would you sing, &c.

"The moving mountains hear your pow'rful call,

"And *headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall*!"

"The last line," he adds, "surely presents a *new* image, and a *bold one too*!!" bold indeed!

Virgil has,

Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.

But this idea is certainly not so "bold!" and according to Mr. Ruffhead, Milton's image is *very tame* in comparison of Pope's.

AUTUMN:

THE THIRD PASTORAL,^a

OR

HYLAS and ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.†

BENEATH the shade a spreading Beech displays,
 Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays;
 This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,
 And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the Grove.
 Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring; 5
 Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou,

REMARKS.

^a This Pastoral consists of two parts, like the viiith of Virgil: The Scene, a Hill; the Time at Sun-set. POPE.

† His intrigues with the Dutchess of Cleveland, his marriage with the Countess of Drogheda, Charles the Second's displeasure on this marriage, his debts and distresses, and other particulars of his life, are well related by Dennis in a Letter to Major Pack, 1720. In Dennis's collection of Letters, published in two volumes, 1721, to which Mr. Pope subscribed, Lord Lansdown has drawn his character, as a Writer, in an elegant manner; chiefly with a view of shewing the impropriety of an epithet given to him by Lord Rochester, who called him Slow Wycherley; for that, notwithstanding his pointed wit, and forcible expression, he compos'd with facility and haste. WARTON.

Thou, whom the Nine, with Plautus' wit inspire,
 The art of Terence, and Menander's fire ;
 Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms !
 Oh, skill'd in Nature ! see the hearts of Swains, I I
 Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now

REMARKS.

VER. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine,*] Mr. Wycherley, a famous author of Comedies ; of which the most celebrated were the *Plain Dealer* and *Country-Wife*. He was a writer of infinite spirit, satire, and wit. The only objection made to him was, that he had too much. However, he was followed in the same way by Mr. Congreve, tho' with a little more correctness. POPE.

Surely with much more correctness, taste, and judgment.

WARTON.

VER. 8. *The art of Terence, and Menander's fire ;*] This line alludes to that famous character given of Terence, by Cæsar :

“ Tu quoque, tu in summis, ô dimidiate Menander,
 Poneris, et merito, puri sermonis amator :
 Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis
Comica.”

So that the judicious critic sees he should have said—*with Menander's fire*. For what the Poet meant, was, that his friend had joined to Terence's art, what Cæsar thought wanting in Terence, namely, the *vis comica* of Menander. Besides,—and *Menander's fire*, is making that the Characteristic of Menander which was not. He was distinguished for having art and *comic spirit* in conjunction, and Terence having only the first part, is called the *half of Menander*.

WARBURTON.

VER. 9. *Whose sense instructs us,*] He was always very careful in his encomiums not to fall into ridicule, the deserved fate of weak and prostitute flatterers, and which they rarely escape. For *sense*, he would willingly have said *moral* ; propriety required it. But this dramatic Poet's moral was remarkably faulty. His plays are all shamefully profligate both in the Dialogue and Action.

WARBURTON.

VER. 11. *Oh, skill'd*] Few writers have less nature in them than Wycherley.

WARTON.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light ;
 When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan, 15
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
 As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores ;
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn, 21
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along !
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song :
 For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny ; 25
 For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
 Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love ? 30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay ;
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.
 What have I said ? where'er my Delia flies, 35
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise ;
 Let

REMARKS.

VER. 25.] This rich assemblage of very pleasing pastoral images, is yet excelled by Shenston's beautiful Pastoral Ballad in four parts.

WARTON.

Line 17, to 30. *Go, gentle gales, &c.*] These lines are very beautiful, tender, and melodious.

Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song, 40
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,

Not

REMARKS.

VER. 43. *Not bubbling*] The turn of these four lines is evidently borrowed from Drummond of Hawthornden, a charming but neglected Poet. He was born 1585, and died 1649. His verses are as smooth as Waller's, whom he preceded many years, having written a poem to King James, 1617; whereas Waller's first composition was to Charles I, 1625. His Sonnets are exquisitely beautiful and correct. He was one of our first, and best imitators of the Italian Poets, and Milton had certainly read and admired him, as appears by many passages that might be quoted for that purpose. The four lines mentioned above follow:

To virgins flow'rs, to sun-burnt earth the rain,
To mariners fair winds amid the main,
Cool shades to pilgrims, whom hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return.

And afterwards again our author borrows in Abelard;

The grief was common, common were the cries.

I will just add, that Drayton's Pastorals, and his Nymphidia, do not seem to be attended to so much as they deserve. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 37.

"Aurea duræ
Mala ferant quercus; narcisso floreat alnus,
Pinguia corticibus fudent electra myricæ."

Virg. Ecl. viii. P.

VER. 43, &c.

"Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo." Ecl. v. P.

Not show'rs to larks, nor sun-shine to the bee, 45
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away !
Come, Delia, come ; ah, why this long delay ?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50
Ye pow'rs, what pleasing phrenzy sooths my mind !
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind ?
She comes, my Delia comes !—Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away !

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd ;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd. 56

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain :
Here, where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies : 60
While

VARIATIONS.

VER. 48. Originally thus in the MS.

With him through Lybia's burning plains I'll go,
On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal snow :
Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
And dread no coldness but in Thyrsis' heart.

WARBURTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 52. "An qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?"

Id. viii. P.

VER. 59 to 64. *Here, where the mountains, &c.*] The "lab'-ring" ox, "in his loose traces," is from Milton's *Comus*.

—What time the labor'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came.

While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
 In their loose traces from the field retreat :
 While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
 And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay ! 65
 Beneath yon' poplar oft we past the day :
 Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
 While she with garlands hung the bending boughs :
 The garlands fade, the vows are worn away ;
 So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain !
 Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
 Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
 And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine ;
 Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove ; 75
 Just Gods ! shall all things yield returns but love ?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
 The shepherds cry, " Thy flocks are left a prey"—
 Ah ! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
 Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep. 80

Pan

REMARKS.

VER. 68. *While she with garlands hung the bending bows :*] This line forcibly recalls the beautiful description of the " Poor Ophelia."

There with fantastic garlands did she come,
 Of crow-flow'rs, nettles, daisies, and long-purples ;
 There on the pendant weeds, her coronet weeds,
 Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliwer broke. STEVENS.

Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
 Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
 What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
 And is there magic but what dwells in love! 84

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
 I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains,
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
 Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love!
 I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
 Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed. 90
 Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills resound my mournful lay!
 Farewel, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains, 95
 No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,

When

REMARKS.

VER. 82. *dart?*] It should be *darted*; the present tense is used for the sake of the rhyme. WARTON.

VER. 97. *Thus sung*] Among the multitude of English Poets who wrote Pastorals, Fairfax, to whom our Versification is thought to be so much indebted, ought to be mentioned. He wrote ten
 or

IMITATIONS.

VER. 82. *Or what ill eyes*]

“Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.” P.

VER. 89. “Nunc scio quid sit Amor: duris in cotibus illum,”
 &c. P.

This from Virgil is much inferior to the passage in Theocritus, from whence it is taken. WARTON.

When falling dew with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade. 100

REMARKS.

or twelve Eclogues after the accession of James I. They were like those of Mantuan and Spenser, allegorical, and alluded to the manners and characters of the times, and contained many satirical strokes against the King and his Court. They were lost in the fire that consumed the Banqueting House at Whitehall; but it is said that Mr. W. Fairfax, his son, recovered them from his father's papers; the fourth of them was published by Mrs. Cooper in the Muses Library, 1737. WARTON.

I wonder Dr. Warton should have omitted Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, an almost forgotten work, but containing some images of rural beauty which Milton did not disdain sometimes to copy. See T. Warton's edition of Milton's smaller poems, page 53.

VER. 98. 100.] There is a little inaccuracy here; the first line makes the time after sun-set; the second, before.

WARBURTON.

WINTER:

THE FOURTH PASTORAL,

OR

DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murm'ring spring
 Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
 Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
 So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

now

REMARKS.

WINTER.] This was the Poet's favourite Pastoral.

Mrs. Tempest.] This Lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the Author's friend Mr. Walsh *, who having celebrated her in a Pastoral Elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his Letters, dated Sept.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. *Thyrsis, the music, &c.*] *Αδύ τῆ, &c.* Theocr. Id. i.

* On lately reading Mr. Walsh's Preface to Dryden's translation of Virgil's Eclogues, I was convinced he had a greater share of learning than he is usually allowed to possess. His strictures on the French language and manners, and on Fontenelle's affected and unnatural Eclogues, as well as on his vain attempt to depreciate the Ancients, are very solid and judicious. To what he has said of Virgil may be added, that one of the most natural strokes in all his Eclogues, is the shepherd's reckoning his years by the succession of his loves;

Postquam nos Amaryllis habet——

This pastoral chronology is much in character.

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie, 5
 The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
 While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
 Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
 Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. 10
 Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
 That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
 Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
 And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield, 15
 And swell the future harvest of the field.
 Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
 And said, "Ye shepherds sing around my grave!"
 Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn. 20
 Ye

REMARKS.

Sept. 9, 1706. "Your last Eclogue being on the same subject with mine, on Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this Eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The scene of the Pastoral lies in a grove, the time at midnight. POPE.

I do not find any lines that allude to the great storm of which the Poet speaks. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 13. *Thames heard, &c.*]

"Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros." Virg. P.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
 Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring,
 Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
 And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd ;
 And with your golden darts, now useleſs grown, 25
 Inſcribe a verſe on this relenting ſtone :

“ Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,

“ Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more !”

'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
 See gloomy clouds obſcure the chearful day! 30

Now

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. Originally thus in the MS.

'Tis done, and nature chang'd ſince you are gone ;
 Behold the clouds have put their Mourning on.

WARBURTON.

REMARKS.

VER. 21. *Let Nymphs and Sylvans, &c.*] This line recalls a pathetic little ballad, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy* :

Lay a garland on my hearſe
 Of the diſmal yew,
 Maidens, willow branches bear,
 Say I died true.

My love was falſe, but I was true,
 From my hour of birth :

Upon my buried body lie
 Softly, gentle earth !

VER. 31. *Now hung with pearls, &c.*]

“ And hung a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.”

Mid-ſummer Night's Dream.—STEVENS.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 23, 24, 25 “ Inducite fontibus umbras —

Et tumultum facite, et tumulo ſuperaddite carmen.”

P.

Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
 Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
 See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
 With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
 Ah what avail the beauties nature wore? 35
 Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
 The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,
 The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
 In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
 In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies, 41
 Silent, or only to her name replies;
 Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
 Now Daphne's dead and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dew descends from ev'ning skies, 45
 Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
 No

REMARKS.

VER. 41. *sweet Echo*] This expression of *sweet Echo* is taken from Comus; as is another expression, *loose traces*, Third Past. v. 62. And he recommends these poems in high terms to Sir W. Trumball (see the Letters) so early as the year 1704. WARTON.

VER. 41. *In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies.*]

“The cave where echo lies” Romeo and Juliet. STEVENS.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'dst unseen.

Oh if thou have,

Hid them in some flow'ry cave,

COMUS.

Αχω δ' ἐν πετρῇσιν ὀδυρεται, ὅτι σιωπῇ,

Κεκεῖτι μίμνεται τὰ σα κείλεα.

Compare Moschus's beautiful Epitaphium Bionis. “*Echo mourns amid the rocks, that she must now be silent, nor ever imitate again thy lips.*”

No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
 Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
 The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath ; 50
 Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store !
 Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more !

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
 Shall list'ning in mid-air suspend their wings ;
 No more the birds shall imitate her lays, 55
 Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays :
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
 A sweeter music than their own to hear,
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
 Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more ! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees ;
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood ;
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65
 Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears ;
 The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
 Daphne, our grief ! our glory now no more !

But

REMARKS.

VER. 54. Here the circumstances of the lark suspending its wings in mid-air, is highly beautiful, because the image is distinct, and there is a *veri-similitudo* in it, which is not the case where a waterfall is made to be suspended by the power of Music.

VER. 61. &c. *Her fate is whispered*] All this is very poor, and unworthy Pope. First, the breeze whispers the death of Daphne to the trees ; then the trees inform the flood of it ; then the flood
 “ o'erflows

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
 Above the clouds, above the starry sky! 70
 Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
 Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
 There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
 Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
 Behold us kindly, who your name implore, 75
 Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!
 How

REMARKS.

“ o'erflows with tears ;” and then they all “ deplore” together!
 Let us, however, still remember the youth of Pope, and the example of prior poets. In Camden's remains there is a curious Epitaph, where such ideas are carried to the greatest excess.

If I recollect rightly, the people, upon the death of the Queen, are called upon to shed so many tears, that the watermen might row to Whitehall in their eyes, instead of on the Thames.

The whole Pastoral would have been much more classical, correct, and pure, if these eight lines,
 (*Her fate, &c. to Daphne is dead*) had been omitted.

VER. 70. *Above the clouds,*] In Spenser's November, and in Milton's Lycidas, is the same beautiful change of circumstances: in the latter most exquisite, from line 165.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more—
 Where other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the inexpressive nuptial song
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 69, 70.

“ miratur limen Olympi,

Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sydera Daphnis.” Virg. P.

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
 Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
 In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
 Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80
 To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
 If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
 While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
 Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dew; 85
 Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
 Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
 Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
 Adieu,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 83. Originally thus in the MS.

While vapours rise, and driving snows descend,

Thy honour, name, and praise, shall never end.

REMARKS.

VER. 85. *unwholesome dew;*] Observe how the melody of those four verses is improved, by the pure iambic foot at the end of each line, except the second,

—— unwholesomē dēws

—— dēcāy

—— ōbēy.

WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 81.

“ illius aram

Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.” Virg. P.

VER. 86.

“ solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra,

Juniperi gravis umbra.” Virg. P.

VER. 88. *Time conquers all, &c.*]

“ Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.”

Vid. etiam Sannazarū Ecl. et Spenser's Calendar.

Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves,
 Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves; 90
 Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
 Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

REMARKS.

VER. 89, &c.] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four Pastorals, and to the several scenes of them, particularized before in each. POPE.

The Sycophancy of A. Phillips, who had prejudiced Mr. Addison against Pope, occasioned those papers in the Guardian, written by the latter, in which there is an ironical preference given to the Pastorals of Phillips, above his own; in order to support the profound judgment of those who could not distinguish between the *rural* and the *rustic*; and, on that account, condemned the Pastorals of Pope for wanting simplicity. These papers were sent by an unknown hand to Steele, and the irony escaping him, he communicated them to Mr. Pope, declaring he would never publish any paper, where one of the Club was complimented at the expence of another. Pope told him he was too delicate, and insisted that the papers should be published in the Guardian. They were so. And the pleasantry escaped all but Addison: who, taking Pope aside, said to him in his agreeable manner, You have put your friends here in a very ridiculous light, as will be seen when it is understood, as it must soon be, that you was only laughing at the admirers of Phillips.

But this ill conduct of Phillips occasioned a more open ridicule of his Pastorals, in the mock poem called the *Shepherd's Week*, written by Gay. But, though more open, the object of it was ill understood by those who were strangers to the quarrel. These mistook the *Shepherd's Week* for a Burlesque of *Virgil's Pastorals*. How far this goes towards a vindication of Phillips's *simple* painting, let others judge. WARBURTON.

A mixture of British and Grecian ideas may justly be deemed a blemish in these Pastorals: and propriety is certainly violated, when he couples Pactolus with Thames, and Windsor with Hybla.

Hybla. Complaints of immoderate heat, and wishes to be conveyed to cooling caverns, when uttered by the inhabitants of Greece, have a decorum and consistency, which they totally lose in the character of a British shepherd: and Theocritus, during the ardors of Sirius, must have heard the murmurings of a brook, and the whispers of a pine, with more home-felt pleasure, than Pope could possibly experience upon the same occasion. We can never completely relish, or adequately understand any author, especially any ancient, except we keep in our eye his climate, his country, and his age. Pope himself informs us, in a note, that he judiciously omitted the following verse,

And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear,

on account of the absurdity, which Spenser overlooked, of introducing wolves into England. But on this principle, which is certainly a just one, may it not be asked why he should speak, the scene lying in Windsor Forest, of the sultry Sirius, of the grateful clusters of *grapes*, of a *pipe of reeds*, the antique fistula, of *thanking Ceres for a plentiful harvest*, of the *sacrifice of lambs*, with many other instances that might be adduced to this purpose. That Pope however was sensible of the importance of adapting images to the scene of action, is obvious from the following example of his judgment; for in translating

Audiit Eurotas, jussitque edificere Lauros,

he has dexterously dropt the *laurels* appropriated to Eurotas, as he is speaking of the river Thames, and has rendered it,

Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his *Willows* learn the moving song.

In the passages which Pope has imitated from Theocritus, and from his Latin Translator Virgil, he has merited but little applause. It may not be unentertaining to see how coldly and unpoetically Pope has copied the subsequent appeal to the Nymphs on the death of Daphnis, in comparison of Milton on Lycidas, one of his juvenile, but one of his most exquisite, pieces.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids lie;
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.

LYCIDAS.

The

The mention of places remarkably romantic, the supposed habitations of Druids, Bards, and Wizards, is far more pleasing to the imagination, than the obvious introduction of Cam and Isis, as seats of the Muses.

Upon the whole, the principal merit of these Pastorals consists in their musical and correct versification; musical, to a degree of which rhyme could hardly be thought capable; and in giving the truest specimen of that harmony in English verse, which is now become indispensably necessary; and which has so forcibly and universally influenced the public ear, as to have obliged every moderate rhymers to be at least melodious. WARTON.

These observations are very just, but Dr. Warton does not seem sufficiently to discriminate between the *softness* of *individual* lines, which is the chief merit of these Pastorals, and the *general harmony* of poetic numbers. Let it, however, be always remembered, that Pope gave the first idea of melliflence, and produced a softer and sweeter cadence than before belonged to the English couplet. Dr. Johnson thinks it will be in vain, after Pope, to endeavour to improve the English versification; and that it is now carried to the *ne plus ultra* of excellence. This is an opinion, the validity of which I must be permitted to doubt.

Pope certainly gave a more correct and finished *tone* to the English versification, but he sometimes wanted a variety of pause, and his nice precision of *every line*, prevented, in a few instances, a more musical flow of *modulated passages*. But we are to consider *what he did*, not, what might be done, and surely there cannot be two opinions, respecting his improvement of the couplet, though it does not follow that his general *rythm* has no imperfection. Sandys, in his version of the Psalms, seems to have attended more than I believe is generally imagined, to the effect of musical harmonies in the couplet. Let me not however be misunderstood, as if invariably recommending *breaks*:—far from it—much less, *running one line into the other* from carelessness, (not from attention to melody,) which is sometimes the fault of Dryden himself. If, in particular passages, I have ventured to remark, that Pope has introduced *false thoughts* and *conceits*, let us remember that we ought not so much to wonder that he admitted *any*, as that they were not *more*. Dryden's earlier poems are infinitely more *vitiating* in this respect.

The mission of the pastor is to be a shepherd of his flock, to be a father to the fatherless, and a defender of the widow, and to be a teacher of the ignorant, and a guide of the迷途者.

It is the duty of the pastor to be a shepherd of his flock, to be a father to the fatherless, and a defender of the widow, and to be a teacher of the ignorant, and a guide of the迷途者.

It is the duty of the pastor to be a shepherd of his flock, to be a father to the fatherless, and a defender of the widow, and to be a teacher of the ignorant, and a guide of the迷途者.

It is the duty of the pastor to be a shepherd of his flock, to be a father to the fatherless, and a defender of the widow, and to be a teacher of the ignorant, and a guide of the迷途者.

MESSIAH,
A SACRED ECLOGUE:
IN IMITATION OF
VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

MESSIAH

A SACRED HISTORY

OF THE

VIROUS POLIO

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the Prophet Isaiah, which foretel the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pollio* of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the *Eclogue* was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation*.

POPE.

* As Pope made use of the old translation of Isaiah in the passages which he subjoined, it was thought proper to use the same, and not have recourse to the more accurate and more animated version of Bishop Lowth.

The spuriouſneſs of thoſe Sibylline verſes which have been applied to our Saviour, has been ſo fully demonſtrated by many able and judicious critics, that, I imagine, they will not be again adduced as proofs of the truth of the Chriſtian Religion, by any ſound and concluſive reaſoner. The learned Heyne has diſcuſſed this point in his notes on the ſecond eclogue of Virgil, p. 73. v. 1.; and he adds an opinion about prophecy in general, too remarkable to be omitted, but of too delicate a nature to be quoted in any words but his own. “ Scilicet inter omnes populos, magna imprimis calamitate oppreſſos, Vaticinia circumferri ſolent, quæ ſive graviora minari, ſive lætiora ſolent polliceri, eaque, neceſſariâ rerum viciffitudine, melioribus aliquando ſuccedentibus temporibus, ferè ſemper eventum habent. Nullo tamen tempore vaticiniorum infanius fuit ſtudio, quàm ſub extrema Republicæ Romanæ tempora, primosque imperatores; cum bellorum civilium calamitates hominum animos terroribus omnis generis agitados; ad varia portentorum prodigiorum, et vaticiniorum ludibria convertiſſent. Quæcunque autem hoc in genere deſcriptiones, novæ felicitatis habemus, ſive in Orientis ſive in Græcis et Romanis poetis, omnes inter ſe ſimiles ſunt: beſtiæ ac feræ cicures, ſerpentes innocui, fruges nullo cultû enatæ, mare placidum, dii præſentes in terris, aliæque ejuſmodi in omnibus memorantur.” In contradiction to this opinion the reader is deſired to turn to as remarkable a paſſage at the end of the twenty-fiſt of Biſhop Lowth’s excellent Lectures on the Hebrew Poetry.

WARTON.

MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

YE Nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.

The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire 5
Who touch'd Ifaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun :
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !

From

REMARKS.

VER. 5. *Delight no more—*] This pause and words are evidently from Dryden, a greater HARMONIST, if I may say so, than Pope :

“ The lovely shrubs and trees that shade the plain,
“ *Delight not all.*”

I mention this because it is the first break we have had in the couplet.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 8. *A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, &c.*]
Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

“ Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna * ;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras——
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.”

“ Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns,
now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee,
whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wiped away, and free
the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace,
with the virtues of his father.” Isaiah.

* Dante says, that Statius was made a Christian by reading this passage in Virgil. See L. Gyrardus, p. 534. WARTON.

From ^a Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies :
 Th' Ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move, II
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye ^b heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !

The

REMARKS.

VER. 13. *Ye Heav'ns ! &c.*] Dr. Warburton has a note on this passage, in which he labours to prove, that the Prophet describes the "Ethereal Spirit," under the idea of *rain*, which he says suits the first *age* of the gospel; the *Poet*, under the idea of *dew*, which extends it to every age !

Dr. Warton justly observes, that Warburton frequently disgraced his acuteness and great talents, by endeavouring to find out and extort new meanings, in the Authors he undertook to criticize. He adds, "This interpretation is near a-kin to that
 "marvellous one which he has given to a speech in the second Act
 "of Hamlet, where he contends that the words, 'if the sun breeds
 "maggots in a dead dog, being a God, kissing carrion,' point out
 "the supreme cause diffusing its blessings on mankind, who is, as
 "it were, a dead carrion, dead in original sin, man, instead of a
 "proper return of duty, should breed only corruption and vices.
 "Are these sort of interpretations a jot less ridiculous than that of
 "Father Harduin's on the twentieth ode of the second book of
 "Horace, who tells us, this ode is a prosopopeia of Christ triumphing and addressing the Jews after his resurrection? That
 "biformis

IMITATIONS.

Isaiah, ch. vii. ver. 14. — "*Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son.*" — Ch. ix. ver. 6, 7. "*Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: Upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever.*" POPE.

VER. 14. *And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !*] From Dryden's Don Sebastian.

"But shed from nature like a kindly show'r." STEVENS.

^a Isai. ch. xi. ver. 1.

^b Ch. xlv. ver. 8.

The ^c sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, 15
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
 Returning ^d Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend. 20
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:

See

REMARKS.

“*biformis vates* alludes to his being *in formâ dei*, and *in formâ servi*. That the second part of the allegory points to the Dominicans, who should preach and diffuse his gospel to distant nations; that *alitem album*, meant their white garments; and *residunt pelles cruribus asperæ*, their boots!”

VER. 17. *ancient fraud*] *i. e.* the fraud of the serpent.

WARBURTON.

VER. 23. *See Nature*] Perhaps the dignity, the energy, and the simplicity of the original, are in a few passages weakened and diminished by florid epithets, and useless circumlocutions.

See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:

Are lines which have too much prettiness, and too modern an air.
 The judicious addition of circumstances and adjuncts is what renders

IMITATIONS.

VER. 23. *See Nature hastes, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

“At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
 Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.”

^c Isai. ch. xxv. ver. 4.

^d Ch. ix. ver. 7.

“For

See lofty Lebanon^e his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !

25

Hark !

REMARKS.

ders poesy a more lively imitation of nature than prose. Pope has been happy in introducing the following circumstance : the prophet says, "*The parched ground shall become a pool ;*" our Author expresses this idea by saying, that the shepherd

—— shall start amid the thirsty wild to hear

New falls of water murm'ring in his ear†.

A striking example of a similar beauty may be added from Thomson. Melifander, in the Tragedy of Agamemnon, after telling us he was conveyed in a vessel, at midnight, to the wildest of the Cyclades, adds, when the pitiless mariners had left him in that dreadful solitude,

—— I never heard

A sound so dismal as their parting oars !

On the other hand, the prophet has been sometimes particular, when Pope has been only general. "*Lift up thine eyes round about, and see ; all they gather themselves together, they come to thee : — The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah : all they from Sheba shall come : they shall bring gold and incense, and they shall shew forth the praises of the Lord. All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee ; the rams*

of

IMITATIONS.

"*For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings ; winding ivy, mixed with Baccar, and Colocasia with smiling Acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flow'rs about thee.*"

Isai. ch. xxxv. ver. 1. "*The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.*—Ch. lx. ver. 13. "*The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy sanctuary.*"

POPE.

^e Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 2.

† Mess. ver. 70.

Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
 Prepare the ' way ! a God, a God appears : 30
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.

Lo,

REMARKS.

*of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee *.*" In imitating this passage, Pope has omitted the different beasts that in so picturesque a manner characterise the different countries which were to be gathered together on this important event ; and says, only in undistinguishing terms,

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings ;
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs †.

VER. 31. *A God, a God!*—] The repetition is in the true spirit of Poetry, "Deus, Deus ipse;"—the whole passage indeed is finely worked up, from "Lofty Lebanon" to the magnificent and powerful appeal, "HARK! A GLAD VOICE," &c. It must be however observed, that the line

"See *nodding* forests on the mountains dance," is too particular ; it brings the image too close, and, by exhibiting the *action* stronger than poetical propriety and sublimity required, destroys the intended effect. In images of this sort, the greatest care should be taken just to present the idea, but not to *detail* it, otherwise it becomes, in the language of Shakespear, like

"*AMBITION that o'ER-LEAPS itself.*"

IMITATIONS.

VER. 29. *Hark ! a glad voice, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

"Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
 Cara deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—
 Ipsi lætitia voces ad sydera jactant
 Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
 Ipsa sonant arbuta, Deus, deus ille Menalca!"

Ecl. v. ver. 62.

"Ob-

* Isaiah, ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.

• Isaiah, ch. lx. ver. 4, 6, 7.

† Mess. v. 94.

Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise;
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay; 35
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!
 Hear^s him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day: 40
 'Tis

REMARKS.

VER. 35. *With heads declin'd, &c.*] This line is faulty, for the same reason as given in the remark on "*nodding forests*"—The *action* is brought too near, and for that reason the image no longer appears *grand*. Dr. Warton observes, "the Prophet is sometimes *particular* where Pope is *general*, and *vice versa*:" the fact is, one of the greatest proofs of poetical judgment is knowing upon what occasions it is necessary to be *general*, and when it is more proper to be *particular* and *specific*.

VER. 39. *He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,*] The sense and language shew, that by *visual ray*, the poet meant the *sight*, or, as Milton calls it, indeed something less boldly, though more

IMITATIONS.

"Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh,
 O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great encrease of Jove! The un-
 cultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing
 in verse, the very shrubs cry out, a God, a God!"

Isaiah, ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. "The voice of him that crieth in the
 wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make straight in the
 desert a high way for our God! Every valley shall be exalted, and
 every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be
 made straight, and the rough places plain" Ch. iv. ver. 23. "Break
 forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree therein! for
 the Lord hath redeemed Israel." POPE.

^s Isai. ch. xliii. ver. 18. ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.

'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear, 45
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In^h adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good shepherdⁱ tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, 50
 Explores

REMARKS.

more exactly, *the visual nerve*. However, no critic would quarrel with the figure which calls the *instrument* of vision by the name of the *cause*. But though the term be noble and sublime, yet the expression of *thick films* is faulty; and he fell into it by a common neglect of the following rule of good writing, "That when a figurative word is used, whatsoever is predicated of it ought not only to agree in terms to the thing to which the figure is applied, but likewise to that from which the figure is taken." *Thick films* agree only with the thing to which it is applied, namely, to the *sight* or eye; and not to that from which it is taken, namely a *ray of light* coming to the eye. He should have said *thick clouds*, which would have agreed with both. But these inaccuracies are not to be found in his later poems. WARBURTON.

It is remarkable, that this observation bears a close resemblance to what Concanen says of this passage, p. 23. of his Supplement to the profound. 1728. WARTON.

VER. 45. *No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,*] I wonder Dr. Warton had not here pointed out the force and the beauty of this most comprehensive and striking line.

VER. 46 *From ev'ry face, &c.*] This line was thus altered by Steele. WARTON.

"The Lord God will wipe away tears from all faces."—Isai. Thence Milton in Lycidas,

"And wipe all tears for ever from his eyes."

^h Isai. ch. xxv. ver. 8.

ⁱ Ch. xl. ver. 11.

Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 53
 The promis'd ^k Father of the future age.
 No more shall ^l nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; 60
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful ^m Son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren ⁿ deserts with surprise
 See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;

And

REMARKS.

VER. 53. HE, is redundant.

WARTON.

VER. 56. *The promis'd father of the future age.*] In Isaiah ix.
 it is the everlasting Father; which the LXX render, *The Father
 of the world to come*; agreeably to the style of the New Testa-
 ment, in which the kingdom of the Messiah is called the age of
 the world to come; Mr. Pope, therefore, has, with great judg-
 ment, adopted the sense of the LXX, which his commentator
 has not observed.

WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 67. *The swain in barren deserts*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

“ Molli paulatim flavesceat campus arista,
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.”

“ The

^k Isaiah, ch. ix. ver. 6.^l Ch. ii. ver. 4.^m Ch. lxxv. ver. 21, 22.ⁿ Ch. xxxv. v. 1. 7.

And start, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear. 70
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy ° valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed, 75
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The^p lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;

The

REMARKS.

VER. 77. The words of Isaiah are, "*The wolf shall dwell with the lamb;*" but Pope, by carrying the image farther, and making the wolf *graze* with the lamb, has inadvertently given an inconsistency to the passage.—This was written before I had seen Mr. Stevens's remark, who, quoting the passage, asks, "whether wolves are graminivorous?"

IMITATIONS.

"*The fields shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oak shall distil honey like dew.*"

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 7. "*The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty lands springs of water: In the habitation where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds and rushes.*"—Ch. lv. ver. 13. "*Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree.*" POPE.

VER. 77. *The lambs with wolves, &c.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

"*Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
 Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
 Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
 Occidet.*"—

"The

* Isai. ch. xli. ver. 19. and Ch. lv. ver. 13. ^p Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.

The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless ¹ serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial ¹ Salem, rise! 85
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!

See,

IMITATIONS.

"The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk : nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die."

Isaiah, ch. xi. ver. 16, &c. *"The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together : and a little child shall lead them. — And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice."* POPE.

VER. 80. From the words *occidet et serpens*, it was idly concluded the old serpent, Satan, was meant. WARTON.

VER. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!]* The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his *Pollio* :

"Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo !

—toto surget gens aurea mundo !

—incipient magni procedere menses !

Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo !" &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited.

POPE.

¹ Isaiah, ch. lxxv. ver. 25.

¹ Ch. lx. ver. 1.

See, a long^s race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies ! 90
 See barb'rous^t nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of^u Sabæan springs !
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising^w Sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ; 100
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'er-

REMARKS.

VER. 87. See the very animated prophecy of Joad, in the seventh scene of Racine's *Athaliah*, perhaps the most sublime piece of poetry in the French language, and a chief ornament of that which is one of the best of their tragedies. In speaking of these paraphrases from the sacred scriptures, I cannot forbear mentioning Dr. Young's nervous and noble paraphrase of the book of Job, and Mr. Pitt's of the third and twenty-fifth chapters of the same book, and also of the fifteenth chapter of Exodus. WARTON.

VER. 100. Cynthia is an improper because a classical word.

WARTON.

VER. 102. *One tide of glory,*] Here is a remarkable fine effect of versification: The poet rises with his subject, and the correspondent periods seem to flow more copious and majestic with the grandeur and sublimity of the theme.

^s Isai. ch. lx. ver. 4.

^t Ch. lx. ver. 3.

^u Ch. lx. ver. 6.

^w Ch. lx. ver. 19, 20.

O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The^x seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away; 106
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains:
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

^x Ifaiah, ch. li. ver. 6. and Ch. liv. ver. 10.

THIS is certainly the most animated and sublime of all our Author's compositions, and it is manifestly owing to the great original which he copied. Ifaiah abounds in striking and magnificent imagery. See Mr. Mason's paraphrase of the 14th chapter of this exalted prophet. Dr. Johnson, in his youth, gave a translation of this piece, which perhaps has been praised and magnified beyond its merits.

I find and feel it impossible to conclude these remarks on Pope's Messiah, without mentioning another poem taken also from Ifaiah, the noble and magnificent Ode on the Destruction of Babylon, which Dr. Lowth hath given us in the thirteenth of his Prelections on the Poetry of the Hebrews; and which, the scene, the actors, the sentiments, and diction, all contribute to place in the first rank of the sublime: these Prelections, abounding in remarks entirely new, delivered in the purest and most expressive language, have been received and read with almost universal approbation, both at home and abroad, as being the richest augmentation literature has in our times received, and as tending to illustrate and commend the Holy Scriptures in an uncommon degree.

WARTON.

Dr. Johnson's Latin translation of this Poem is certainly inaccurate, and it contains many expressions which, as Dr. Warton observes, are not *classical*. I have another Latin translation before me, with which I was favoured by Mr. Todd, printed at Naples 1760, and entitled, "Messias, Ecloga sacra Anglice, ab Alexandro Popio, Latine reddita a Gulielmo Bermingham, Presbytero."

This

This translation is in some parts well executed, but in general it is deficient in poetic harmony and effect, and often offends taste and propriety. If Pope has here and there offended, by detailing a great idea, his Translator exceeds him in this respect. It is not sufficient that Lebanon should "advance his head," but he is made to "*leap up,*" *striking the stars with his nearer top.*

Emicat en Libanus propiore cacumine pulsans

Astra!

Saron also, *Valle spreta,*

— *roseis petit æthera pennis!*

This is doing to Pope, exactly what he has done, in some passages, to the awful sublimity of Isaiah. I do not however speak this in dispraise; for, all things considered, the Messiah is as fine and masterly a piece of composition, as the English language, in the same style of verse, can boast. I have ventured to point out a passage or two, (for they are rare,) where the sublimity has been weakened by epithets; and I have done this, because it is a fault, particularly with young writers, so common. In the most truly sublime images of scripture, the *addition* of a *single word* would often destroy their effect. It is therefore right to keep as nearly as possible to the very words. No one understood better than Milton, where to be *general*, and where *particular*; where to adopt the very expression of scripture, and where it was allowed to paraphrase.

WINDSOR FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

Non injussa cano : Te nostræ, *Vare*, myricæ,
Te *Nemus* omne canet ; nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ *Vari* præscripsit pagina nomen.

VIRG.

WINDSOR FOREST

WINDSOR FOREST

GEORGE RUPB FASDOWN

WINDSOR FOREST
WINDSOR FOREST
WINDSOR FOREST

WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.^a

THY forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.

GRAN-

VARIATIONS.

VER. 3, &c. Originally thus (and indeed much better):

Chaste Goddess of the woods,
Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,
Lead me through arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades,
Unlock your springs—

POPE.

NOTES.

This Poem was written at two different times: the first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals; the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published. P.

^a Notwithstanding the many praises lavished on this celebrated nobleman as a poet, by Dryden, by Addison, by Bolingbroke, by our Author, and others, yet candid criticism must oblige us to confess, that he was but a feeble imitator of the feeblest parts of Waller. In his tragedy of Heroic Love, he seems not to have had a true relish for Homer whom he copied; and in the British Enchanters, very little fancy is to be found in a subject fruitful of romantic imagery. It was fortunate for him, says Mr. Walpole in his Anecdotes, that in an age when persecution raged so fiercely against lukewarm authors, that he had an intimacy with the Inquisitor General; how else would such lines as these escape the Bathos; they are in his Heroic Love:

—Why thy Gods

Enlighten thee to speak their dark decrees.

His

GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!
What Muse for GRANVILLE can refuse to sing? 6

The

NOTES.

His Progress of Beauty, and his Essay on Unnatural Flights in Poetry, seem to be the best of his pieces; in the latter are many good critical remarks and precepts, and it is accompanied with notes that contain much agreeable instruction. For it may be added, his prose is better than his verse. Witness a Letter to a Young Man on his taking Orders, his Observations on Burnet, and his Defence of his relation Sir Richard Grenville, and a Translation of some parts of Demosthenes, and a Letter to his Father on the Revolution, written in October 1688. After having been Secretary at War 1710, Controller and Treasurer to the Household, and of her Majesty's Privy Council, and created a Peer 1711, he was seized as a suspected person, at the accession of King George the First, and confined in the Tower, in the very chamber that had before been occupied by Sir Robert Walpole. But whatever may be thought of Lord Lansdown as a poet, his character as a man was highly valuable. His conversation was most pleasing and polite; his affability, and universal benevolence and gentleness, captivating; he was a firm friend, and a sincere lover of his country.

WARTON.

Johnson remarks, that this Poem was written after the model of Denham's Cooper's Hill, with perhaps an eye on Waller's Poem of The Park. Marvel has also written a Poem on Local Scenery, "upon the Hill and Grove at Billborow;" and another, "on Appleton House," (now Nunappleton in Yorkshire).

Marvel abounds with conceits and false thoughts, but some of the descriptive touches are picturesque and beautiful. His description of a gently rising eminence is more picturesque, although not so elegantly and justly expressed, as the same subject is in Denham. I transcribe the following, as the Poem is but little read:

" See what a soft access, and wide,

Lies open to its grassy side;

Not

IMITATIONS.

VER. 6.

" neget quis carmina Gallo?"

VIRG.

The Groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song :

These,

REMARKS.

VER. 7. Allusion to Milton's Paradise Lost.

WARTON.

VER. 8. *Live in description,*] Evidently suggested by Waller:

“ Of the first Paradise *there's nothing found,*
Yet the *description* lasts ; who knows the fate
Of lives that shall this Paradise relate ?
Instead of rivers rolling by the side
Of *Eden's garden,*” &c.

NOTES.

Nor with its rugged path deters
The feet of *breathless* travellers.
Yet thus it all the plain commands,
And in unenvied greatness stands,
Discerning farther than the cliff
Of Heaven-daring Tencriff.
How glad the weary seamen haste
When they salute it from the mast !
By night, the northern star their way
Directs, and this no less by day.
Upon its crest, this mountain grave,
A plume of aged trees does wave.”

Sometimes Marvel observes little circumstances of rural nature
with the eye and feeling of a true Poet :

“ Then as I careless on the bed
Of *gelid strawberries* do tread,
And thro' the hazles thick, espy
The *hatching thrush's shining eye.*”

The last circumstance is new, highly poetical, and could only
have been described by one who was a real lover of nature, and a
witness of her beauties in her most solitary retirements. It is the
observation of such *circumstances*, which can alone form an accurate
descriptive rural Poet. In this province of his art, Pope there-
fore

These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again;
 Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
 But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:

Where

REMARKS.

VER. 9. *inspir'd with equal flame,*] That is (as I understand it), if the Poet were inspired with Milton's poetical flame, then *these* groves, which resemble the groves of Eden, and which, though *vanish'd*, revive in his song—these groves (of Windsor) should be like in *fame*, as in *beauty*. Dr. Warton thinks there is an inconsistency, but I must confess I do not perceive it; at least, I think there is no expression here used but such as is fairly allowable in Poetry.

VER. 10. *Like them in beauty, should be like in fame*]

“ Like him in birth thou shouldst be like in fame.
 As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame.” DENHAM.

NOTES.

fore must evidently fail, as he could not describe what his physical infirmities prevented his observing. For the same reason, Johnson, as a critic, was not a proper judge of this sort of Poetry.

Before this descriptive poem on Windsor-Forest, I do not recollect any other professed composition on *local scenery*, except the Poems of the Authors already mentioned. For Milton's Allegro, though in part perhaps taken from real scenery, cannot be classed with poems written professedly on particular spots. Denham's is certainly the best, prior to Pope's: his description of London at a distance, is sublime:

“ Under his proud survey the City lies,
 And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
 Whose state and wealth, the bus'ness and the crowd,
 Seems at this distance but a *darker cloud*.”

Where order in variety we see, 15
 And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
 Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day ;
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20
 There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
 Here in full light the russet plains extend :
 There wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend.

Ev'n

REMARKS.

VER. 17. *Here waving groves, &c.*] This descriptive passage is not touched with the hand of a great *Painter* ; the *distances*, the objects, the light, and shade, are not sufficiently marked :—all is in light, except where it is said,

“ There wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend ;”

which is well contrasted with the line before,

“ Here in *full light* the russet plains extend.”

An old oak, or some particular tree, more circumstantially described, might have been brought into the *fore ground* ;—but a candid Critic is only to examine what *is done*, not what *might be done*. Let me be however excused for saying this, as I am convinced that, in all poetical delineations of rural scenery, the great principles of painting should be kept in mind ; and it is singular, that in a Poem on a *Forest*, the majestic oak, the deer, and many other interesting and characteristic circumstances, should be *all* thrown in the distant ground, whilst objects much *less appropriate*, the *fisher*, the *fowler*, &c. are *brought forward*.

NOTES.

VER. 15.] Evidently from Cooper's Hill :

“ Such was the discord which did first disperse

Form, order, beauty, thro' the universe,”

WARTON.

VER. 19.] It is a false thought, and gives, as it were, sentiment to the groves.

WARTON.

Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25
 And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the fable waste adorn.
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber, or the balmy tree, 30
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
 Than

VARIATIONS.

VER. 25. Originally thus:

Why should I sing our better suns or air,
 Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
 While through fresh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
 Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath? POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 33. *Not proud Olympus, &c.*] Sir J. Denham, in his Cooper's Hill, had said,

"Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
 But Atlas only, which supports the spheres."

The comparison is childish, as the taking it from fabulous history destroys the compliment. Our Poet has shewn more judgment; he has made a manly use of as fabulous a circumstance by the artful application of the mythology,

"Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear," &c.

Making the nobility of the hills of Windsor-Forest to consist in supporting the inhabitants in plenty. WARBURTON.

This appears an idle play on the word "supporting." WARTON.

The whole passage is indeed puerile, and the making the hills nobler than Olympus *with all its Gods*, because the Gods *appear'd in their blessings* on the humbler mountains of Windsor, is a thought only to be excused in a very young writer.—This, however, Warburton calls a "*beautiful turn of wit!*"

Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand ; 40
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns.
 Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey, 45
 And kings more furious and severe than they ;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods :
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves,) 50
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the elements a Tyrant sway'd ?
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain ;
 The

VARIATIONS.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran
 (For who first stoop'd to be a slave was man).

NOTES.

VER. 37.] The word *crown'd* is exceptionable ; it makes Pan crowned with flocks. WARTON.

VER. 45. *savage laws*] The Forest Laws. See the account of them in Blackstone's excellent Lectures ; the killing a deer, boar, or hare, was punished with the loss of the delinquent's eyes. WARTON.

The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields, 55
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
 Both doom'd alike, for sportive Tyrants bled,
 But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. 60
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man :
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game. 64
 The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes :
The

VARIATIONS.

VER. 57, &c.

No wonder savages or subjects slain—

But subjects starv'd, while savages were fed.

It was originally thus, but the word “savages” is not properly applied to beasts, but to men; which occasioned the alteration.

POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 65. *The fields are ravish'd, &c.*] Alluding to the destruction made in the New Forest, and the tyrannies exercised there by William I.

POPE.

I have the authority of three or four of our best antiquarians to say, that the common tradition of villages and parishes, within the compass

IMITATIONS.

VER. 65. *The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes :]*

Translated from

“Templa adimit divis, fora civibus, arva colonis,”

an old monkish writer, I forget who.

POPE.

In Camden's *Britannia*, first edition, in the account of Somersetshire it is said of Edgar,

“Templa Deo, Templis Monachos, Monachis dedit agros.”

WARTON.

The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
 The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
 Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
 Stretch'd

VARIATIONS.

VER. 72. And wolves with howling fill, &c.]

The author thought this an error, wolves not being common in England at the time of the Conqueror. POPE.

NOTES.

compass of thirty miles, being destroyed, in the New Forest, is absolutely groundless, no traces or vestiges of such being to be discovered, nor any other parish named in Doomsday Book, but what now remains. Of late years, some minute enquiries have been made on this subject, by accurate and well-informed judges, who are clearly of this opinion. The President Henault has given us a more amiable idea of our Norman Conqueror than is here exhibited. WARTON.

VER. 71.] This image of the fox is in the poems ascribed to Ossian. WARTON.

Pope certainly never saw the Poems ascribed to Ossian, nor indeed is the fox in those poems described as "*retiring to tombs,*" but looking out from a ruin.

VER. 74.] A fine remain of ancient art and ancient customs, a piece of tapestry, said to be the work of Queen Matilda, is annually exhibited in the cathedral church of Bayeux, in Normandy, representing the expedition of William the Conqueror,

Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod, 75
 And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God.
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see, the man, who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave! 80
 Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey:

Lo

NOTES.

and containing a most minute picture of every part of that event, from his landing in England to the battle of Hastings. An engraving of it is given in the tenth volume of the Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres. WARTON.

VER. 80.] In St. Foix's entertaining historical Essays on Paris, it is related, p. 95. tom. 5. that just as the body of William I. was going to be put into the grave, a voice cried aloud, "I forbid his interment. When William was only Duke of Normandy, he seized this piece of Land from my father, on which he built this abbey of St. Stephen, without making me a recompence, which I now demand." Prince Henry, who was present, called out the man, who was only a common farrier, and agreed to give him an hundred crowns for this burial-place. Except the former conquest of England by the Saxons, (says Hume, vol. 1.), who were induced, by peculiar circumstances, to proceed even to the extermination of the natives, it would be difficult to find in all history, a revolution more destructive, or attended with a more complete subjection of the ancient inhabitants. WARTON.

The circumstance of William's laying waste so much territory is very doubtful. I believe the fact can be disproved.

VER. 81. *second hope*] Richard, second son of William the Conqueror. WARBURTON.

Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries, 85
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise:
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
 The forest wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 And secret transports touch'd the conscious swain.
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears 91
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.
 Ye

VARIATIONS.

VER. 91.

O may no more a foreign master's rage,
 With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age!
 Still spread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,
 Breath plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the springs.

POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 83. The moment Walter Tyrrel had shot him, without speaking of the accident, he instantly hastened to the sea-shore and embarked for France, and from thence hurried to Jerusalem to do penance for his involuntary crime. The body of Rufus was found in the forest by a countryman, whose family are still said to be living near the spot, and was buried, without any pomp, before the altar of Winchester cathedral, where the monument still remains. Though the Monkish historians, who hated him, may perhaps have exaggerated his vices, yet he seems really to have been a violent, prodigal, proud, perfidious, ungenerous, and tyrannical prince. There was however something of magnificence in his building the Tower, Westminster-hall, and London-bridge. WARTON.

The oak, under which Rufus was shot, was standing till within these few years.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 89. "Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma." Virg.

Ye vig'rous fwains! while youth ferments your
 blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, 95
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-thorn field the partridge feeds,
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
 But when the tainted gales the game betray, 101
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
 'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war, 106
 Thus

VARIATIONS.

VER. 97.

When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And into wine the purple harvest bleeds^a,
 The partridge feeding in the new-thorn fields,
 Both morning sports and ev'ning pleasures yields.

NOTES.

VER. 93.] These rural sports of setting, shooting, and fishing,
 are not, it must be allowed, sufficiently appropriated, and are
 suited as much to any other place as to the forest of Windsor.
 The stag chase is by no means so full, so animated, and so cir-
 cumstantial, as that of Somerville.

^a Perhaps the Author thought it not allowable to describe the season by a
 circumstance not proper to our climate, the vintage.

Some thoughtless Town, with ease and plenty blest,
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest ;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings :
 Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, 115
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,

The

VARIATIONS.

VER. 107. It stood thus in the first Editions :

Pleas'd in the Gen'ral's fight, the host lie down
 Sudden before some unsuspecting town ;
 The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
 And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies.

NOTES.

VER. 115.] In the art of inserting reflections, moral or pathetic, in descriptive poems, no writer has excelled Gray, in his enchanting Elegy written in a country church-yard ; one of the chief beauties in any piece of local poetry, when such reflections naturally rise out of the scene and subject before us. WARTON.

Beautiful and accurate as is this description of the dead pheasant, it is much exceeded by Falconer, in his description of a dying dolphin. See Shipwreck.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 115. " nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
 Labentem pietas, vel Apollinis insula texit." Virg.
 WARBURTON.

Certainly not an imitation of this passage in Virgil.

The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
 Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare :
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo.) 124
 With slaughter'd guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves ;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye ;
 Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky : 130
 Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death :
 Oft,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 126. O'er rustling leaves around the naked groves.
 This is a better line. WARTON.

VER. 129. The fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high. POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 124. The philosophy, and the sentiment, and the expressions of this line, and of line 50, *beasts were backward to be slaves*, are all blameable. WARTON.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 118. *Painted wings*,] Stevens quotes
Pictæque volucres. Virg. *Painted birds.* Dryden.

Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air. 134

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand :
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed. 140
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,

Swift

NOTES.

VER. 137. *The patient fisher, &c.*] Let me take this opportunity of recommending the amiable and venerable Isaac Walton's *Complete Angler*, a work the most singular of its kind, breathing the very spirit of contentment, of quiet and unaffected philanthropy, and interspersed with some beautiful relics of poetry, old songs and ballads.

There is something very melodious and natural in his own little pastoral:

" I in these pleasant meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me,
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle would rejoice," &c.

" Sit here, and see the turtle dove,
Court his chaste mate to deeds of love," &c.

Complete Angler, p. 110.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 134. " *Præcipites alta vitam sub nube relinquunt.*"

Virg.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 140. " And watch a sinking cork upon the shore." Hall's
Satyrs. STEVENS.

Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145

And pikes, the tyrants of the watry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car :

The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,

Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,

Rouze the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.

Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein, 151

And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain :

Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,

And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost. 154

See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,

Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,

Hang o'er their courser's heads with eager speed,

And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.

Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,

Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train ; 160

Nor

IMITATIONS.

VER. 151. *Th' impatient courser, &c.*] Translated from Statius,

“ Stare adeo miserum est, pereunt vestigia mille

Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.”

These lines Mr. Dryden, in his preface to his translation of Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*, calls *wonderfully fine*, and says, “ they would cost him an hour, if he had the leisure, to translate them, there is so much of beauty in the original ;” which was the reason, I suppose, why Mr. P. tried his strength with them.

WARBURTON.

The second line in Statius, says Jortin, is bombastic.

WARTON.

VER. 158. *And earth rolls back*] He has improved his original,

“ terræque urbisque recedunt.” Virg. WARBURTON.

But no imitation of Virgil was here intended. WARTON.

Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;
 Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
 The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the Main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd, 165
 And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
 Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
 Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn. 170

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
 Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
 Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be
 known, 175
 But by the crescent and the golden zone.
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;

A painted

NOTES.

VER. 162. QUEEN ANNE.

VER. 171. Dr. Warton says, "that Johnson seems to have passed too severe a censure on this episode of Lodona, and that a tale in a descriptive poem has a good effect." Johnson does not object to a tale in a descriptive poem, he objects only to the *triteness* of such a tale as this.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 175.

"Nec positu variare comas; ubi fibula vestem,
 Vitta coercuerat neglectos alba capillos." Ovid.

A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds. 189
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
 Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
 Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly, 185
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
 When through the clouds he drives the trembling
 doves;
 As from the God she flew with furious pace,
 Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace. 190
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;

And

NOTES.

VER. 179.] From the fourth book of Virgil, who copied it from
 Homer's beautiful figure of Apollo, Iliad, b. i. ver. 46. But, as
 Dr. Clark finely and acutely observes, even Virgil has lost the
 beauty

IMITATIONS.

VER. 185, 188.

" Ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbæ,
 Ut solet accipiter trepidas agitare columbas." Ovid.

VER. 193, 196.

" Sol erat a tergo : vidi præcedere longam
 Ante pedes umbram ; nisi si timor illa videbat.
 Sed certe sonituque pedum terrebar ; et ingens
 Crinales vittas afflabat anhelitus oris."

Most of the circumstances in this tale are from Ovid.

And now his shorter breath, with sultry air, 195
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
 " Ah Cynthia ! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,
 " Let me, O let me, to the shades repair, 201
 " My native shades—there weep, and murmur there."
 She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
 In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps, 205
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps ;
 Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
 In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves. 210
 Oft

NOTES.

beauty and the propriety of the original. Homer says, the arrows
 founded in the quiver because the step of the God was hasty and
 irregular, as of an angry person. *Irati describitur incessus, paulo
 utique inæquabilior.* WARTON.

VER. 207. *Still bears the name*] The River Lodon.

VER. 210. *And with celestial tears, &c.*] The idea of " aug-
 menting the waves with tears," was very common among the
 earliest English Poets ; but perhaps the most ridiculous use ever
 made of this combination, was by Shakespeare. Speaking of
 the drowned Ophelia, Laertes says:

" Too much of water hadst thou, poor Ophelia,
 And therefore I forbid my tears !"

Oft in her glafs the mufing fhepherd fpies
 The headlong mountains and the downward fkies.
 The wat'ry landfkip of the pendant woods,
 And abfent trees that tremble in the floods ;
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are feen, 215
 And floating forefts paint the waves with green,
 Through the fair fcene roll flow the ling'ring fstreams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rufh into the Thames.
 Thou, too, great father of the Britifh floods !
 With joyful pride furvey'ft our lofty woods ; 220
 Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
 And future navies on thy fhores appear.
 Not Neptune's felf from all her fstreams receives
 A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
 No feas fo rich, fo gay no banks appear, 225
 No lake fo gentle, and no fpring fo clear.
 Nor Po fo fwells the fabling Poet's lays,
 While led along the fkies his current ftrays,
 As thine, which vifits Windfor's fam'd abodes,
 To grace the manfion of our earthly Gods : 230
 Nor all his ftars above a luftre fhew,
 Like the bright beauties on thy banks below ;
Where

NOTES.

VER. 211. *Oft in her glafs, &c.*] Thefe fix lines were added after the firft writing of this poem. POPE.

And in truth they are but puerile and redundant. WARTON.

VER. 227.] Very ill expreffed ; efpecially the river's fwelling the lays. WARTON.

Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
His Sov'reign favours, and his country loves: 236

Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires:
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease. 240

He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant phyfic spoils the fields:

With

VARIATIONS.

VER. 233. It stood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover still,
To change Olympus, &c.

VER. 235.

Happy the man, who to these shades retires,
But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires!
Blest whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please;
But far more blest, who study joins with ease.

POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 237. *Happy next him, &c.*] Dr. Warton observes, that this passage resembles one in Phillips's Cyder. The passage is this:

—— He to his labour hies,
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Fossils, and minerals, &c.

—— or else his thoughts
Are exercis'd with speculations deep,
Of good, and just, and meet, and th' wholesome rules
Of temperance, and ought that may improve
The moral life; &c.

With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
 And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs :
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ; 245
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye ;
 Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er :
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good, 250
 T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end ;
 Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam, 255
 Survey the region, and confess her home !
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
 Thus Atticus, and TRUMBAL thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine ! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,

Bear

NOTES.

VER. 251. *T' observe a mean*] This is marked as an imitation of Lucretius in the first, and all editions of Warburton ; but erroneously : the passage is in the second book of Lucan, v. 381.

WARTON.

The passage alluded to is :

“ ——— Servare modum, finemque, tenere,
 Naturamque sequi,” &c.

VER. 259.] “ Here, you cannot but be sensible (says the ingenious Mr. Webb) how the enthusiasm is tamed by the precision of the couplet, and the consequent littleness of the scenery. How different from Milton ?

“ ——— Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander,” &c.

Par. Lost. 3d B.

The

Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes, 261
 The bow'ry mazes, and furrounding greens :
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on COOPER'S HILL.
 (On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths shall grow
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow)
 I seem through consecrated walks to rove, 267
 I hear soft music die along the grove :
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By god-like Poets venerable made : 270
 Here

NOTES.

The following four lines, ver. 267, are far more poetical, but these again must yield to an enchanting passage in Thomson's *Summer*, p. 39, of the first edition, and which is altered for the worse in the later editions. WARTON.

VER. 263.] Denham, says Dr. Johnson, seems to have been, at least among us, the author of a species of composition that may be denominated *Local Poetry*, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection, or incidental meditation. Cooper's Hill, if it be maliciously inspected, will not be found without its faults; the digressions are too long, the morality too frequent, and the sentiments such as will not bear a rigorous enquiry. It was first printed at Oxford, in 1633. WARTON.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 267. It stood thus in the MS.

Methinks around your holy scenes I rove,
 And hear your music echoing through the grove :
 With transport visit each inspiring shade,
 By god-like Poets venerable made.

Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung ;
 There the last numbers flow'd from COWLEY's tongue.
 O early lost ! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led ?

His

NOTES.

VER. 271. *majestic Denham*] Pope, by the expression of "majestic," has justly characterized the flow of Denham's couplets. It is extraordinary that Pope, who by this expression seems to have appreciated the general cast of harmony in Cooper's Hill, should have made his own cadences so regular and almost unvaried. Denham's couplets are often irregular, but the effect of the pauses in the following lines was obviously the result of a fine ear. The language truly suits the subject.

But his proud head the airy mountain hides
 Among the clouds ; his shoulders and his sides
 A shady mantle clothes ; his curled brows
 Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
 Whilst winds and storms his lofty forehead beat !

The occasional introduction of such passages should be managed with great care, but I appeal to any judge of Poetry, whether he does not *feel the effect* intended to be raised by the pauses of the lines just quoted ? Webb's introducing blank verse, to prove its sonorous superiority to couplets, is not fair criticism ;—it is trying one thing, by the effect and laws of another. Dryden forcibly felt the loftiness of Denham's couplet, and says of the Cooper's Hill : "it is a Poem which for *majesty* of style is, and ever will be, the standard of good writing." From hence, no doubt, Pope took the word "majestic."

VER. 271. *Denham sung*,] Denham perhaps was not a very correct or amiable character ; but atrocious stories should not be admitted concerning him, without the strongest proof ; I allude to what has been said about his conduct to his wife. He was born in Dublin, where his father was Chief Baron of the Exchequer. He was brought over from thence very young, on his father's promotion to the Exchequer in England, and, after
 some

WINDSOR-FOREST.

145

His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire, 275
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades, where COWLEY
strung

His living harp, and lofty DENHAM sung? 280
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE sings!
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;

To

VARIATIONS.

VER. 275.

What sighs, what murmurs, fill'd the vocal shore!

His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more.

POPE.

NOTES.

Some time entered a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Oxford. Here, Wood says, "*he was look'd upon as a slow dreaming young man by his contemporaries, and given more to cards and dice, than to study.*" His poems are well known; he died 1668.

VER. 272.] *There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.*]

Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey on the borders of the Forest, and was from thence conveyed to Westminster.

POPE.

Disgusted with the business and bustle of the world, and the intrigues of courts, Cowley thought to have found an exemption of all cares in retiring to Chertsey. Dr. Johnson wrote a Rambler to ridicule his wish to retire to America, and has published a Letter, vol. i. of his Lives, p. 29, which he recommends to the perusal of all who pant for solitude. His house at Chertsey now belongs to Mr. Alderman Clarke.

WARTON.

VER. 282.] The Mira of Granville was the Countess of Newburgh. Towards the end of her life Dr. King, of Oxford, wrote a very severe satire against her, in three books, 4to, called The Toast.

WARTON.

To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes, 285
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,
 Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies ;
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star. 290

Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage,
 SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age :
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, 295
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire :
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh

VARIATIONS.

VER. 290. *her silver star.*] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the conclusion, were these ;

My humble Muse in unambitious strains
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains ;
 Where I obscurely pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise,
 Enough for me that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

POPE.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 289. *To sing those honours, &c.*]

“ And paint those honours thou art sure to wear.”—Phillips.

STEVENS.

NOTES.

VER. 291. *Here noble Surrey*] Henry Howard Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry ; who flourish'd in the time of Henry VIII. POPE.

VER. 297. *Fair Geraldine,*] “ The Fair Geraldine, (says Mr. Warton in his Hist. of English Poetry, vol. iii.) the general object

Oh would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
 What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
 Or

VARIATIONS.

VER. 300. *What kings first breath'd, &c.*]

“ Not to recount those several kings, to whom
 It gave a cradle, and to whom a tomb.”

DENHAM.

NOTES.

ject of Lord Surrey's passionate sonnets, is commonly said to have lived at Florence, and to have been of the family of the Geraldine of that city. This is a misapprehension of an expression in one of our poet's odes, and a passage in Drayton's Heroic Epistles. She was, undoubtedly, one of the daughters of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare.

“ It is not precisely known at what period the Earl of Surrey began his travels. They have the air of a romance. He made the tour of Europe in the true spirit of chivalry, and with the ideas of an Amadis; proclaiming the unparalleled charms of his mistress, and prepared to defend the cause of her beauty with the weapons of knight-errantry; nor was this adventurous journey performed without the intervention of an enchanter. The first city in Italy which he proposed to visit was Florence, the capital of Tuscany, and the original seat of the ancestors of his Geraldine. In his way thither, he passed a few days at the Emperor's court; where he became acquainted with Cornelius Agrippa, a celebrated adept in natural magic. This visionary philosopher shewed our hero, in a mirror of glass, a living image of Geraldine, reclining on a couch, sick, and reading one of his most tender sonnets by a waxen taper. His imagination, which wanted not the flattering representations and artificial incentives of illusion, was heated anew by this interesting and affecting spectacle. Inflamed with every enthusiasm of the most romantic passion, he hastened to Florence; and, on his arrival, immediately published a defiance against any person who could handle a lance and was in love, whether Christian, Jew, Turk, Saracen, or Canibal, who should presume to dispute the superiority of Geraldine's beauty. As the lady was pretended to be of Tuscan extraction,

Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains 301
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down through ev'ry age,
Draw

NOTES.

tion, the pride of the Florentines was flattered on this occasion: and the Grand Duke of Tuscany permitted a general and unmolested ingress into his dominions of the combatants of all countries, till this important trial should be decided. The challenge was accepted, and the Earl victorious. The shield which he presented to the Duke before the tournament began, is exhibited in Vertue's valuable plate of the Arundel family, and was actually in the possession of the late Duke of Norfolk.

“These heroic vanities did not, however, so totally engross the time which Surrey spent in Italy, as to alienate his mind from letters: he studied, with the greatest success, a critical knowledge of the Italian tongue; and, that he might give new lustre to the name of Geraldine, attained a just taste for the peculiar graces of the Italian poetry.

“He was recalled to England for some idle reason by the King, much sooner than he expected: and he returned home, the most elegant traveller, the most polite lover, the most learned nobleman, and the most accomplished gentleman, of his age. Dexterity in tilting, and gracefulness in managing a horse under arms, were excellencies now viewed with a critical eye, and practised with a high degree of emulation. In 1540, at a tournament held in presence of the court at Westminster, and in which the principal of the nobility were engaged, Surrey was distinguished above the rest for his address in the use and exercise of arms.”

In the History of English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 12. is a poem of the elegiac kind, in which he laments his imprisonment in Windsor Castle. WARTON.

VER. 303. *Edward's acts*] Edward III. born here. POPE.

In what an exquisite strain does Gray speak of this monarch, and his son!

Mighty victor, mighty lord,
 Low on his funeral couch he lies!

Draw monarchs chain'd, and Creffi's glorious field,
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield: 306
 Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear. 310
 Let

VARIATIONS.

VER. 307. Originally thus in the MS.

When Brass decays, when Trophies lie o'er-thrown,
 And mould'ring into dust *drops the proud stone.*

NOTES.

No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies.

Which is followed by that striking question,—
 Is the fable warrior fled?—

Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.

The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?

Gone to salute the rising morn.

THE BARD, strophe 2.

I have sometimes wondered that Pope did not mention the building of Windsor Castle by Edward III. His architect was William of Wykeham, whose name, it must not be wondered at, if I seize every opportunity of mentioning with veneration and gratitude. Yet, perhaps, he was rather the supervisor and comptroller of the work, than the actual architect, as he had singular talents for business, activity, and management of affairs. WARTON.

VER. 307.] “Without much invention, (says Mr. Walpole, vol. iii. p. 59.) and with less taste, Verrio's exuberant pencil was ready at pouring out gods, goddesses, kings, emperors, and triumphs, over those public surfaces, on which the eye never rests long enough to criticise, and where one should be sorry to place the works of a better master; I mean, ceilings and staircases. He received, in all, for his various works, the sum of £.6,845.”

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
 Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
 And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps :
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain, 315
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The grave unites ; where e'en the Great find rest,
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppressed !

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
 (Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone) 320
 Oh fact accurst ! what tears has Albion shed,
 Heav'ns, what new wounds ! and how her old have
 bled !

She

VARIATIONS.

VER. 321. Originally thus in the MS.

Oh fact accurst ! oh sacrilegious brood,
 Sworn to Rebellion, principled in blood !
 Since that dire morn what tears has Albion shed,
 Gods ! what new wounds, &c.

NOTES.

VER. 311. *Henry mourn*] Henry VI.

POPE.

How could he here omit the mention of Eton College, founded by this unfortunate King, and the Chapel of King's College in Cambridge. But Gray has made ample amends for this omission, by his most beautiful ode on the prospect of this neighbouring college, from which so many ornaments and supports of state and church have proceeded.

WARTON.

VER. 314. *once-fear'd Edward sleeps :*] Edward IV.

POPE.

VER. 316.] See an account of Belerium, so called from Belerius a Cornish giant, that part of Cornwall called the Lands End, in Warton's edition of Milton's Poems, p. 28.

WARTON.

VER. 319. *Make sacred Charles's*] Vigneul-Marwel, v. 1. p. 152. relates a fact concerning this unhappy Monarch that I do

She saw her sons with purple death expire,
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
 A dreadful series of intestine wars, 325
 Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.

At length great ANNA said—"Let Discord cease!"
 She said, the world obey'd, and all was Peace!

In that blest moment from his oozy bed 329
 Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head;
 His tresses drop'd with dew, and o'er the stream
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam;

Grav'd

VARIATIONS.

VER. 327. Thus in the MS.

Till Anna rose and bade the Furies cease;
Let there be peace—she said, and all was *Peace*.

Between Verse 330 and 331, originally stood these lines;

From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,
 O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,

With

IMITATIONS.

VER. 328. *The world obey'd, and all was peace!*]

"Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, Peace." MILTON.

NOTES.

do not find mentioned in any history; which, he says, Lord Clarendon used to mention when he retired to Rouen in Normandy; that one of the first circumstances that gave disgust to the people of England, and to some of the nobility, was a hint thrown out by Charles I. at the beginning of his reign, that he thought all the ecclesiastical revenues that had been seized and distributed by Henry VIII. ought to be restored to the church. WARTON.

VER. 329.] It may gratify a curious reader to see an extract of a letter of Prior to Lord Bolingbroke, written from Paris, May 18, 1713, concerning a medal that was to be struck on the

Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
 His swelling waters, and alternate tides ;
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd, 335
 And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood :
 First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding Isis and the fruitful Thame : 340
 The

VARIATIONS.

With sparkling flames heav'n's glowing concave shone,
 Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.
 He saw, and gently rose above the stream ;
 His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam :
 With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was drest,
 The tributes of the distant East and West. POPE.

NOTES.

Peace of Utrecht, so highly celebrated in this passage : communicated to me by the favor of the late Dutchess Dowager of Portland.

" I dislike your medal, with the motto,

— COMPOSITIS VENERANTUR ARMIS —

I will have one of my own design ; the Queen's bust surrounded with laurel, and with this motto,

ANNÆ AUG.

FELICI, PACIFICÆ :

Peace in a triumphal car, and the words,

PAX MISSA PER ORBEM.

This is ancient, this is simple, this is sense.

Rosier shall execute it, in a manner not seen in England since Simonds's time." WARTON.

VER. 337.] Warton observes, that Pope has here copied and equalled the description of rivers in Spenser, Drayton, and Milton.--The description is beautiful, but in some points it is deficient. " Winding"

The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;
 The Lodden flow, with verdant alders crown'd ;
 Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave ;
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave :
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears; 345
 'The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears ;
 And fullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.
 High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind) 350
 The

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 341. *The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;]*
 " The crystal Trent, for fords and *fish* renown'd." DRAYTON.
 VER. 348. *stain'd with Danish blood.]*
 " And the old Lee brags *of the Danish blood.*" DRAYTON.

NOTES.

ing" Isis and " fruitful" Thame, are ill designated ; no peculiar and visible image is added to the character of the streams, either interesting from beauty, or incidental circumstances. Most rivers " *wind,*" and may be called *fruitful* as well as the Isis and Thames. The latter part of the description is much more masterly ; as every river has its distinctive mark, and that mark is picturesque. I cannot however think that the passage equals Milton's:

Rivers arise, whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed—or Ouse, or gulphy Dun,
 Or Trent, who, like some Earth-born Giant, spreads
 His *thirsty* arms along th' indented meads,
 Or fullen Mole, that runneth underneath,
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
 Or Medway smooth, or Royal tower'd Thame.

It

The God appear'd : he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where Windfor-domes and pompous turrets rise ;
 Then bow'd and spoke ; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

“ Hail, sacred Peace ! hail long-expected days, 355
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise !

Tho'

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 351. *His azure eyes.*] Milton has *green-eyed* Neptune ; and Virgil, of Proteus, Geor. iv.

“ *Ardentes oculos intorsit lumine glauco.*”

Warton's Edition of Milton, p. 311.

VER. 354.]

“ And roll themselves asleep upon the shore.”

Dryden's Ann. Mir.

STEVENS.

NOTES.

It may be said, however, that all the epithets, in a description of this sort, cannot be equally significant ; but surely something more striking should have been given as circumstantially characteristic of such rivers as the Isis and Thames, than that they were “ winding” and “ fruitful”—or of the Kennet, when it was renowned for “ *silver* eels.”

The expression “ *sullen* Mole” is from Milton. The Mole sinks through its sands, in dry summers, into an invisible channel under ground at Mickleham, near Dorking, Surry.

VER. 350.] Our poet was not deterred, from the censure which Addison passed in his Campaign, on raising and personifying river-gods, from giving us this fine description, in which Thames appears and speaks with suitable dignity and importance. How much superior is this picture to that of Boileau's Rhine ; who represents the Naiads as alarming the God with an account of the march of the French Monarch ; upon which the River God assumes the appearance of an old experienced commander, flies to a Dutch fort, and exhorts the garrison to dispute the intended passage. The Rhine, marching at their head, and observing Mars and Bellona on the side of the enemy, is so terrified with the view of these superior divinities, that he most gallantly runs away, and leaves

Tho' Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
 From heav'n itself tho' sev'nfold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows; 360
 These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
 Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train; 365
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
 No more my sons shall die with British blood
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
 The

VARIATIONS.

VER. 363. Originally thus in the MS.

Let Venice boast her Tow'rs amidst the Main,
 Where the rough Adrian swells and roars in vain;
 Here not a Town, but specious Realm shall have
 A sure foundation on the rolling wave.

NOTES.

leaves the great hero Louis XIV. in quiet possession of his banks.
 —So much for a true court poet, who would not have dared to
 write the eight last lines of this speech of Thames, from v. 415.
 The lines of Addison in the Campaign were;

Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
 And rivers from their oozy beds arise.

I cannot forbear mentioning, that the very first composition that
 made the young Racine known at Paris was his Ode from the
 Nymph of the Seine to the Queen, which ode, by the way, was
 corrected by Chapelain, at that time in high vogue as a critic,
 and by him recommended to the court.

WARTON.

Bear Britain's thunder, and her Cross display,
 To the bright regions of the rising day;
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails, 391
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
 The pearly shell its lucid globe infold, 395
 And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
 The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole

NOTES.

finished design of Inigo Jones. The four great sheets are evidently made up from general hints, nor could such a source of invention and taste, as the mind of Inigo, ever produce so much sameness. The strange kind of cherubims on the towers at the end are preposterous ornaments, and whether of Inigo or not, bear no relation to the rest. The great towers in the front are too near, and evidently borrowed from what he had seen in Gothic, not in Roman buildings. The circular court is a picturesque thought, but without meaning or utility." WALPOLE.

VER. 385. *Thy trees, fair Windsor!*] This return to the trees of Windsor Forest, his original subject, is masterly and judicious; and the whole speech of Thames is highly animated and poetical, forcible and rich in diction, as it is copious and noble in imagery.

VER. 391.] Here is almost a prophecy of those discoveries of new islands and continents which this country of late years has had the honour to make. WARTON.

VER. 398. *Unbounded Thames, &c.*] A wish that London may be made a FREE PORT. POPE.

Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide ; 400
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
 And feather'd people croud my wealthy side,
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire 405
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire !
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace ! from shore to shore,
 'Till Conquest cease ; and Slav'ry be no more ;
 'Till the freed Indians in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their fable loves,
 Peru once more a race of Kings behold, 410
 And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold.
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell :
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care, 415
 And mad Ambition shall attend her there :
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires :
 There hated Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel : 420
 There

NOTES.

VER. 409.]

To hear the savage youth repeat
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves,
 says Mr. Gray, most beautifully in his ode ; *dusky* loves is more
 accurate than *fable* ; they are not negroes. WARTON.

There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days :
The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light. 426
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olive spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.

Ev'n

IMITATIONS.

VER. 423.

“ Quo, Musa, tendis? define pervicax
Referre sermones Deorum et
Magna modis tenuare parvis.”

Hor.

NOTES.

VER. 422. *in vain.*] This conclusion both of Horace and of Pope is feeble and flat. The whole should have ended with this speech of Thames at this line, 422.

Pope, it seems, was of opinion, that descriptive poetry is a composition as absurd as a feast made up of sauces : and I know many other persons that think meanly of it. I will not presume to say it is equal, either in dignity or utility, to those compositions that lay open the internal constitution of man, and that imitate characters, manners, and sentiments. I may however remind such contemners of it, that, in a sister art, landscape-painting claims the very next rank to history-painting, being ever preferred to single portraits, to pieces of still-life, to droll figures, to fruit and flower-pieces ; that Titian thought it no diminution of his genius, to spend much of his time in works of the former species ; and that, if their principles lead them to condemn Thomson, they must also condemn the Georgics of Virgil, and the greatest part of the noblest descriptive poem extant ; I mean that of Lucretius.

WARTON.

Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days, 431
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise ;
 Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

A POEM *purely descriptive* has certainly no claim to excellence. But a poem which is at once moral, historical, and picturesque ; or, in other words, where *description* is made subservient to the delighted fancy, the cultivated understanding, and the improved heart, surely no real judge of Poetry would condemn. What beautiful and interesting pieces would such a decision exclude ! How many animating or tender sentiments, how many affecting incidents, how much interesting information, are often connected with local scenery ! The genuine Poet surveys every prospect with the eye and enthusiasm of a Painter ; but does he only paint ? He connects with the scenery he describes, morality, antiquity, history, the wildest traditions in fancy, or the sweetest feelings of tenderness, or patriotism. If we feel interested by the picture of an Arcadian landscape, which conveys its moral by the introduction of a shepherd's tomb, and the inscription " Et ego in Arcadia ;" in like manner should we regard a descriptive poem, connected at the same time with wider information, and diversified with more pointed morality.

Pope in his Windsor Forest has description, incident, and history. The descriptive part, however, is too general and unappropiate : the incident, or story-part, is such as only would have been adopted by a young man, who had just read Ovid ; but the historical part is very judiciously and skilfully blended, and the conclusion highly animated and poetical ; nor can we be insensible to its more lofty tone of versification.

ODE

ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

MDCCVIII.

AND OTHER PIECES FOR MUSIC*.

* There are few Odes completely adapted to Music in our language. Milton, though a musician, has written nothing, I believe, entirely with this view; but happily his divine *Penferoso* and *l'Allegro* have found in Handel a composer worthy of the Poetry. His music of "Let the bright Seraphim in burning row," is inadequate to the splendor of the expressions, and sublimity of the subject. In general, all epithets that *paint*, such as "*bright Seraphim*"—"burning row,"—are not so proper for music; as such words, while they animate Poetry, *impede* and *delay* the sentiment intended to be conveyed by music. Dr. Morell, who wrote the words for Handel's Oratorios, has much greater merit than is generally imagined.—How affecting, and yet how excellently adapted to musical expression, are his words:

"In sweetest harmony they liv'd!
Nor death their union could divide;
The pious son ne'er left his father's side,
But him defending, bravely died!"

Who also is there who can hear or read, without tears, the music and words,

“ Tears such as tender Fathers shed,
Warm from my aged eyes descend,
For joy, to think when I am dead,
My son shall have mankind his friend ?”

Dryden, in his *Alexander's Feast*, and the fine Ode,

“ When Jubal struck the chorded shell,”

has found, like Milton, a musician worthy of those exalted strains. Collins' Ode to the Passions ought not to be omitted, as highly calculated for musical effect; but perhaps there is no composition, where the music and the words so much assist each other, as the fine Song of Purcell,

“ Let the dreadful engines, &c.”

particularly that one exquisite stanza:

“ Ah ! where are now those flow'ry groves
Where zephyr's fragrant breath did play,
Where, guarded by a troop of loves,
The fair Lucinda sleeping lay.
There sung the nightingale and lark,
Around us all was sweet and gay,
We ne'er grew sad till it grew dark,
And nothing fear'd but short'ning day.”

ODE FOR MUSIC

ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY*.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing ;

The breathing instruments inspire,

Wake into voice each silent string,

And sweep the sounding lyre !

In a sadly-pleasing strain

5

Let the warbling lute complain :

Let

NOTES.

* Our Author, as Mr. Harte told me, frequently and earnestly declared, that if Dryden had finished a translation of the Iliad, he would not have attempted one, after so great a master : he might have said, with even more propriety, I will not write a music ode after Alexander's Feast ; which the variety and harmony of its numbers, and the beauty, force, and energy of its images, have conspired to place at the head of modern Lyric compositions. The subject of Dryden's ode is superior to this of Pope's, because the former is historical, and the latter merely mythological. Dryden's is also more perfect in the unity of the action ; for Pope's is not the recital of one great action, but a description of many of the adventures of Orpheus.

The name and the genius of Cowley gave, for many years, a currency and vogue to irregular odes, called Pindaric. One of the best of which species is that of Cobb, called, the Female Reign ; and two of the worst, Sprat's Plague of Athens, and Bolingbroke's Almahide. Congreve is thought to be the first writer that gave a specimen of a legitimate Pindaric ode, with strophe, antistrophe, and epode, elucidated with a sensible and judicious preface on the

Let the loud trumpet found,
 'Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echos rebound :
 While in more lengthen'd notes and flow, 10
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark ! the numbers soft and clear
 Gently steal upon the ear ;
 Now louder, and yet louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies ; 15
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;
 'Till

NOTES.

subject. But it does not seem to have been observed, that, long before, Ben Jonson had given a model of this very species of a regular Pindaric ode, address'd to Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morison, page 233 of his works, folio, in which he entitles each stanza the turne, the counter-turne, and the stand. Though Congreve's ode is not extraordinary, yet the discourse prefixed to it has a great deal of learning. Dr. Akenfide frequently mentioned to me, as one of the best of the regular Pindaric odes, Fenton's to Lord Gower, 1716. Mr. Gray was of opinion, that the stanzas of these regular odes ought not to consist of above nine lines each, at the most. WARTON.

VER. 7. *Let the loud trumpet found,*] Warburton speaks too highly of the imitation of the sounds here intended as an echo to the sense. The stanza exhibits too much the *appearance of art : ars est celare artem*. The great difficulty of giving effect to those passages where the sound is meant to be an echo of the sense, is, in making it appear that the words naturally flow from the subject. The lines "While in more lengthen'd, &c." to "And fill with spreading sounds the skies," are finely expressed, the harmony appears naturally to proceed with the subject; but the two next lines, "Exulting in triumph, &c." give an idea of art, and beside they very inadequately represent the lofty variety of the organ. The four concluding lines are beautiful.

'Till, by degrees, remote and small,

The strains decay,

And melt away,

20

In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,

Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.

If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,

Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ;

25

Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,

Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.

Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;

Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :

Melancholy lifts her head,

30

Morpheus rouses from his bed,

Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,

Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes ;

Intestine War no more our Passions wage,

And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

35

But.

NOTES.

VER. 22.] This stanza much resembles the fifth of Congreve's music ode ; the second of which, by the way, is uncommonly good. It is remarkable that Pope knew nothing of music, and had no ear for it ; as had Milton, Gray, and Mason. WARTON.

VER. 35.] Dr. Greene set this ode to music in 1730, as an exercise for his Doctor's Degree at Cambridge, on which occasion Pope made considerable alteration in it, and added the following stanza in this place :

Amphion thus bade wild dissension cease,

And soften'd mortals learn'd the arts of peace,

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to Arms,
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms !
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main.

40

Transf.

NOTES.

Amphion taught contending kings,
 From various discords, to create
 The music of a well-tun'd state ;
 Nor slack, nor strain the tender strings,
 Those useful touches to impart,
 That strike the subject's answering heart,
 And the soft silent harmony that springs
 From sacred union and consent of things.

And he made another alteration, at the same time, in stanza iv.
 v. 51, and wrote it thus :

Sad Orpheus sought his consort lost ;
 The adamantine gates were barr'd,
 And nought was seen and nought was heard,
 Around the dreary coast ;
 But dreadful gleams, &c.

WARTON.

VER. 39.] He might have added a beautiful description of the
 Argo in Apollonius Rhodius ; and, if he had been a reader of
 Pindar, he might have looked into the fourth Pythian ode, parti-
 cularly verse 315 of Orpheus. Oxford edition, folio, 1697.

WARTON.

VER. 40. *While Argo*] Few images in any poet, ancient or
 modern, are more striking than that in Apollonius, where he says,
 that when the Argo was sailing near the coast where the Centaur
 Chiron dwelt, he came down to the very margin of the sea, bring-
 ing his wife with the young Achilles in her arms, that he might
 shew the child to his father Peleus, who was on his voyage with
 the other Argonauts. Apollonius Rhodius, Lib. i. v. 558.

WARTON.

Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Enflam'd with glory's charms :
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd, 45
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade :
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
 To arms, to arms, to arms !

IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegeton furrounds, 50
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er

NOTES.

VER. 48. *To arms, to arms,*] All this is finely worked up : the images are poetical; the effect of music is described by adequate and striking *circumstances* :

Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade, &c.

STANZA IV.] The transition to *another key* (if I may say so) in this stanza, is judicious, and in the spirit of Poetry and Music.

VER. 49. *But when*] See Divine Legation, Book ii. sect. i. where Orpheus is considered as a Philosopher, a Legislator, and a Mythagogue. In vol v. of the Memoirs of Inscriptions, &c. p. 117, is a very curious dissertation upon the Orphic Life, by the Abbé Fraguier. He was the first critic who rightly interpreted the words of Horace, *Cædibus et fædo victu*, as meaning an abolition of eating human flesh.

Though the Hymns that remain are not the work of the real Orpheus, yet are they extremely ancient, certainly older than the Expedition of Xerxes against Greece.

WARTON.

O'er all the dreary coasts! 55
 Dreadful gleams,
 Dismal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans, 60
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
 But, hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
 And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
 See, shady forms advance! 65
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance;
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow, 71
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;

By

NOTES.

VER. 56.] The short lines here have a bad effect; but the images at the conclusion are forcibly painted, with the exception of the "pale spectres" that "dance;" a line, as Dr. Warton observes, very improper, because it gives a ludicrous idea.

VER. 66.] This line is taken from an ode of Cobb.

WARTON.

STANZA V. *By the streams, &c.*] The modulation and change here are very beautiful.

By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of Asphodel, 75
 Or Amaranthine bow'rs ;
 By the heroes' armed shades,
 Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades ;
 By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove, 80
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life :
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife !

He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the Poet's prayer :
 Stern Proserpine relented, 85
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death, and o'er hell,

A con-

NOTES.

VER. 77.] These images are picturesque and appropriated,
 and are such notes as might

Draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And make hell grant what love did seek.

Pope being insensible of the effects of music, enquired of Dr. Arbuthnot, whether Handel really deserved the applause he met with. The Dutchess of Queensberry told me, that Gay could play on the flute, and that this enabled him to adapt so happily some airs in the Beggars' Opera. WARTON.

VER. 87.] These numbers are of so burlesque, so low, and ridiculous a kind, and have so much the air of a vulgar drinking song, that one is amazed and concerned to find them in a serious ode. Addison thought this measure exactly suited to the comic character of Sir Trusty in his Rosamond ; by the introduction of which

A conquest how hard and how glorious!
 Tho' fate had fast bound her 90
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet Music and Love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move? 95
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in meanders, 100
 All

NOTES.

which he has so strangely debased that very elegant opera. It is observable, that this ludicrous measure is used by Dryden, in a song of evil spirits, in the fourth act of the State of Innocence.

WARTON.

VER. 97.] These scenes, in which Orpheus is introduced as making his lamentations, are not so wild, so savage, and dismal, as those mentioned by Virgil; and convey not such images of desolation and deep despair, as the caverns on the banks of Strymon and Tanais, the Hyperborean deserts, and the Riphæan solitudes. And to say of Hebrus, only, that it rolls in meanders, is flat and feeble, and does not heighten the melancholy of the place. He that would have a complete idea of Orpheus's anguish and situation, must look at the exquisite figure of him (now in the possession of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne) painted by Mr. Dance, a work that does honour to the true genius of the artist, and to the age in which it was produced.

WARTON.

All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost! 105
 Now with Furies furrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows:
 See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies; 110
 Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
 Ah see, he dies!
 Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
 Eurydice the woods, 115
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.
 Music

NOTES.

VER. 108.] I am afraid there is a trivial antithesis in these lines betwixt the words *snows* and *glows*, unworthy our author.

WARTON.

VER. 112.] The death is expressed with a brevity and abruptness suitable to the nature of the ode. Instead of *he sung*, Virgil says, *vocabat*, which is more natural and tender, and adds a moving epithet, that he called *miseram* Eurydicen. The repetition of Eurydice in two very short lines hurts the ear, which Virgil escaped by interposing several other words; and the name itself happens not to be harmonious enough to suffer such repetition.

WARTON.

VII.

Musick the fiercest grief can charm,

And fate's severest rage disarm :

Musick can soften pain to ease,

120

And make despair and madness please :

Our joys below it can improve,

And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,

And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound. 125

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,

Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear ;

Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,

While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;

And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.

130

Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,

To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n ;

His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,

Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

NOTES.

VER. 131. It is observable that this ode, as well as that of Dryden, concludes with an epigram of four lines ; a species of witty writing as flagrantly unsuitable to the dignity, and as foreign to the nature of the lyric, as it is of the epic muse.

WARTON.

IF we cast a transient view over the most celebrated of the modern lyrics, we may observe that the stanza of Petrarch, which has been adopted by all his successors, displeases the ear, by its tedious uniformity, and by the number of identical cadences. And, indeed, to speak truth, there appears to be little valuable in Petrarch, except the purity of his diction. His sentiments, even of love, are metaphysical and far-fetched. Neither is there much variety in his subjects, or fancy in his method of treating them. Fulvio Testi, Chiabrera, and Metastasio, are much better lyric poets. When Boileau attempted an ode, he exhibited a glaring proof of what will frequently be hinted in the course of these notes, that the writer, whose grand characteristic talent is satiric or moral poetry, will never succeed, with equal merit, in the higher branches of his art. In his ode on the taking Namur, are instances of the bombastic, of the prosaic, and of the puerile; and it is no small confirmation of the ruling passion of this author, that he could not conclude his ode, but with a severe stroke on his old antagonist Perrault, though the majesty of this species of composition is so much injured by descending to personal satire.

“We have had (says Mr. Gray) in our language, no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia’s Day: for Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a master. Mr. Mason, indeed of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his choruses; above all in the last of Caractacus;

“Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread?” &c.

Gray’s Works, 4to. page 25.

WARTON.

The bard of Gray must be mentioned as ranking next to Dryden’s ode, if it be not superior.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS

STROPHE I.

Groves, where immortal Sages taught :

And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

Oh

NOTES.

by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house.

POPE.

and Cassius, the other, was an Epicurean. WARBURTON.

as being followers of different sects of philosophy. WARTON.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
 Who charm the sense, or mend the heart; 10
 Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
 Moral Truth, and mystic Song!
 To what new clime, what distant sky,
 Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
 Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore? 15
 Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
 Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore, 20
 See Arts her savage sons controul,
 And Athens rising near the pole!
 Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

Ye

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Moral Truth, and mystic Song!*] The construction is dubious. Does the poet address Moral Truth and Mystic Song, as being the Heaven-born Sisters; or does he address himself to the Muses, mentioned in the preceding line, and so make Moral Truth and Mystic Song to be a part of Virtue's train? as Hesiod begins his poem.

Dr. Warburton's proposed correction is not consistent with either construction, when he says, the poet had expressed himself better had he said Moral Truth in Mystic Song. Moral Truth, a single person, can neither be the Heaven-born Sisters, nor yet, alone, the train of Virtue. If it could, the emendation might have been spared, because this is no uncommon figure in poetry.

WARTON.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball? 25
 Freedom and Arts together fall;
 Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state! 30
 Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

NOTES.

VER. 32. *Some Athens*]

This ode is of the kind which M. D'Alembert, judging like a mathematician, prefers to odes that abound with imagery and figures, namely, what he calls the Didactic ode; and then proceeds to give reasons for preferring Horace to Pindar as a lyric poet. Marmontel in his Poetic opposes him. WARTON.

THESE choruses are elegant and harmonious; but are they not chargeable with the fault, which Aristotle imputes to many of Euripides, that they are foreign and adventitious to the subject, and contribute nothing towards the advancement of the main action? Whereas the chorus ought,

“Μοριον ειναι τα ολα, και συναγωνιζεσθαι,”

to be a part or member of the one whole, co-operate with, and help to accelerate the intended event; as is constantly, adds the philosopher, the practice of Sophocles. Whereas these reflections of Pope on the baneful influences of war, on the arts and learning, and on the universal power of love, seem to be too general, are not sufficiently appropriated, do not rise from the subject and occasion, and might be inserted with equal propriety in twenty other tragedies. This remark of Aristotle, though he does not himself produce any examples, may be verified from the following, among many others. In the Phœnicians of Euripides, they sing a long
and

and very beautiful, but ill-placed, hymn to Mars; I speak of that which begins so nobly, ver. 793,

“Ω πολυμοχθος Αρης,”

“O direful Mars! why art thou still delighted with blood and with death, and why an enemy to the feasts of Bacchus?” And a still more glaring instance may be brought from the end of the third act of the Troades, in which the story of Ganymede is introduced not very artificially. To these may be added that exquisite ode in praise of Apollo, descriptive of his birth and victories, which we find in the Iphigenia in Tauris.

On the other hand, the choruses of Sophocles never desert the subject of each particular drama, and all their sentiments and reflections are drawn from the situation of the principal personage of the fable. Nay, Sophocles hath artfully found a method of making those poetical descriptions, with which the choruses of the ancients abound, carry on the chief design of the piece; and has by these means accomplished what is a great difficulty in writing tragedy, united poetry with propriety.

In the Philoctetes the chorus takes a natural occasion, at verse 694, to give a minute and moving picture of the solitary life of that unfortunate hero; and when afterwards, at verse 855, pain has totally exhausted the strength and spirits of Philoctetes, and it is necessary for the plot of the tragedy that he should fall asleep, it is then that the chorus breaks out into an exquisite ode to Sleep. As in the Antigone, with equal beauty and decorum in an address to the God of Love, at verse 791 of that play. And thus lastly, when the birth of Œdipus is doubtful, and his parents unknown, the chorus suddenly exclaims,

“Τίς σε, τέκνονι,”

“From which, O my son, of the immortal gods, didst thou spring? Was it some nymph, a favourite of Pan, that haunts the mountains; or some daughter of Apollo; for this god loves the remote rocks and caverns, who bore you? Or was it Mercury who reigns in Cyllene, or did Bacchus,

“Θεός ναιων επ’ ακρων ορεων,” ver. 1118.

a god who dwells on the tops of the mountains, beget you, on any of the nymphs that possess Helicon, with whom he frequently sports?”

But what shall we say to the strong objections lately made by some very able and learned critics to the use of the chorus at all?

The critics I have in view, are Metastasio, Twining, Pye, Colman, and Johnson; who have brought forward such powerful arguments against this so important a part of the ancient drama, as to shake our conviction of its utility and propriety, founded on what Hurd, Mason, and Brumoy, have so earnestly and elegantly urged on the subject.

WARTON.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS*.

SEMICHORUS.

OH Tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
 The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
 And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here, 5
 But ent'ring learns to be sincere.
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproveth.
 Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
 Which Nature has impress'd, 10
 Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and gen'rous breast?
 Love's

NOTES.

* Some of Dryden's short lyrical odes and songs are wonderfully harmonious; and not sufficiently noticed; particularly in King Arthur, Act III.

"O Sight! the mother of Desire," &c.

The song also of the Syrens in Act IV: and the Incantations in the Third Act of *Œdipus*, put in the mouth of Tiresias;

"Chuse the darkest part o' th' grove,
 Such as ghosts at noon-day love," &c.

Nor must his first ode for St. Cecilia's Day be forgotten, in which are passages almost equal to any of the second: especially its opening, and the second stanza that describes Jubal and his brethren.

WARTON.

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve ;
 The Gods and Brutus bend to love :
 Brutus for absent Portia sighs, 15
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
 What is loose love ? a transient gust,
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
 A vapour fed from wild desire,
 A wand'ring, self-consuming fire. 20
 But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
 And burn for ever one ;
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
 Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh source of ev'ry social tie, 25
 United wish, and mutual joy !
 What various joys on one attend,
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend ?
 Whether his hoary fire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise ; 30
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye ;
 Or views his smiling progeny :

What

NOTES.

VER. 31. *Or meets*] Recalling to our minds that pathetic stroke in Lucretius ;

——— “ *dulces occurrunt oscula nati*
Præripere, et tacitâ pectus dulcedine tangunt.”

Lib. iii. 909.

WARTON.

What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move?
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
 With rev'rence, hope, and love. 36

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
 Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes;
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine: 40
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
 Sacred Hymen! these are thine^a.

NOTES.

^a These two Chorus's are enough to shew us his great talents for this species of Poetry, and to make us lament he did not prosecute his purpose in executing some plans he had chalked out; but the Character of the Managers of Playhouses at that time, was what (he said) soon determined him to lay aside all thoughts of that nature. WARBURTON.

Perhaps there were other reasons which determined Pope to lay aside all thoughts of the Drama.

ODE ON SOLITUDE².

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest,

NOTES.

² This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old. POPE.

VER. 1. *Happy the man, &c.*] Might not Pope have seen, when very young, Cotton's pleasing lines on Contentation?

That man is happy in his share
Who is warm clad and cleanly fed,
Whose necessaries bound his care,
And honest labour makes his bed.

Who with his angle and his books
Can think the longest day well-spent;
And praises God when back he looks,
And finds— that all was innocent.

Dr. Warton says, "These stanzas on Solitude are characteristic of the Author's contemplative and moral turn of mind;" but more probably such ideas, those of rural life, innocence, content, &c. as they are the easiest expressed, so are they generally the most obvious, and, as such, would be natural to all young writers.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,
 Together mixt ; sweet recreation :
 And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

SCALIGER, Voltaire, and Grotius, were but eighteen years old when they produced, the two first their *Œdipuses*, and the last his *Adamus Exul*. But the most extraordinary instance of early excellence is *The Old Batchelor* of Congreve, written at nineteen only ; as comedy implies and requires a knowledge of life and characters, which are here displayed with accuracy and truth. Mr. Spence informed me that Pope once said to him, “ I wrote things, I am ashamed to say how soon ; part of my epic poem *Alcander* when about twelve. The scene of it lay in Rhodes, and some of the neighbouring islands ; and the poem opened under the water, with a description of the court of Neptune ; that couplet on the circulation of the blood, which I afterwards inserted in the *Dunciad*,

As man's mæanders, to the vital spring
 Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring,
 was originally in this poem, word for word.” After he had burnt this very early composition, Atterbury told him, he much wished some parts of it, as a specimen, had been more carefully preserved.

Quintilian, whose knowledge of human nature was consummate, has observed, that nothing quite correct and faultless is to be expected in very early years, from a truly elevated genius: that a generous extravagance and exuberance are its proper marks, and that a premature exactness is a certain evidence of future flatness and sterility. His words are incomparable, and worthy consideration. “*Audeat hæc ætas plura, et inveniatur, et inventis gaudeat, sint licet illa non satis interim sicca et severa. Facile remedium est ubertatis, sterilia nullo labore vincuntur. Illa mihi in pueris natura nimium spei dabit, in quâ ingenium judicio præsumitur.—Materiam esse primum volo vel abundantiorē, atque ultra quam oportet fufam. Multum inde decoquant anni, multum ratio limabit, aliquid velut usu ipso deteretur, sit modo unde excidi possit et quod exculpi:—erit autem, si non ab initio tenuem laminam duxerimus, et quam cælatura altior rumpat.—Quare mihi ne maturitas quidem ipsa festinet, nec multa in lacu statim austera sint; sic et annos ferent, et vetustate proficient.*” This is very strong and masculine sense, expressed and enlivened by a train of metaphors, all of them elegant, and well preserved. Whether these early productions of Pope, would not have appeared to Quintilian to be rather too finished, correct, and pure, and what he would have inferred concerning them, is too delicate a subject for me to enlarge upon. Let me rather add an entertaining anecdote. When Guido and Dominichino had each of them painted a picture in the church of Saint Andrew, Annibal Carrache, their master, was pressed to declare which of his two pupils had excelled. The picture of Guido represented Saint Andrew on his knees before the cross; that of Dominichino represented the flagellation of the same Apostle. Both of them in their different kinds were capital pieces, and were painted in fresco, opposite each other, to eternize, as it were, their rivalry and contention. “*Guido (said Carrache) has performed as a master, and Dominichino as a scholar. But (added he) the work of the scholar is more valuable than that of the master. In truth, one may perceive faults in the picture of Dominichino that Guido has avoided, but then there are noble strokes, not to be found in that of his rival.*” It was easy to discern a genius that promised to produce beauties, to which the sweet, the gentle, and the graceful Guido would never aspire.

The first sketches of such an artist ought highly to be prized. Different geniuses unfold themselves at different periods of life.

In

In some minds the ore is a long time in ripening. Not only inclination, but opportunity and encouragement, a proper subject, or a proper patron, influence the exertion or the suppression of genius. These stanzas on Solitude are a strong instance of that contemplation and moral turn, which was the distinguishing characteristic of our Poet's mind. An ode of Cowley, which he produced at the age of thirteen years, is of the same cast, and perhaps not in the least inferior to this of Pope. The voluminous Lopez de Vega is commonly, but perhaps incredibly, reported by the Spaniards to have composed verses when he was five years old; and Torquato Tasso, the second or third of the Italian poets, for that wonderful original Dante is the first, is said to have recited poems and orations of his own writing, when he was seven. It is however certain, which is more extraordinary, that he produced his Rinaldo in his eighteenth year, no bad precursor to the Gerusalemme Liberata, and no small effort of that genius, which was in due time to shew, how fine an epic poem the Italian language, notwithstanding the vulgar imputation of effeminacy, was capable of supporting. WARTON.

It may not be uninteresting to compare the succession of Pope's productions, with the progress of his mind and character. In this his earliest effusion, all is *rural quiet*, innocence, content, &c. We next see, in his Pastorals, the "Golden Age" of happiness, while the

" SHEPHERD LAD *leads forth his flock*
Beside the silver Thame."

His next step, Windsor Forest, exhibits the same rural turn, but with views more diversified and extended, and approaching more to the real history and concerns of life. The warm passions of youth succeed; and we are interested in the fate of the tender Sappho, or the ardent and unfortunate Eloise. As the world opens, *local manners* are displayed. In the Rape of the Lock, we see the first playful effort of Satire, without ill-nature, at once gay, elegant, and delightful:

" Belinda smiles, and all the world is gay."

The man of severer thought now appears, in the Essay on Man. The same vein shews itself in the Moral Essays; but the investigation is directed to *individual* failings, and mingled with spleen and anger. In the later Satires, we witness the language of acrimony and bitterness. The Dunciad closes the prospect, and we there behold the aged Bard amid a swarm of enemies, who began his career, all *innocence, happiness, and smiles*.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL*.

ODE.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life!

5

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away!
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

10

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears

* This ode was written in imitation of the famous sonnet of Hadrian to his departing soul; but as much superior in sense and sublimity to its original, as the Christian religion is to the Pagan.

15

With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O Grave ! where is thy Victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy Sting ?

THIS Ode was written, we find, at the desire of Steele ; and our Poet, in a letter to him on that occasion, says,—“ You have it, as Cowley calls it, just warm from the brain ; it came to me the first moment I waked this morning ; yet you’ll see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head, not only the verses of Hadrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho.”

It is possible, however, that our Author might have had another composition in his head, besides those he here refers to : for there is a close and surprising resemblance between this ode of Pope, and one of an obscure and forgotten rhymist of the age of Charles the Second, namely Thomas Flatman ; from whose dunghill, as well as from the dregs of Crashaw, of Carew, of Herbert, and others (for it is well known he was a great reader of all those poets), Pope has very judiciously collected gold. And the following stanza is, perhaps, the only valuable one Flatman has produced :

When on my sick bed I languish ;
 Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
 Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
 Panting, groaning, speechless, dying ;
 Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
 Be not fearful, come away !

The third and fourth lines are eminently good and pathetic, and the climax well preserved, the very turn of them is closely copied by Pope ; as is likewise the striking circumstance of the dying man’s imagining he hears a voice calling him away :

Vital spark of heav’nly flame
 Quit, O quit, this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, ling’ring, flying,
 O the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Hark ! they whisper ! Angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away !

WARTON.
 Prior

Prior also translated this little Ode, but with manifest inferiority to Pope. Pope was certainly indebted to Flatman. The plagiarism is *palpable*. Dr. Warton speaks with too much contempt of Crashawe, Herbert, &c. *Some* of Crashawe's strains are of a "higher mood;" and who can deny great merit to the author of that natural and pleasing effusion, of which Mr. Ellis, in his valuable specimens of English Poetry, has selected,

"I made a Posy, as the day went by."

Herbert was Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and afterwards Rector of Bemerton, near Salisbury.

AN
ESSAY
ON
CRITICISM.

Written in the Year MDCCIX*.

- First advertised in the Spectator, N^o 65. May 15, 1711.

CHRISTIAN

OF THE

OF THE

C O N T E N T S.

PART I.

- I**NTRODUCTION. *That 'tis as great a fault to judge ill, as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to the public, ver. 1. That a true Taste is as rare to be found, as a true Genius, ver. 9 to 18. That most men are born with some Taste, but spoiled by false Education, ver. 19 to 25. The Multitude of Critics, and causes of them, ver. 26 to 45. That we are to study our own Taste, and know the Limits of it, ver. 46 to 67. Nature the best guide of Judgment, ver. 68 to 87. Improved by Art and Rules, which are but methodis'd Nature, ver. 88. Rules derived from the practice of the Ancient Poets, ver. 88 to 110. That therefore the Ancients are necessary to be studied by Critic, particularly Homer and Virgil, ver. 120 to 138. Of Licenses, and the use of them by the Ancients, ver. 140 to 180. Reverence due to the Ancients, and praise of them, ver. 181, &c.*

PART II. Ver. 203, &c.

- Causes hindering a true Judgment, 1. Pride, ver. 208. 2. Imperfect Learning, ver. 215. 3. Judging by parts, and not by the whole, ver. 233 to 288. Critics in Wit, Language, Versification, only, ver. 288. 305. 339, &c. 4. Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire, ver. 384. 5. Partiality—too much love to a Sect,—to the Ancients or Moderns, ver. 324. 6. Prejudice or Prevention, ver. 408. 7. Singularity, ver. 424. 8. Inconstancy, ver. 430. 9. Party Spirit, ver. 452, &c. 10. Envy, ver. 466. Against Envy and in praise of Good-nature, ver. 508, &c. When Severity is chiefly to be used by Critics, ver. 526, &c.*

PART

PART III. Ver. 560, &c.

Rules for the Conduct of Manners in a Critic, 1. Candour, ver. 563. Modesty, ver. 566. Good-breeding, ver. 572. Sincerity and Freedom of Advice, ver. 578. 2. *When one's Counsel is to be restrained*, ver. 584. *Character of an incorrigible Poet*, ver. 600. *And of an impertinent Critic*, ver. 610, &c. *Character of a good Critic*, ver. 629. *The History of Criticism, and characters of the best Critics*, Aristotle, ver. 645. Horace, ver. 653. Dionysius, ver. 665. Petronius, ver. 667. Quintilian, ver. 670. Longinus, ver. 675. *Of the Decay of Criticism, and its Revival*. Erasmus, ver. 693. Vida, ver. 705. Boileau, ver. 714. Lord Roscommon, &c. ver. 725. *Conclusion*.

AN
ESSAY
ON
CRITICISM.

'T IS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill ;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.

Some

COMMENTARY.

An Essay] The poem is in one book, but divided into three principal parts or numbers. The first [to ver. 201.] gives rules for the *Study of the Art of Criticism* : the second [from thence to ver. 560.] exposes the *Causes of wrong Judgment* ; and the third [from thence to the end] marks out the *Morals of the Critic*.

In order to a right conception of this poem, it will be necessary to observe, that though it be intitled simply *An Essay on Criticism*, yet several of the precepts relate equally to the good *writing* as well as the true *judging* of a poem. This is so far from violating the *Unity* of the subject, that it preserves and completes it : or from disordering the regularity of the *Form*, that it adds beauty to it, as will appear by the following considerations : 1. It was impossible

NOTES

An Essay] For a person of only twenty years old to have produced such an Essay, so replete with a knowledge of life and manners, such accurate observations on men and books, such variety of literature, such strong good sense, and refined taste and judgment,

Some few in that, but numbers err in this, 5
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
 A fool might once himself alone expose,
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10

In

COMMENTARY.

impossible to give a full and exact idea of the Art of *Poetical Criticism*, without considering at the same time the *Art of Poetry*; so far as Poetry is an *Art*. These therefore being closely connected in nature, the author has, with much judgment, interwoven the precepts of each reciprocally through his whole poem. 2. As the rules of the ancient Critics were taken from Poets who copied nature, this is another reason why every Poet should be a Critic: therefore as the subject is *poetical Criticism*, it is frequently addressed to the *critical Poet*. And 3dly, the Art of Criticism is as properly, and much more usefully exercised in *writing* than in *judging*.
 WARBURTON.

VER. 1. 'Tis hard to say, &c.] The Poem opens [from ver. 1 to 9.] with shewing the use and seasonableness of the subject. Its *use*, from the greater mischief in wrong Criticism than in ill Poetry; this only tiring, that misleading the reader: Its *seasonableness*, from the growing number of bad Critics, which now vastly exceeds that of bad Poets.
 WARBURTON.

VER. 9. 'Tis with our judgments, &c.] The author having shewn us the expediency of this subject, the Art of *Criticism*, inquires next [from ver. 8 to 15.] into the proper *Qualities* of a *true Critic*: and observes first, that JUDGMENT alone is not sufficient to constitute this character, because *Judgment*, like the *artificial measures of Time*, goes different, and yet each man relies upon his own.
 WARBURTON.

NOTES.

ment, has been the subject of frequent, and of just admiration. It may fairly entitle him to the character of being one of the first of critics, though surely not of poets, as Dr. Johnson asserts. For Didactic poetry being, from its nature, inferior to Lyric, Tragic, and

In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.

Let

NOTES.

and Epic poetry, we should confound and invert all literary rank and order, if we compared and preferred the Georgics of Virgil to the *Æneid*, the Epistle to the Piso's to the "*Qualem Ministrum*" of Horace, and Boileau's Art of Poetry to the *Iphigenie* of Racine.

WARTON.

VER. 11. *In Poets as true Genius is but rare,*] It is indeed so extremely rare, that no country, in the succession of many ages, has produced above three or four persons that deserve the title. The "man of rhymes" may be easily found; but the genuine poet, of a lively plastic imagination, the true Maker or Creator, is so uncommon a prodigy, that one is almost tempted to subscribe to the opinion of Sir William Temple, where he says, "That for one man that is born capable of making a great poet, there may be a thousand born capable of making as great generals, or ministers of state, as the most renowned in story."

WARTON.

This observation, if just, can only relate to such characters as Homer and Shakespear.

VER. 12. *True Taste as seldom*] The first piece of criticism in our language, worthy our attention, for little can be gathered from Webbe and Puttenham, was Sir Philip Sydney's Defence of Poetrie. Spenser is said to have written a critical discourse, called *The Poet*; the loss of which, considering the exquisite taste and extensive learning of Spenser, is much to be regretted. Next came Daniel's Apology; then Ben Jonson's Discoveries, the Preface to Gondibert, and Hobbes's Letter to D'Avenant, the Preface and Notes of Cowley (whose prose style, by the way, is admirable), Temple's Essays, Dryden's Essay on Dramatic Poetry, and his various Prefaces and Prologues, Rhymer's Preface to Rapin, and Letter on Tragedy, and Dennis's Reformation of Poetry, and the Essays of Roscommon and Buckingham. These were the critical pieces that preceded our Author's Essay,

which

Let such teach others who themselves excel, 15
And censure freely who have written well.

Authors

COMMENTARY.

VER. 15. *Let such teach others, &c.*] But it is not enough that the Critic hath these natural endowments (genius and taste); he ought, as our author shews us [from ver. 14 to 19], in order to give a further test of his qualification, have put them successfully into use. And this, on two accounts: 1. Because the office of a Critic is an exercise of authority. 2. Because he being naturally as partial to his *Judgment* as the Poet is to his *Wit*, his partiality would have nothing to correct it, as that of the person judged hath, by the very terms. Therefore some *test* is necessary; and the best, and most unexceptionable, is his having written well himself; an approved remedy against *Critical partiality*; and the surest

NOTES.

which was published without his name, May 1711, about the same time with Fenton's Epistle to Southerne; and did not, as Lewis the bookseller told me, sell at first, till our Author sent copies, as presents, to several eminent persons.

It is said, very sensibly, by La Bruyere, "I will allow that good writers are scarce enough; but then I ask, where are the people that know to read and judge? An union of these qualities, which are seldom found in the same person, seem to be indispensably necessary to form an able critic; he ought to possess strong good sense, lively imagination, and exquisite sensibility. And of these three qualities, the last is the most important; since, after all that can be said on the utility or necessity of rules and precepts, it must be confessed, that the merit of all works of genius must be determined by taste and sentiment. "Why do you so much admire the Helen of Zeuxis?" said one to Nicostatus; "You would not wonder why I so much admired it (replied the painter), if you had my eyes." WARTON.

VER. 15. *Let such teach others*] "Qui scribit artificiose, ab aliis commode scripta facile intelligere poterit." Cic. ad Herenn. lib. iv. "De pictore, sculptore, fictore, nisi artifex, judicare non potest." Pliny.

POPE.
It

Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind : 20
Nature

COMMENTARY.

surest means of so maturing the Judgment, as to reap with glory what *Longinus* calls “ the last and most perfect fruits of much study and experience.” Η ΓΑΡ ΤΩΝ ΛΟΓΩΝ ΚΡΙΣΙΣ ΠΟΛΛΗΣ ΕΣΤΙ ΠΕΙΡΑΣ ΤΕΛΕΥΤΑΙΟΝ ΕΠΙΓΕΝΝΗΜΑ. WARBURTON.

VER. 19. *Yet if we look, &c.*] But the Author having been thus free with the fundamental quality of Criticism, *Judgment*, so
as

NOTES.

It is remarked by Dryden, I think, that none but a poet is qualified to judge of a poet. The maxim is however contradicted by experience. But although such as have actually performed nothing in the art itself, may not, on that account, be totally disqualified to judge with accuracy of any piece of workmanship, yet, perhaps, a judgment will come with more authority and force from an artist himself. Hence the connoisseurs highly prize the treatise of Rubens concerning the Imitation of Antique Statues, the Art of Painting by Leonardo da Vinci, and the Lives of the Painters by Vasari. As, for the same reasons, Rameau's Dissertation on The Thorough Bass; and The Introduction to a Good Taste in Music, by the excellent, but neglected, Geminiani, demand a particular regard. The prefaces of Dryden would be equally valuable, if he did not so frequently contradict himself, and advance opinions diametrically opposite to each other. Some of Corneille's discourses on his own tragedies are admirably just. And one of the best pieces of modern criticism, The Academ'sy Observations on the Cid, was, we know, the work of persons who had themselves written well. And our Author's own excellent preface to his translation of the Iliad, one of the best pieces of prose in the English language, is an example how well poets are qualified to be critics. WARTON.

To these may be added Burney's History, and Criticisms, on Music; and Sir Joshua Reynold's excellent Discourses on Painting.

Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd :
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.

25

In

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 25 and 26 were these lines, since omitted by the author.

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,
 Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong.
 Tutors, like Virtuoso's, oft inclined
 By strange transfusion to improve the mind,
 Draw off the sense we have, to pour in new;
 Which yet, with all their skill, they ne'er could do. POPE.

COMMENTARY.

as to charge it with *inconstancy* and *partiality*, and to be often warped by *custom* and *affection*; that he may not be misunderstood, he next explains [from ver. 18 to 36.] the nature of *Judgment*, and the accidents occasioning those miscarriages before objected to. He owns, that the *seeds* of *Judgment* are indeed sown in the minds of most men, but by ill culture, as it springs up, it generally runs wild.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 20. *Most have the seeds*] “ Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus, ac rationibus recta et prava disjudicant.” Cic. de Orat. lib. iii. POPE.

VER. 25. *So by false learning*] “ Plus sine doctrina prudentia, quam sine prudentia valet doctrina.” Quint. POPE.

Most of the observations in this essay are just, and certainly evince good sense, an extent of reading, and powers of comparison, considering the age of the Author, extraordinary. Johnson's praise, however, is exaggerated.

In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn Critics in their own defence :
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write, 30
 Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's spite.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spight,
 There are, who judge still worse than he can write.
 Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past, 36
 Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
 Some

COMMENTARY.

VER. 36. *Some have at first for Wits, &c.*] The poet having enumerated, in this account of the nature of *Judgment* and its various depravations, the several sorts of *bad critics*, and ranked them into two general Classes; as the first sort, namely the men spoiled by *false learning*, are but few in comparison of the other, and likewise come less within his main view (which is *poetical Criticism*), but keep groveling at the bottom amongst *words* and *syllables*, he thought it enough for his purpose here, just to have mentioned them, proposing to do them right hereafter. But the men spoiled by *false taste* are innumerable; and these are his proper concern: He therefore [from ver. 35 to 46.] sub-divides them again into two classes of the *volatile* and *heavy*: He describes, in few words, the quick progression of one through Criticism, from false wit, to plain folly, where they end; and the fixed station of the other between the confines of both; who, under the name of *Witlings*, have neither end nor measure. A kind of half-formed creature from the equivocal generation of *vivacity* and *dulness*, like those on the banks of the *Nile*, from *heat* and *mud*.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 28. *In search of wit these lose their common sense,*] This observation is extremely just. *Search of Wit* is not only the occasion, but the efficient cause of the loss of *common sense*. For

Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd wittings, num'rous in our isle, 40
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal:
 To tell 'em would an hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45
 But you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a Critic's noble name,

Be

COMMENTARY.

VER. 46. *But you who seek, &c.*] Our Author having thus far, by way of INTRODUCTION, explained the nature, use, and abuse of *Criticism*, in a figurative description of the qualities and characters of *Critics*, proceeds now to deliver the precepts of the art. The first of which [from ver. 45 to 68.] is, that he who sets up for a Critic should previously examine his own strength, and see how far he is qualified for the exercise of his profession.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

Wit consisting in chusing out, and setting together such Ideas from whose assemblage pleasant pictures may be drawn on the Fancy; the *Judgment*, through an habitual search of Wit, loses, by degrees, its faculty of seeing the true relation of things; in which consists the exercise of *common sense*. WARBURTON.

VER. 38. *Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,*] These lines, and those preceding and following them, are excellently satirical; and are, I think, the first we find in Pope's works, that give an indication of that species of poetry to which his talent was most powerfully bent. The simile of the mule heightens the satire, and is new; as is the application of the insects
 of

Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go ;
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
 And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains ; 55
 Thus in the Soul while memory prevails,
 The solid pow'r of understanding fails ;

Where

NOTES.

of the Nile. Pope never shines so brightly as when he is proscribing bad authors.

“ The Nile (says Fenton on Waller) has been as fruitful of English similes as the sun ; from both which it would be as severe to restrain a young poet, as forbidding the use of fire and water was esteemed among the Romans.” WARTON.

VER. 56. *Thus in the Soul*] The beauty of imagery in these lines should not make us blind to the want of justness in the thought. To represent strength of memory as incompatible with solidity of understanding, is so obviously contrary to fact, that I presume the author had in his eye only the case of extraordinary memory for names, dates, and things, which offer no ideas to the mind ; which has, indeed, been often displayed in great perfection by mere idiots. For, it is difficult to conceive how the faculty of judgment, which consists in the comparison of different ideas, can at all be exercised without the power of storing up ideas in the mind, and calling them forth when required. From the second couplet, apparently meant to be the converse of the first, one would suppose that he consulted the understanding and the imagination as the same faculty, else the counterpart is defective. Further, so far is it from being true that imagination obliterates the figures of memory, that the circumstance which causes a thing to be remembered is principally its being associated with other

Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.
 One science only will one genius fit;
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit:

Not

NOTES.

other ideas, by the agency of the imagination. If the poet only meant, that those ideas about which imagination is occupied, are apt to exclude ideas of a different kind, the remark is true, but it should have been differently expressed. WARTON.

VER. 6c 1, *One science only will one genius fit;*] When Tully attempted poetry, he became as ridiculous as Bolingbroke when he attempted philosophy and divinity. We look in vain for that genius which produced *The Dissertation on Parties*, in his tedious philosophical works; of which it is no exaggerated satire to say, that the reasoning of them is sophistical and inconclusive, the style diffuse and verbose, and the learning seemingly contained in them not drawn from the originals, but picked up and purloined from French critics and translations; and particularly from Bayle, Rapin, and Thomassin (as perhaps may be one day minutely shewn), together with the assistances which our Cudworth and Stanley happily afforded a writer confessedly ignorant of the Greek tongue, who has yet the insufferable arrogance to vilify and censure, and to think he can confute, the best writers in that best language.

When Fontaine, whose *Tales* indicated a truly comic genius, brought a comedy on the stage, it was received with a contempt equally unexpected and deserved. Terence has left us no tragedy; and the *Mourning Bride* of Congreve, notwithstanding the praises bestowed on it by Pope, in the *Dunciad*, is certainly a despicable performance; the plot is unnaturally intricate, and overcharged with incidents, the sentiments trite, and the language turgid and bombast. *The Biter* of Rowe is wretched. Heemskirk and Teniers could not succeed in a serious and sublime subject of history painting. The latter, it is well known, designed cartoons for tapestry, representing the history of the Turriani of Lombardy. Both the composition and the expression are extremely indifferent; and cer-
 tain

Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more : 65
 Each might his sev'ral province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same :

Unerring

COMMENTARY.

VER. 68. *First follow Nature, &c.*] The Critic observing the directions before given, and now finding himself qualified for his office,

NOTES.

tain nicer virtuosi have remarked, that in the serious pieces of Titian himself, even in one of his Last Suppers, a circumstance of the ridiculous and the familiar is introduced, which suits not with the dignity of his subject. Hogarth's Sigismunda disgraced his pencil.

The modesty and good sense of the ancients is, in this particular, as in others, remarkable. The same writer never presumed to undertake more than one kind of dramatic poetry, if we except the Cyclops of Euripides. A poet never presumed to plead in public, or to write history, or indeed any considerable work in prose. The same actors never recited tragedy and comedy : this was observed long ago, by Plato, in the third book of his Republic. They seem to have held that diversity, nay universality, of excellence, at which the moderns frequently aim, to be a gift unattainable by man. We therefore, of Great Britain, have, perhaps, more reason to congratulate ourselves, on two great phenomena ; I mean Shakespear's being able to pourtray characters so very different as Falstaff and Macbeth ; and Garrick's being able to personate so inimitably a Lear, or an Abel Drugger.

WARTON.

VER. 68, *First follow Nature, &c.*] It is not so easy to define what is Nature, or what " her just standard."

Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright, 70
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides;
 Works without show, and without pomp presides:
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul 76
 With spirits feeds, with vigor fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
 Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse, 80
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use;

For

COMMENTARY.

office, is shewn next, *how* to exercise it. And as he was to attend *an* to Nature for a *Call*, so he is first and principally to follow Nature when *called*.
 WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 80. *Some, to whom Heav'n, &c.*] Here the Poet (in a sense he was not, at first, aware of) has given an example of the truth of his observation, in the observation itself. The two lines stood originally thus:

“ There are whom Heav'n has blest with store of Wit,
 Yet want as much again to manage it.”

In the first line, *wit* is used, in the modern sense, for the effort of Fancy; in the second line it is used, in the ancient sense, for the result of Judgment. This trick, play'd the Reader, he endeavoured to keep out of sight, by altering the lines as they now stand,

“ Some, to whom Heav'n in Wit has been profuse,
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use.”

For the words, *to manage it*, as the lines were at first, too plainly discovered the change put upon the Reader, in the use of the

word

For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed; 85
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
 Shews most true mettle when you check his course.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd;

Nature,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 88. *Those RULES of old, &c.*] Having thus, in his first precept, *to follow Nature*, settled Criticism on its true foundation; he proceeds to shew, what assistance may be had from *Art*. But, lest this should be thought to draw the Critic from the ground where our Poet had fixed him, he previously observes [from ver. 87 to 92.] that these *Rules of Art*, which he is now about

NOTES.

word, *wit*. This is now a little covered by the latter expression of—*turn it to its use*. But then the alteration, in the preceding line, from—*store of wit*, to *profuse*, was an unlucky change. For though he who has *store of wit* may want more, yet he to whom it was given in *profusion* could hardly be said to want more. The truth is, the Poet had said a lively thing, and would, at all hazards, preserve the reputation of it, though the very topic he is upon obliged him to detect the imposition, in the very next lines, which shew he meant two very different things, by the same term, in the two preceding,

“ For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.”

WARBURTON.

VER. 88. *Those RULES of old, &c.*] Cicero has, best of any one I know, explained what that thing is which reduces the wild and scattered parts of human knowledge into *arts*—“ Nihil est quod
 ad

Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd 90
 By the same Laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear

COMMENTARY.

about to recommend to the Critic's observance, were not *invented* by abstract speculation, but *discovered* in the book of Nature; and that therefore, though they may seem to restrain *Nature* by *Laws*, yet as they are Laws of her own making, the Critic is still properly in the very liberty of Nature. These Rules the ancient Critics borrowed from the Poets, who received them immediately from *Nature*.

“ Just Precepts thus from great Examples giv'n,
 These drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.”
 so that both are to be well studied. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

ad artem redigi possit, nisi ille prius, qui illa tenet, quorum artem instituere vult, habeat illam scientiam, ut ex iis rebus, quarum ars nondum sit, artem efficere possit.—Omnia fere, quæ sunt conclusa nunc artibus, dispersa et dissipata quondam fuerunt, ut in Musicis, &c. Adhibita est igitur ars quædam extrinsecus ex alio genere quodam, quod sibi totum PHILOSOPHI assument, quæ rem dissolutam divulsamque conglutinet, et ratione quadam constringeret.”
 De Orat. l. i. c. 41, 2. WARBURTON.

The precepts of the art of poetry were posterior to practice; the rules of the Epopea were all drawn from the Iliad, and the Odyssey; and of Tragedy, from the Oedipus of Sophocles. A petulant rejection, and an implicit veneration, of the rules of the ancient critics, are equally destructive of true taste. “It ought to be the first endeavour of a writer (says the Rambler, N^o 156.) to distinguish nature from custom; or that which is established because it is right, from that which is right only because it is established; that he may neither violate essential principles by a desire of novelty, nor debar himself from the attainment of any beauties within his view, by a needless fear of breaking rules, which no literary dictator had authority to prescribe.”

This liberal and manly censure of critical bigotry, extends not to those fundamental and indispensable rules, which nature and necessity

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights :
High

COMMENTARY.

VER. 92. *Hear how learn'd Greece, &c.*] He speaks of the ancient Critics first, and with great judgment, as the previous knowledge of them is necessary for reading the Poets, with that fruit which the end here proposed requires. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

necessity dictate, and demand to be observed ; such, for instance, as in the higher kinds of poetry, that the action of the epopea, be one, great, and entire : that the hero be eminently distinguished, move our concern, and deeply interest us ; that the episodes arise easily out of the main fable ; and the action commence as near the catastrophe as possible ; and, in the drama, that no more events be crowded together, than can be justly supposed to happen during the time of representation, or to be transacted on one individual spot, and the like. But the absurdity here animadverted on, is the scrupulous nicety of those who bind themselves to obey frivolous and unimportant laws ; such as, that an epic poem should consist not of less than twelve books ; that it should end fortunately ; that in the first book there should be no simile ; that the exordium should be very simple and unadorned ; that in a tragedy, only three personages should appear at once upon the stage ; and that every tragedy should consist of five acts ; by the rigid observation of which last unnecessary precept, the poet is deprived of using many a moving story, that would furnish matter enough for three perhaps, but not for five acts : with other rules of the like indifferent nature.

It has become a fashionable attempt of late, to censure and decry an obedience to the rules laid down by ancient critics ; while one party loudly and frequently exclaim,

— Vos exemplaria Græca

Nocturnâ versate manû, versate diurnâ ;

Another instantly answers,

— O imitatores servum pecus !

WARTON.

High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod; 95
 Held

NOTES.

No rules can give nature and genius, which without rules will always produce what is interesting.—Aristotle's observations on the *change of fortune*, the *discovery*, &c. in the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, are very sensible and judicious; but it is not necessary that every drama should conform to the model of Oedipus. Those who talk so much of the strict laws of the drama, seem to think we must not be interested, unless it be "*secundum artem*!"

There is a circumstance mentioned in the notes to Boileau's Art of Poetry, that appears to me to come nearer to the point, than the long dissertations which Dr. Warton has extracted on this occasion.

"La Menardiere avoit fait une tragedie intitulee Alinde, qu'il cite souvent dans sa Poétique. Cette tragedie, composée suivant toute la rigueur des règles, eut pourtant le malheur de n'être point goûtée du public. Quelqu'un se servit un jour de cet exemple pour prouver à M. Despreaux que les règles étoient inutiles pour bien composer; puisque M. de la Menardiere, qui les avoit suivies *fort exactement* n'avoit pourtant pas réussi dans sa tragedie. Mais Mr. Despreaux repondit, qu'il ne s'étonnoit pas du peu succès de cette pièce, parceque l'auteur avoit manqué à la premiere et la plus essentielle des règles, qui est d'avoir le genie de la poesie. Boileau, vol. i. page 7.

VER. 92. *Hear how learn'd Greece*] In the second part of Shaftesbury's Advice to an Author, is a judicious and elegant account of the rise and progress of arts and sciences in ancient Greece; to subjects of which sort it were to be wished this author had always confined himself, as he indisputably understood them well, rather than have blemished and belied his patriotism, by writing against the religion of his country.

I shall give the reader a passage that relates to the origin of criticism, which is curious and just. "When the persuasive arts, which were necessary to be cultivated among a people that were to be convinced before they acted, were grown thus in repute; and the power of moving the affections had become the study and emulation of the forward wits and aspiring geniuses of the times;

Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize, 96
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
 The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire, 100
 And taught the world with reason to admire.
 Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd :
 But

NOTES.

it would necessarily happen, that many geniuses of equal size and strength, though less covetous of public applause, of power, or of influence over mankind, would content themselves with the contemplation, merely, of these enchanting arts. These they would the better enjoy, the more they refined their taste and cultivated their ear. Hence was the origin of Critics; who, as arts and sciences advanced, would necessarily come withal into repute; and being heard with satisfaction in their turn, were at length tempted to become authors, and appear in public. These were honoured with the name of Sophists; a character which in early times was highly respected. Nor did the gravest philosophers, who were censors of manners, and critics of a higher degree, disdain to exert their criticism on the inferior arts; especially in those relating to speech, and the power of argument and persuasion. When such a race as this was once risen, it was no longer possible to impose on mankind, by what was specious and pretending. The public would be paid in no false wit, or jingling eloquence. Where the learned critics were so well received, and philosophers themselves disdained not to be of the number, there could not fail to arise critics of an inferior order, who would subdivide the several provinces of this empire." *Characteristicks*, vol. i. 12mo. p. 163. WARTON.

VER. 98. *Just precepts*] "Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam præciperentur; mox ea scriptores observata et collecta ediderunt." Quintil. POPE.

VER. 103. *To dress her charms,*] What a dreadful picture has Swift drawn of the evil demon of criticism.

But following wits from that intention stray'd, 104
 Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid ;
 Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
 By Doctors' bills to play the Doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil so much as they.

Some

NOTES.

" Momus fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla ; there Momus found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age ; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There, was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and headstrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat ; her head, and ears, and voice, resembled those of an ass ; her teeth fallen out before ; her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself ; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall ; her spleen was so large, as to stand prominent like a dug of the first rate, nor wanted excrescences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking ; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen increased faster than the sucking could diminish it." *Tale of a Tub*, p. 200. WARTON.

VER. 112. *Some on the leaves*] He has too frequently expressed an idle contempt of the Heinſius's, Burmanns, Gronovius's, Reiskius's,

Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made. 115
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would
steer,

Know well each ANCIENT's proper character ;

His

COMMENTARY.

VER. 118. *You then whose judgment, &c.*] He comes next to the *ancient Poets*, the other and more intimate commentators of Nature ; and shews [from ver. 117 to 141.] that the study of these must indispensibly follow that of the *ancient Critics*, as they furnish

NOTES.

Reiskius's, Marklands, and Gesners ; and other searchers into various readings, who have done so much towards settling the texts of ancient authors. WARTON.

VER. 115. *Write dull*] Perhaps he glanced at Bossu's famous Treatise on Epic Poetry ; which may have been too much praised. D'Aubignac, under the patronage of Richlieu, wrote a treatise on the drama ; and Mambrun on the *épopée* ; but the tragedy of the one, and the *Constantine*, an epic poem, of the other, were despicable performances, which induced the great Condé to say, "*Je sçais bon gré, à l'Abbé D'Aubignac d'avoir suivi les règles d'Aristote, mais je ne pardonne pas aux règles d'Aristote d'avoir fait faire une si mauvaise tragedie à l'Abbé D'Aubignac.*" WARTON.

VER. 119. *Know well each ANCIENT's proper character ;*] When Perault impotently attempted to ridicule the first stanza of the first Olympic of Pindar, he was ignorant that the poet, in beginning with the praises of water, alluded to the philosophy of Thales, who taught, that water was the principle of all things ; and which philosophy, Empedocles the Sicilian, a cotemporary of Pindar, and a subject of Hiero, to whom Pindar wrote, had adopted in his beautiful poem. Homer and the Greek tragedians have

His Fable, Subject, scope in ev'ry page ;

120

Religion, Country, genius of his Age :

Without

COMMENTARY.

furnish us with what the Critics, who only give us *general Rules*, cannot supply ; while the study of a great original Poet, in

“ His Fable, Subject, scope in ev'ry page ;

“ Religion, Country, genius of his Age,”

will help us to those *particular Rules* which only can conduct us safely through every considerable work we undertake to examine ; and, without which, we may cavil indeed, as the Poet truly observes, but can never *criticize*. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

have been likewise censured, the former for protracting the Iliad after the death of Hector ; and the latter, for continuing the Ajax and Phœnissæ, after the deaths of their respective heroes. But the censurers did not consider the importance of burial among the ancients ; and that the action of the Iliad would have been imperfect without a description of the funeral rites of Hector and Patroclus ; as the two tragedies, without those of Poly-nices and Eteocles ; for the ancients esteemed a deprivation of sepulture to be a more severe calamity than death itself. It is observable, that this circumstance did not occur to Pope, when he endeavoured to justify this conduct of Homer, by only saying, that as the anger of Achilles does not die with Hector, but persecutes his very remains, the poet still keeps up to his subject, by describing the many effects of his anger, till it is fully satisfied ; and that for this reason, the two last books of the Iliad may be thought not to be excrescences, but essential to the poem. I will only add, that I do not know an author whose capital excellence suffers more from the reader's not regarding his climate and country, than the incomparable Cervantes. WARTON.

Dr. Warton concludes that, to have a *perfect relish* for Cervantes, we ought to bear in mind, “ that *madness is a common disorder* in Spain, at a certain time of life ;” and he quotes Thuanus, who

Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticize.
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night; 125
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims
 bring,
 And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse; 128
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When

VARIATIONS.

VER. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticize.*] The author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions :

Zoilus, had these been known, without a Name
 Had dy'd, and Perault ne'er been damn'd to fame;
 The sense of sound Antiquity had reign'd,
 And sacred Homer yet been unprophan'd.
 None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
 To modern customs, modern rules confin'd;
 Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.

POPS. }

NOTES.

who has these words : “ Sur la fin de ses jours il devint furieux comme font d'ordinaire les Espagnols ! ” Surely the candid Critic and the venerable Historian here go too far.

VER. 128. *Still with itself compar'd, &c.*] Although perhaps it may seem impossible to produce any new observations on Homer and Virgil, after so many volumes of criticism as have been spent upon them, yet the following remarks have a novelty and penetration in them that may entertain; especially, as the little treatise from which they are taken is extremely scarce.

“ Quæ variæ inter se notæ atque imagines animorum, a principibus utriusque populi poetis, Homero et Virgilio, mirificè exprimuntur,

When first young Maro in his boundless mind
 A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd, 131
 Perhaps

VARIATIONS.

VER. 130.]

When first young Maro sung of Kings and Wars,
 Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears.

NOTES.

muntur. Siquidem Homeri duces et reges rapacitate, libidine, atque anilibus questibus, lacrymisque puerilibus, Græcam levitatem et inconstantiam referunt. Virgiliani vero principes, ab eximio poeta, qui Romanæ severitatis fastidium, et Latinum supercilium verebatur, et ad heroum populum loquebatur, ita componuntur ad majestatem consularem ut quamvis ab Asiatica mollitie luxuque venerint, inter Furios atque Claudios nati educatique videantur. Neque suam, ullo actu, Æneas originem prodidisset, nisi, a præfatiore aliquanto pietate, fudisset crebro copiam lacrymarum. Qua meliorem expressione morum hac ætate, non modo Virgilius Latinorum poetarum princeps, sed quivis inflatissimus vernaculorum, Homero præfertur: cum hic animos proceribus inducit suos, ille vero alienos. Quamobrem varietas morum, qui carmine reddebantur, et hominum ad quos ea dirigebantur, inter Latinam Græcamque poësin, non inventionis tantum attulit, sed et elocutionis discrimen illud, quod præcipue inter Homerum et Virgilium deprehenditur; cum sententias et ornamenta quæ Homerus sparserat, Virgilius, Romanarum aurium causa, contraxerit; atque ad mores et ingenia retulerit eorum, qui a poësi non petebant publicam aut privatam institutionem, quam ipsi Marte suo invenerant; sed tantum delectionem*.” Blackwell, in his excellent Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, has taken many observations from this valuable book, particularly in his twelfth section. WARTON.

VER. 130. *When first young Maro, &c.*] Virg. Eclog. vi.

“Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem
 Vellit.”

It

* J. Vincentii Gravinæ de Poësi, ad S. Maffeianno Epist. added to his treatise intitled Della Ragion Poetica. In Napoli, 1716, page 239. 250.

Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountain scorn'd to draw :

But

NOTES.

It is a tradition preserved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs; which he found above his years, and descended first to imitate Theocritus on rural subjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in Heroic poetry.

POPE.

“ That Virgil, not only in his general plan, but in most of the subordinate parts, was a close copyist of Homer, is undeniable, whatever be thought of the supposition that he set out with a design of drawing from the sources of nature, and was diverted from it by the discovery that “ Nature and Homer were the same.” The modern idolatry of Shakespear has elevated him to the same degree of authority among us; and critics have not been wanting, who have confidently drawn from his characters the proofs and illustrations of their theories on the human mind. But what can be more unworthy of the true critic and philosopher, than such an implicit reliance on any man, how exalted soever his genius, especially on those who lived in the infancy of their art? If an epic poem be a representation of nature in a course of heroic action, it must be susceptible of as much variety as nature herself: and surely it is more desirable that a poet of original genius should give full scope to his inventive powers, under the restriction of such laws only as are founded on nature, than that he should fetter himself with rules derived from the practice of a predecessor. When Pope praises the ancient rules for composition, on the ground that they were “ discovered not devised,” and were only “ nature methodized,” he gives a just notion of what they ought to be. But when he supposes Virgil to have properly “ checked in his bold design of drawing from Nature's fountains,” and in consequence, to have confined his work within rules as strict,

“ As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line;”
how can he avoid the force of his own ridicule, where a little further, in this very piece, he laughs at Dennis for

“ Concluding all were desp'rate fots and fools
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules?”

But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same. 135
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design :
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagyrte o'erlook'd each line.
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem ;
 To copy nature is to copy them. 140
 Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.

Music

COMMENTARY.

VER. 141. *Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare, &c.*] Our author, in these two general directions for studying *Nature* and her *Commentators*, having considered Poetry as it is, or may be reduced to *Rule*; lest this should be mistaken as sufficient to attain PERFECTION either in *writing* or *judging*, he proceeds [from ver.

NOTES.

Such are the inconsistencies of a writer who sometimes utters notions derived from reading and education; sometimes the suggestions of native good sense!" Dr. Aikin's Letters to his Son.

VER. 134. *But when t' examine, &c.*] It is astonishing, considering the great care with which this Essay is written, that Pope suffered such a line to remain.

VER. 138. *As if the Stagyrte*] According to a fine precept in the fourteenth section of Longinus, who exhorts us, when we aim at any thing elevated and sublime, to ask ourselves while we are composing, "how would Homer, or Plato, or Demosthenes, have exerted and expressed themselves on this subject? And still more, if we should continue to ask ourselves; what would Homer or Demosthenes, if they had been present, and had heard this passage, have thought of it, and how would they have been affected by it?"

WARTON.

VER. 141. *Some beauties yet no Precepts*] Pope in this passage seems to have remembered one of the essays of Bacon, of which he is known to have been remarkably fond. "There is no excellent

Music resembles Poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach. 145

}
If

COMMENTARY.

ver. 140 to 201.] to point up to those *sublimier* beauties which *Rules* will never reach, nor enable us either to *execute* or *taste*: beauties, which rise so high above all precept as not even to be *described* by it, but being entirely the gift of Heaven, Art and Reason have no further share in them than just to regulate their operations.
WARBURTON.

NOTES.

lent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. A man cannot tell whether Apelles, or Albert Durer, were the more trifler: whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions; the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces to make one excellent. Such personages, I think, would please nobody but the painter that made them. Not but I think, a painter may make a better face than ever was; but he must do it by a kind of felicity, as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music, and not by rule. A man shall see faces, that if you examine them, part by part, you shall find never a good one; and yet altogether do well."

"Non ratione aliquâ (says Quintilian finely) sed motu nescio an inerrabili judicatur. Neque ab hoc ullo satis explicari puto, licet multi tentaverint." Quintil. Inst. L. vi. In short, in poetry, we must judge by taste and sentiment, not by rules and reasoning. Different theories of philosophy, and different systems of theology, are maintained and exploded in different ages; but true and genuine pictures of nature and passion, are not subject to such revolutions and changes. The doctrines of Plato, Epicurus, and Zeno; of Descartes, Hobbes, and Malebranche, and Gassendi, yield in succession to each other; but Homer, Sophocles, Terence, and Virgil, being felt and relished by all men, still retain and preserve, unaltered and undisputed, admiration and applause.

WARTON.

VER. 143. *Music resembles Poetry, &c.*] Dr. Warton has remarked on this passage, that he had been informed by one of the
best

If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end,)
 Some lucky Licence answer to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
 Thus Pegafus, a nearer way to take,
 May boldly deviate from the common track.
 Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend ;

150

From

COMMENTARY.

VER. 152. *Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend, &c*] He describes next the *second sort*, the beauties *against rule*. And even here, as he observes [from ver. 151 to 161.], the offence is so glorious, and the fault so sublime, that the *true Critic* will not dare either to censure or reform them. Yet still the *Poet* is never to abandon himself to his imagination.

WARBURTON.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 152. *gloriously offend,*] Dryden's Aurengzebe :
 " Mean soul, and dar'st not *gloriously offend* !"

STEVENS.

NOTES.

best musicians of the age, that this observation was not accurate, nor agreeable to the rules of the art of music. It is not true, if applied to the rules of *harmonic combinations*, yet the *analogy* between the two arts, which Pope intended to illustrate in the lines before us, is accurate. The most scientific musician will never learn by rule to introduce those inimitable touches which are to be found in many of the oldest and most artless *melodies*. These can be derived from nature alone, nor will the study of the poetical art *infuse into the soul* that spirit which alone can dictate its happiest efforts. But it is true of both sciences that a *master-hand*, that is, the hand of one who combines science, with genius, can alone reach that height of perfection which is to be obtained by directing the effusions of nature, and reducing them within those rules which are founded on invariable principles.

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, 155
 Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.
 In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise, }
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
 But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade, 161
 (As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made,)
 Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its End;
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need; 165
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know

NOTES.

VER. 146. *If, where the rules, &c.*] “Neque enim rogationibus plebisve scitis sancta sunt ista præcepta, sed hoc, quicquid est, Utilitas excogitavit. Non negabo autem sic utile esse plerumque; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit Utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum auctoritatibus, sequemur.” Quintil. lib. ii. cap. 13. POPE.

VER. 158. *In prospects thus, &c.*] This allusion to the picturesque is perhaps inaccurate. The *shapeless rock* and *hanging precipice* do not rise *out of nature's* common order; and the observation is not just, because these objects are characteristic of some of the features of *nature*; of those especially that are picturesque. The fault lies in the word *nature*. If he had said, that amid cultivated scenery we are pleased and struck with a hanging rock or precipice, the allusion would have been accurate. We ought not, however, to scan a poetical essay so minutely, when the general meaning is sufficiently obvious.

VER. 161.] *Their* means *their own*.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults. 170
 Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
 Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display 175
 His pow'rs, in equal ranks, and fair array,
 But

COMMENTARY.

VER. 169. *I know there are, &c.*] But as some modern Critics have pretended to say, that this last reason is only justifying one fault by another, our author goes on [from ver. 168 to 181.] to vindicate the Ancients; and to shew that this presumptuous thought, as he calls it, proceeds from mere Ignorance.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 175. *A prudent chief, &c.*] Οἷόν τι ποιῶσιν ἐν Φρόνιμοι στρατηλάται καὶ αἱ τάξεις τῶν στρατευμάτων.—Dion. Hal. De Struct. Ora.

POPE.

VER. 175. *A prudent chief, &c.*] Dr. Warton has introduced a quotation from a work of Avison on musical expression, as illustrative of the principle contained in these lines, in which Avison says, “that inequality makes a part of the character of excellence, and that something ought to be thrown into shades, in order to make the lights more striking.” And in that respect he adds that Marcello the composer was truly excellent; “if ever he seems to fall, it is to rise with more astonishing majesty and greatness.” This cannot be denied, yet it would be too much in laying down Rules to be observed by Poets or Musicians, to recommend introducing trivial or dull passages, to enhance the merit of those in which the whole effort of genius might be employed. In music as well as in poetry, variety and contrasts are necessary, and it is impossible that all parts should be equally excellent; *Relief* is however effected most strikingly by judicious transition. Handel, that great master of music, has attended to this [principle

But with th' occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
 Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

180

Still

NOTES.

principle in many of his best works; though it cannot but be said of him, as might be expected in so voluminous a composer, that his genius has sometimes slept, and that the praise given by Avison to Marcello might be attributed to him in several of his oratorios. But in that of Israel in Egypt, the effect of contrast, undoubtedly designed, is peculiarly striking, in the succession of Chorusses expressive of the Plagues. Every unlearned as well as learned hearer will be sensible of this, in attending to the sublimity and grandeur of the Chorus *He gave them Hail-stones for Rain*, followed by the gloomy continued solemnity of the accompaniments, and the abrupt simplicity of the voice-parts in *He sent a thick Darkness*; which is immediately succeeded by the beautiful and light yet melancholy melody of *He smote all the first-born*, and *He led them forth like sheep*. Another amongst many instances of the same kind of contrast may be observed in two successive Chorusses in *Deborah*; one beginning *O Baal, Monarch of the Skies*, expressive of the noisy exultations of the followers of that God; the other, *Lord of Eternity*, characteristic of the pious and solemn worship of the true believers.

VER. 178. *Conceal, &c.*]

——— “Far the greatest part
 Of what some call neglect, is study'd art.
 When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,
 'Tis but a warning piece which gives the sign
 To wake your fancy, and prepare your fight
 To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.”

ROSCOMMON.

VER. 180. *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.*] “*Modeste, et circumspetto judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum est, ne (quod plerisque accidit) damnent quod non intelligunt. Ac si necesse est in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa displicere maluerim.*” Quint. POPE.

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands ;

Secure

NOTES.

VER. 181. *each ancient Altar*] “ All the inventions and thoughts of the ancients, whether conveyed to us in statues, bas-reliefs, intaglio’s, cameo’s, or coins, are to be sought after, and carefully studied. The genius that hovers over these venerable reliques, may be called the Father of Modern Art.

“ From the remains of the works of the antients the modern arts were revived, and it is by their means that they must be restored a second time. However it may mortify our vanity, we must be forced to allow them our masters ; and we may venture to prophesy, that when they shall cease to be studied, arts will no longer flourish, and we shall again relapse into barbarism.

“ The fire of the artist’s own genius operating upon these materials, which have been thus diligently collected, will enable him to make new combinations, perhaps superior to what had ever before been in the possession of the art. As in the mixture of the variety of metals, which are said to have been melted and run together in the burning of Corinth, a new, and till then unknown, metal was produced, equal in value to any of those that had contributed to its composition. And though a curious refiner may come with his crucibles, analyse and separate its various component parts, yet Corinthian brass would still hold its rank amongst the most beautiful and valuable of metals.

“ We have hitherto considered the advantages of imitation, as it tends to form the taste, and as a practice by which a spark of that genius may be caught, which illumines these noble works, that ought always to be present to our thoughts.

“ We come now to speak of another kind of imitation ; the borrowing a particular thought, an action, attitude, or figure, and transplanting it into your own work ; this will either come under the charge of plagiarism, or be warrantable, and deserve commendation, according to the address with which it is performed. There is some difference likewise whether it is upon the ancients or the moderns that these depredations are made. It is generally allowed, that no man need be ashamed of copying the ancients ; their works are considered as a magazine of common property,

Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
 See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
 Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring! 186
 In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
 And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
 Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise! 190
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 O may some spark of your celestial fire, 195
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes,)
 To teach vain Wits a science little known,
 T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own! 200
 Of

NOTES.

property, always open to the Public, whence every man has a right to what materials he pleases; and if he has the art of using them, they are supposed to become, to all intents and purposes, his own property.

“ The collection which Raffaele made of the thoughts of the ancients with so much trouble, is a proof of his opinion on this subject. Such collections may be made with much more ease, by means of an art scarce known in his time, I mean that of engraving; by which, at an easy rate, every man may avail himself of the inventions of antiquity.” Reynold's Discourses.

VER. 184. *all-involving Age.*] In his epistle to Addison Pope has “all-devouring Age,” but the epithet here is more original and striking, and admirably suited to the subject. This shews a nice discrimination. “All-involving” would be as improper in the Essay on Medals, as all-devouring would be in this place.

II.

OF all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd, 205
 She gives in large recruits of needful *Pride* ;
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind :
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty Void of sense. 210

If

COMMENTARY.

VER. 200. *T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own !*] This line concludes the first division of the Poem ; in which we see the subject of the first and second part, and likewise the connexion they have with one another. It serves likewise to introduce the second. WARBURTON.

VER. 201. *Of all the causes, &c.*] Having, in the first part, delivered *Rules for perfecting the Art of Criticism*, the second is employed in explaining the Impediments to it.

The first cause of wrong Judgment is *PRIDE*. He judiciously begins with this, [from ver 200 to 215.] as on other accounts so on this, that it is the very thing which gives modern Criticism its character ; whose complexion is *abuse* and *censure*.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 206. *She gives in large recruits of needful Pride ;*] So in the Essay on Man :

“ And each vacuity of sense by *Pride*.”

VER. 209. *Pride, where Wit fails, steps into our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty Void of sense.*]

A very sensible French writer makes the following remark on this species of *Pride* : “ Un homme qui sçait plusieurs Langues, qui entend les Auteurs Grecs et Latins, qui s'eleve même jusqu'à
la

If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing; 215
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:

There

COMMENTARY.

VER. 216. *Drink deep, &c.*] *Nature* and *Learning* are the pole-stars of all true Criticism: But *Pride* obstructs the view of *Nature*; and a *smattering of letters* makes us insensible of our ignorance. To avoid this ridiculous situation, the Poet [from ver. 214 to 233.] advises either to drink deep, or not to drink at all; for the least sip at this fountain is enough to make a bad Critic, while even a moderate draught can never make a good one. And yet the labours and difficulties of *drinking deep* are so great that a young author, “Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy,” and ambitious to snatch a palm from Rome, here engages in an undertaking like that of Hannibal: Finely illustrated by the similitude of an unexperienced traveller penetrating through the Alps.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

la dignité de SCHOLIASTE; si cet homme venoit à peser son véritable mérite, il trouveroit souvent qu'il se réduit, avoir eu des yeux et de la mémoire; il se garderoit bien de donner le nom respectable de science à une *erudition sans lumiere*. Il y a une grande difference entre s'enrichir des mots ou des choses, entre alleguer des autorités ou des raisons. Si un homme pouvoit se surprendre à n'avoir que cette sorte de mérite, il en rougiroit plutôt que d'en être vain.”

WARBURTON.

VER. 213. *your defects to know,*] Gray has “Exact my own defects to scan,” and the exact knowledge of our *defects*, in conduct as well as in writing, is perhaps equally difficult to attain. Pope's rule in either case is a very good one. He followed it

VOL. I.

Q

himself,

There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts, 220
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try, 225
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
 Th'

VARIATIONS.

VER. 225.

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps to try,
 Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
 The Traveller beholds with cheerful eyes
 The less'ning vales, and seems to tread the skies.

NOTES.

himself, with regard to his antagonist, Dennis. Some faults in this Essay, which Dennis detected, Pope had the good sense to correct.

VER. 213. *defects to know,*] Akenfide injured his poem by too much correction. Ariosto, as easy and familiar as he seems to be, made many and great alterations in his enchanting poem. Some of Rochefoucault's Maxims were corrected and new written more than thirty times. The Provincial Letters of Pascal, the model of good style in the French language, were submitted to the judgment of twelve members of the Port Royal, who made many corrections in them. All that can be said about correction, is contained in these few incomparable words of Quintilian: "Hujus operis est, adjicere, detrahere, mutare. Sed facilius in his simpliciusque judicium, quæ replenda vel dejicienda sunt; premere verò tumentia, humilia extollere, luxuriantia astringere, inordinata dirigere, soluta componere, exultantia coercere, duplicis operæ." Quint. lib. x. c. 3.

WARTON.

Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way, 230
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ :

Survey

COMMENTARY.

VER. 233. *A perfect Judge, &c.*] The third cause of wrong Judgment is a NARROW CAPACITY; the natural *cause* of the foregoing defect, *acquiescence in superficial learning*. This *bounded capacity* our Author shews [from 232 to 384.], betrays itself two ways; in its judgment both of the *matter*, and the *manner* of the work criticised: Of the matter, in judging *by parts*, or in having one *favourite part* to a neglect of all the rest: Of the manner, in confining men's regard only to *conceit*, or *language*, or *numbers*.
 WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 225. *So pleas'd, &c.*] Dr. Warton does not agree with Johnson, who says "that this simile is the most apt, the most proper, and most sublime of any in the English language. It is undoubtedly appropriate, illustrative, and eminently beautiful, but evidently copied from Drummond, as Warton observes :

Ah ! as a pilgrim who the Alpes doth passe,
 Or Atlas' temples crown'd with winter's glasse,
 The airy Caucasus, the Apennine,
 Pyrene's clifses where sunne doth never shine,
 When he some heapes of hills hath overwent,
 Beginnes to think on rest, his journey spent,
 Till mounting some tall mountaine he doth finde
 More hights before him thann he left behind."

See also Silius Italicus, lib. iii. 528.

VER. 233. *A perfect Judge, &c.*] "Diligenter legendum est ac pæne ad scribendi sollicitudinem : Nec per partes modo scruta-

Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find 235
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
 Nor lose for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.

But

NOTES.

tanda sunt omnia, sed perfectus liber utique ex integro resumendus." Quint. POPE.

It is observable that our Author makes it almost the necessary consequence of judging by parts, to find fault: And this not without much discernment: For the several parts of a complete Whole, when seen only singly, and known only independently, must always have the appearance of irregularity; often of deformity: because the Poet's design being to create a resolute beauty from the artful assemblage of several various parts into one natural whole; those parts must be fashioned with regard to their mutual relations in the stations they occupy in that whole, from whence the beauty required is to arise: But that regard will occasion so unreducible a form in each part, when considered singly, as to present a very mis-shapen Form. WARBURTON.

VER. 235. *Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find*

Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;]

The second line, in apologizing for those faults which the first says should be overlooked, gives the reason of the precept. For when a great writer's attention is fixed on a general view of Nature, and his imagination become warmed with the contemplation of great ideas, it can hardly be, but that there must be small irregularities in the disposition both of matter and style, because the avoiding these requires a coolness of recollection, which a writer so qualified and so busied is not master of. WARBURTON.

According to a most just and judicious observation in the first book of Strabo, “ Καθαπερ γε εν τοις κολοσσικοις εργοις, & το καθ' ολας εκασον ακριβες ζητεμεν, αλλα τοις καθ' ολα προσεχομεν μαλλον ει ειη καλως το ολον· οτως κ' αν τελοις ποιεισθαι δει την κρισιν.” As in great colossal works, we do not seek for exactness and accuracy in every part, but rather attend to the general effect, and beauty of the whole; so ought we to judge of compositions. And, as Quintilian says, Ungues polire, & capillum reponere, is an useless and ill-placed care. WARTON.

But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, 245
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
 No

NOTES.

VER. 236. *Where nature moves, &c.*] How finely do these lines characterise our wonderful Shakespear:

“——— Fancy's child

Warbling his native wood-notes wild.”

VER. 237. *delight,*] Can we pass over without censure such very objectionable rhymes, as “*delight, and wit?*”

VER. 247. *Thus when we view*] This is justly and elegantly expressed. Akenfide has nobly succeeded, in speaking of the same subject:

“ Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
 Amid the domes of modern hands!
 Amid the toys of idle state,
 How simply, how severely great!

Then pause!”———

WARTON.

VER. 248. *The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!*] The Pantheon, I would suppose; perhaps St. Peter's; no matter which; the observation is true of both. There is something very Gothic in the taste and judgment of a learned man, who despises this master-piece of Art, the Pantheon, for those very qualities which deserve our admiration.——“*Nous esmerveillons comme l'on fait si grande cas de ce Pantheon, veu que son edifice n'est de si grande industrie comme l'on crie: car chaque petit Masson peut bien concevoir la maniere de se façon tout en un instant: car estant la base si massive, et les murailles si espaisées, ne nous a*

No single parts unequally surprize,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes; 250
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
 The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

In

COMMENTARY.

VER. 253. *Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,*] He shews next [from ver. 252 to 263.], that to fix our censure on *single parts*, though they happen to *want* an exactness consistent enough with their relation to the rest, is even then very unjust: And for these reasons, 1. Because it implies an expectation of a *faultless piece*, which is a vain fancy. 2. Because no more is to be expected of any work than that it fairly *attains its end*: But the end may be attained, and yet these trivial faults committed: Therefore in spite of such faults, the work will merit that praise that is due to every thing which attains its end. 3. Because sometimes a great beauty is not to be procured, nor a notorious blemish to be avoided, but by suffering one of these minute and trivial errors. 4. And lastly, because the general *neglect* of them is a praise; as it is the indication of a Genius, attentive to great matters.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

semblé difficile d'y adjouster la voute à claire voye." Pierre Belon's Observations, &c. The nature of the Gothic structures apparently led him into this mistake of the Architectonic art in general; that the excellency of it consists in raising the greatest weight on the least assignable support, so that the edifice should have strength without the appearance of it, in order to excite admiration. But to a judicious eye such a building would have a contrary effect, the Appearance (as our poet expresses it) of a monstrous height, or breadth, or length. Indeed did the just proportions in regular Architecture take off from the grandeur of a building, by all the single parts coming united to the eye, as this learned traveller seems to insinuate, it would be a reasonable objection

In ev'ry work regard the writer's End, 255
 Since none can compass more than they intend ;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T' avoid great errors, must the less commit : 260
 Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
 Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the Whole depend upon a Part :
 They talk of principles, but notions prize, 265
 And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.

Once

COMMENTARY.

VER. 263. *Most Critics, fond of some subservient art, &c.*] The second way in which a narrow capacity, as it relates to the matter, shews itself, is judging by a favourite Part. The author has placed this [from ver. 262 to 285.], after the other of judging by parts, with great propriety, it being indeed a natural consequence of it. For when men have once left the whole to turn their attention to the separate parts, that regard and reverence due only to the whole is fondly transferred to one or other of its parts. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

objection to those rules on which this Master-piece of Art was constructed. But it is not so. The Poet tells us truly,

“ The Whole at once is bold, and regular.” WARBURTON.

VER. 258. *in spite of trivial*] As if one was to condemn the divine Paradise Lost, on account of some low puns there introduced; or some passages in Ariosto, on account of vulgar and familiar images and expressions, that have crept into that enchanting and original Poem. WARTON.

VER. 261. *Critic lays*] The word *lays* is very exceptionable.

WARTON.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,

Discours'd

NOTES.

VER. 267. *Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,*] By this short tale Pope has shewed us, how much he could have excelled in telling a story of humour. The incident is taken from the Second Part of Don Quixote, first written by Don Alonzo Fernandez de Avellanada, and afterwards translated, or rather imitated and new-modelled, by no less an Author than the celebrated Le Sage. The Book is not so contemptible as some authors insinuate; it was well received in France, and abounds in many strokes of humour and character worthy of Cervantes himself. The brevity to which Pope's narration was confined, would not permit him to insert the following humorous dialogue at length. "I am satisfied you'll compass your design (said the scholar), provided you omit the combat in the lists. Let him have a care of that, said Don Quixote, interrupting him, that is the best part of the plot. But, Sir, quoth the Bachelor, if you would have me adhere to Aristotle's rules, I must omit the combat. Aristotle, replied the Knight, I grant was a man of some parts; but his capacity was not unbounded: and, give me leave to tell you, his authority does not extend over combats in the list, which are far above his narrow rules. Would you suffer the chaste queen of Bohemia to perish? For how can you clear her innocence? Believe me, combat is the most honourable method you can pursue; and besides, it will add such grace to your play, that all the rules in the universe must not stand in competition with it. Well, Sir Knight, replied the Bachelor, for your sake, and for the honour of chivalry, I will not leave out the combat; and that it may appear the more glorious, all the court of Bohemia shall be present at it, from the Princes of the blood, to the very footmen. But still one difficulty remains, which is, that our common theatres are not large enough for it. There must be one erected on purpose, answered the Knight; and in a word, rather than leave out the combat, the play had better be acted in a field or plain."

It may be observed, that there is but one Tale in this essay, nor in Boileau's art, nor Roscommon's essay, and this is superior to the other two.

WARTON.

Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage; 270
 Concluding all were desp'rate fots and fools,
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
 Our Author, happy in a judge so nice,
 Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
 Made him observe the subject, and the plot, 275
 The manners, passions, unities; what not?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a Combat in the lists left out.
 "What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight;
 Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite. 280
 "Not so, by Heav'n!" (he answers in a rage)
 "Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
 So

NOTES.

VER. 276. *Unities; what not?*] The two unities of time and place have been so powerfully and irresistibly combated by Dr. Johnson (in his Preface to Shakespear), that I do not think a critic will be found hardy enough to undertake a defence of them:

—— Non quisquam ex agmine tanto
 Audet adire virum! ——

That these unities have, in fact, never been observed by the three Greek writers of tragedy, is demonstrated, at large, in the fifth chapter of Metastasio's very judicious work, entitled, *Estratto della Poetica D'Aristotile*, from page 93 to 119, a work full of taste and judgment, and which comes with double weight from so long and able a practitioner in the dramatic art, many of whose plays are planned with the greatest skill, and who is, on the whole, one of the finest and truest poets Italy has produced. Whoever would thoroughly understand Aristotle, should, in my opinion, very attentively peruse his *Estratto*. WARTON.

So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.

"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice, 285

Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,

Form short Ideas; and offend in arts

(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,

And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line; 290

Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;

One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets, like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace

The naked nature and the living grace,

With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part, 295

And hide with ornaments their want of art.

True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd;

What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;

Something,

NOTES.

VER. 290. *And glitt'ring thoughts*] A rage that infected Marino, Donne, and his disciple Cowley. See Dr. Johnson's excellent Dissertation on Cowley, and his fantastic style, in the first volume of Lives of the Poets. Little can be added to his discussion on false and unnatural thoughts. It is, beyond comparison, the best of all his criticisms.

VER. 296. *hide with ornaments*] Warton compares the fine passage of Tully on this subject, in the 3d Book de Oratore; "Voluptatibus maximis, fastidium finitimum est in rebus omnibus; quo hoc minus in oratione miremur. In quâ, vel ex poetis, vel oratoribus possumus judicare, concinnam, ornatam, festivam, sine intermissione, quamvis claris sit coloribus picta, vel poesis, vel oratio, non posse in delectatione esse diuturnâ. Quare bene & præclare, quamvis nobis sæpe dicatur, bellè & festivè nimium sæpe nolo."

VER. 297. *True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd, &c.*] This definition is very exact. Mr. Locke had defined wit to consist
" in

Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind. 300
As

NOTES.

“ in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together, with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, whereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy.” But that great Philosopher, in separating Wit from Judgment, as he does in this place, has given us (and he could therefore give us no other) only an account of Wit in general: In which false Wit, tho’ not every species of it, is included. A striking image therefore of Nature is, as Mr. Locke observes, certainly Wit: But this image may strike on several other accounts, as well as for its truth and beauty; and the Philosopher has explained the manner how. But it never becomes that Wit which is the ornament of true Poesy, whose end is to represent Nature, but when it dresses that Nature to advantage, and presents her to us in the brightest and most amiable light. And to know when the Fancy has done its office truly, the Poet subjoins this admirable test, viz. When we perceive that it gives us back the image of our mind. When it does that, we may be sure it plays no tricks with us: For this image is the creature of the Judgment; and whenever Wit corresponds with Judgment, we may safely pronounce it to be true. “Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur: id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt.” Quint. lib. viii. c. 3. WARBURTON.

Immediately after this the Poet adds,

For works may have more wit than does ’em good.

Warton quotes an acute critic: “Let us substitute the definition in the place of the thing, and it will stand thus: A work may have more of Nature dressed to advantage than will do it good. This is impossible; and it is evident that the confusion arises from the Poet’s having annexed two different ideas to the same word.” Webb’s Remarks on the Beauties of Poetry, p. 68.

VER. 298. *What oft was thought,*] “Pope’s account of wit is undoubtedly erroneous; he depresses it below its natural dignity, and reduces it from strength of thought to happiness of language.

“ If

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.

For

NOTES.

“ If by a more noble and more adequate conception that be considered as wit, which is at once natural and new, that which, though not obvious, is, upon its first production, acknowledged to be just ; if it be that, which he that never found it, wonders how he missed ; to wit of this kind the metaphysical poets have seldom risen. Their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural ; they are not obvious, but neither are they just ; and the reader, far from wondering that he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness they were ever found.

“ But wit, abstracted from its effects upon the hearer, may be more vigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of discordia concors ; a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike. Of wit, thus defined, they have more than enough. The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together ; nature and art are ransacked for illustrations, comparisons, and allusions ; their learning instructs, and their subtilty surprises ; but the reader commonly thinks his improvement dearly bought, and, though he sometimes admires, is seldom pleased.

“ From this account of their compositions it will be readily inferred, that they were not successful in representing or moving the affections. As they were wholly employed on something unexpected and surprizing, they had no regard to that uniformity of sentiment which enables us to conceive and to excite the pains and the pleasures of other minds ; they never enquired what, on any occasion, they should have said or done ; but wrote rather as beholders than partakers of human nature ; as beings looking upon good and evil, impassive and at leisure, as Epicurean deities, making remarks on the actions of men, and the vicissitudes of life, without interest and without emotion. Their courtship was void of fondness, and their lamentation of sorrow. Their wish was only to say what they hoped had never been said before.”

JOHNSON.

VER. 302. *modest plainness*] Xenophon in Greek, and Cæsar in Latin, are the unrivalled masters of the beautiful simplicity here recom-

For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for *Language* all their care express, 305
And value books, as women men, for dress :
Their praise is still,—The Style is excellent ;
The Sense, they humbly take upon content.

Words are like leaves ; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found : 310

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place ;

The face of Nature we no more survey,

All glares alike, without distinction gay :

But true Expression, like th' unchanging Sun, 315

Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,

It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still

Appears more decent, as more suitable ;

A vile conceit in pompous words express'd 320

Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd :

For different styles with different subjects fort,

As several garbs with country, town, and court.

Some

NOTES.

recommended. We have no English, French, or Italian Writer that can be placed in the same rank with them, for this uncommon excellence.

WARTON.

VER. 311. *False eloquence*,] Nothing can be more just, or more ably and eloquently expressed, than this observation and illustration, respecting the character of "*False Eloquence*." *Fine words* do not make *fine* poems, and there cannot be a stronger proof of the want of real genius, than those high colours and meretricious embellishments of language, which, while they hide the poverty of ideas, impose on the unpractised eye, with a gaudy semblance of beauty.

Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, meer moderns in their sense ;
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style, 326
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
 Unlucky, as Fungoso in the Play,
 These sparks with aukward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday ; 330 }
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandfires, in their doublets drest.

In

NOTES.

VER. 324. *Some by old words, &c.*] “ Abolita et abrogata retinere, insolentiae cujusdam est, et frivola in parvis jactantiae.”
 Quint. lib. i. c. 6. POPE.

“ Opus est, ut verba à vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa, si egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova.” Idem.

POPE.

Quintilian's advice on this subject is as follows: “ Cum sint autem verba propria, ficta, translata; propriis dignitatem dat antiquitas. Namque et sanctiorem, et magis admirabilem reddunt orationem, quibus non quilibet fuit usus: eoque ornamento acerrimi judicii Virgilius unice est usus. Olli enim, et quianam, et mis, et pone, pellucet, et aspergunt illam, quæ etiam in picturis est gratissima, vetustatis inimitabilem arti auctoritatem. Sed utendum modo, nec ex ultimis tenebris repetenda.”

“ The language of the age is never the language of poetry; except among the French, whose verse, where the thought or image does not support it, differs in nothing from prose. Our poetry, on the contrary, has a language peculiar to itself; to which almost every one that has written, has added something by enriching it with foreign idioms and derivatives: nay, sometimes words of their own compositions or invention. Shakespear and Milton have been great creators this way; and no one more licentious

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold ;
 Alike fantastic, if too new, or old :
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd, 335
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by Numbers judge a Poet's song,
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong :
 In

COMMENTARY.

VER. 337. *But most by Numbers judge, &c.*] The last sort are those [from ver. 336 to 384.] whose ears are attached only to the *Harmony* of a poem. Of which they judge as ignorantly and as perversely as the other sort did of the Eloquence, and for the same reason. Our Author *first* describes that *false Harmony* with which they are so much captivated ; and shews that it is wretchedly *flat* and *unvaried* : for

“ Smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong.”

He then describes the *true* 1. As it is in *itself*, *constant* ; with a happy mixture of *strength* and *sweetness*, in contradiction to the *roughness* and *flatness* of false Harmony : And 2. as it is *varied* in compliance to the *subject*, where the *sound becomes an echo to the sense*, so far as is consistent with the preservation of numbers, in contradiction to the *monotony* of false Harmony. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

tious than Pope or Dryden, who perpetually borrow expressions from the former. Let me give you some instances from Dryden, whom every body reckons a great master of our poetical tongue. Full of *musical mopings*,—unlike the *trim of love*,—a *pleasant beverage*,—a *roundelay of love*,—*stood silent in his mood*,—*with knots and knares deformed*,—his *ireful mood*,—in *proud array*,—his *boon was granted*,—and *disarray and shameful rout*,—*wayward but wise*,—*furbished for the field*,—*the foiled dodderd oaks, disherited*,—*smouldring flames*,—*retchless of laws*,—*crones old and ugly*,—*the beldam at his side*,—*the grandam hag*,—*villanize his father's fame*.—But they are infinite ; and our language not being a settled thing (like the French), has an undoubted right to words of an hundred years old, provided antiquity have not rendered them unintelligible.
 In

In the bright Muse, tho' thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ; 340
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair, }
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire ; 345
 While expletives their feeble aid do join ;
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :

While

NOTES.

In truth, Shakespear's language is one of his principal beauties ; and he has no less advantage over your Addisons and Rowes in this, than in those great excellencies you mention. Every word in him is a picture." Gray.

VER. 328. *Unlucky, as Fungoso, &c.*] See Ben. Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour. POPE.

VER. 337. *But most by Numbers, &c.*]

" Quis populi sermo est ? quis enim ? nisi carmine molli
 Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve severos
 Effundat junctura unguis : scit tendere versum
 Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno."

Perf. Sat. i. POPE.

Having described the causes of false judgment in Critics who judge by *parts* only of a poem, who confine their taste to CONCEPTS, or to *language* instead of sense ; he proceeds to speak of those who judge merely by *numbers*.

VER. 345. *Tho' oft the ear, &c.*] " Fugiemus crebras vocalium concurfiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem orationem reddunt." Cic. ad Heren. lib. iv. Vide etiam Quintil. lib. ix. c. 4. POPE.

" Non tamen (says the sensible Quintilian) id ut crimen ingens expavescendum est ; ac nescio negligentia in hoc, an sollicitudo sit major ; nimiosque non immeritò in hac curâ putant omnes Isocratem secutos, præcipuè Theopompum. At Demosthenes & Cicero modicè respexerunt ad hanc partem. Quintil. lib. ix. c. 9.

WARTON.

While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes ; 349
 Where-e'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line, it "whispers through the trees:"
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song, 356
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
 along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow ;

And

NOTES.

VER. 347. *ten low words*] Our language is thought to be overloaded with monosyllables ; Shaftesbury, we are told, limited their number to nine in any sentence ; Quintilian condemns too great a concourse of them ; *etiam monosyllaba, si plura sunt, male continuabuntur ; quia necesse est compositio, multis clausulis confisa, subsultet.* Inst. lib. ix. c. 4.

WARTON.

VER. 356. *A needless Alexandrine, &c.*] Dr. Johnson requires in an Alexandrine a pause invariably at the sixth syllable, and objects

IMITATIONS.

VER. 346. *While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :]*

From Dryden. "He creeps along with ten little words in every line, and helps out his numbers with [for] [to] and [unto] and all the pretty expletives he can find, while the sense is left half tired behind it." Essay on Dram. Poetry.

But there are many lines of monosyllables that have much force and energy ; in our author himself, as well as Dryden. WARTON.

And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness
join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

'Tis

NOTES.

objects to a line of Dryden, where this rule is neglected. Johnson did not perceive that the very line he objected to was as striking an instance of the *sound* being an *echo to the sense*, as the English language perhaps produces, in as much as it represents the thing described, has not the least appearance of studied art, and is full, majestic, and *sonorous*. The line is

“And with paternal thunder vindicates his throne.”

And its effect is owing to the violation of that very rule which Johnson thinks essential to lines of this description.

VER. 360. *And praise the easy vigour*] Fenton, in his entertaining observations on Waller, has given us a curious anecdote concerning the great industry and exactness with which Waller polished even his smallest compositions. “When the court was at Windsor, these verses were writ in the Tasso of her Royal Highness, at Mr. Waller's request, by the late Duke of Buckinghamshire; and I very well remember to have heard his Grace say, that the author employed the greatest part of a summer in composing and correcting them.” WARTON.

VER. 361. *Denham's strength*,] Dr Warton properly observes, “that sufficient justice is not done to Sandys, who did more to polish and tune the English versification, by his Psalms and his Job, than those two writers, who are usually applauded on this subject.” It is a curious circumstance, that Dr. Johnson seems scarcely to have considered Sandys as a Poet worthy of notice. I have already taken occasion to mention the extraordinary melody and vigour of his versification, a specimen of which the reader will find at the end of this Essay.

VER. 362. *True ease*] Writers who seem to have composed with the greatest ease, have exerted much labour in attaining this facility.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an Echo to the sense.

365

Soft

NOTES.

facility. Virgil took more pains than Lucan, though the style of the former appears so natural; and Guarini and Ariosto spent much time in making their poems so seemingly natural and easy. Even Voiture wrote with extreme difficulty, though apparently without any effort; what Tasso says of one of his heroines may be applied to such writers;

“ Non so ben dir s'adorna, o se negletta,
Se caso, od arte, il bel volto compose:
Di natura, d'amor, de' cieli amici
Le negligenze sue sono artifici.”

It is well known, that the writings of Voiture, of Sarasin, and La Fontaine, were laboured into the facility for which they are so famous, with repeated alterations and many rasures. Moliere is reported to have past whole days in fixing upon a proper epithet or rhyme, although his verses have all the flow and freedom of conversation. “ This happy facility (said a man of wit) may be compared to garden-terraces, the expence of which does not appear; and which, after the cost of several millions, yet seem to be a mere work of chance and nature.” I have been informed, that Addison was so extremely nice in polishing his prose compositions, that when almost a whole impression of a Spectator was worked off, he would stop the press, to insert a new preposition or conjunction.

WARTON.

To these instances may be added that of the celebrated Edmund Burke.

VER. 364. *no harshness gives offence,*] We are surprised to see the constant attention of the ancients, to give melody to their periods, both in prose and verse; of which so many instances are given in Tully De Oratore, in Dionysius, and Quintilian. Plato many times altered the order of the four first words of his Republic. Cicero records the approbation he met with for finishing a sentence with the word *cōmprōbāvīt*, being a dichoreè. Had he finished it otherwise, he says, it might have been *animo satis auribus non satis*. We may be equally mortified in finding Quintilian condemning the inharmoniousness of many letters with which our language abounds; particularly the letters F, M, B, D; and Dionysius reprobates the letter S.

WARTON.

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But

NOTES.

VER. 365. *The sound must seem an Echo to the sense.*] Lord Roscommon says,

“ The sound is still a *Comment* to the sense.”

These are both well expressed, although so differently ; for Lord R. is shewing how the sense is assisted by the sound ; Mr. P. how the sound is assisted by the sense. WARBURTON.

VER. 366. *Soft is the strain*] See examples in Clarke's Homer, Iliad i. v. 430 ; ii. v. 102 ; iii. v. 337 ; vi. v. 510 ; vii. v. 157 ; viii. v. 210, 551 ; xi. v. 687. 697. 766 ; and many others.

These lines are usually cited as fine examples of adapting the sound to the sense. But that Pope has failed in this endeavour has been clearly demonstrated by the Rambler. “ The verse intended to represent the whisper of the vernal breeze must surely be confessed not much to excel in softness or volubility ; and the smooth stream runs with a perpetual clash of jarring consonants. The noise and turbulence of the torrent is, indeed, distinctly imaged ; for it requires very little skill to make our language rough. But in the lines which mention the effort of Ajax, there is no particular heaviness or delay. The swiftness of Camilla, is rather contrasted than exemplified. Why the verse should be lengthened to express speed, will not easily be discovered. In the dactyls, used for that purpose by the ancients, two short syllables were pronounced with such rapidity, as to be equal only to one long ; they therefore naturally exhibit the act of passing through a long space in a short time. But the Alexandrine, by its pause in the midst, is a tardy and stately measure ; and the word *unbending*, one of the most sluggish and slow which our language affords, cannot much accelerate its motion.” Aaron Hill, long before this was published by the Rambler, wrote a letter to Pope, pointing out the many instances in which he had failed to accommodate

IMITATIONS.

VER. 366. *Soft is the strain, &c.*]

“ Tum si læta canunt,” &c. Vida, Poet. l. iii. ver. 403.

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow: 371
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the
 main.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise! 375
 While at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
 Now

NOTES.

moderate the sound to the sense, in this famous passage. This rule of making the sound an echo to the sense, as well as alliteration, has been carried to a ridiculous extreme by several late writers. It is worth observing, that it is treated of at length, and recommended by Tasso, page 168 of his *Discorsi del Poema Eroico*.

WARTON.

VER. 374. *Hear how Timotheus', &c.*] See Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music; an Ode by Mr. Dryden. POPE.

"Some of the lines (says Dr. Johnson) are without correspondent rhymes; a defect which the enthusiasm of the writer might hinder him from perceiving."

IMITATIONS.

VER. 368. *But when loud surges, &c.*] "Tum longe sale faxa sonant," &c. Vida, Poet. l. iii. v. 388.

VER. 370. *When Ajax strives, &c.*]

"Atque ideo si quid geritur molimine magno," &c.

Vida, ib. 417.

VER. 372. *Not so, when swift Camilla, &c.*]

"At mora si fuerit damno, properare jubebo," &c.

Vida, ib. 420.

Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found, 380
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by Sound !
 The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid Extremes ; and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much. 385
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shews great pride, or little sense :
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move ; 390
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve :

As

COMMENTARY.

VER. 384. *Avoid Extremes ; &c.*] Our Author is now come to the *last cause of wrong Judgment*, PARTIALITY ; the parent of the immediately preceding cause, a *bounded capacity* : nothing so much narrowing and contracting the mind as *prejudices* entertained for or against things or persons. This therefore, as the main root of all the foregoing, he prosecutes at large [from ver. 383 to 474].

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 391. *fools admire, but men of sense approve :*] “ This prudish sentence has probably made as many formal coxcombs in literature, as Lord Chesterfield's opinion on the vulgarity of laughter, has among men of high breeding. As a general maxim, it has no foundation whatever in truth.

“ Proneness to admiration is a quality rather of temper than of understanding ; and if it often attends light minds, it is also inseparable from that warmth of imagination which is requisite for the

As things seem large which we through mist descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize. 395
Thus

COMMENTARY.

VER. 395. *Some foreign writers, &c.*] Having explained the disposition of mind which produces an *habitual partiality*, he proceeds to expose this *partiality* in all the shapes in which it appears both amongst the *unlearned* and the *learned*.

I. In the *unlearned*, it is seen, *first*, in an unreasonable fondness for, or aversion to, our *own* or *foreign*, to ancient or *modern* writers.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

the strong perception of what is excellent in art or nature. Innumerable instances might be produced of the rapturous admiration with which men of genius have been struck at the view of great performances. It is enough here to mention the poet's favourite critic, Longinus, who is far from being contented with cool approbation, but gives free scope to the most enraptured praise. Few things indicate a mind more unfavourably constituted for the fine arts, than a slowness in being moved to the admiration of excellence; and it is certainly better that this passion should at first be excited by objects rather inadequate, than that it should not be excited at all." Aikin.

After all, nothing more is meant by Pope, than that Admiration is not Criticism.

VER. 394. *our own despise* ;] If any proof was wanting how little the *Paradise Lost* was read and attended to, at this time, our author's total silence on the subject would be sufficient to shew it. That an *Essay on Criticism* could be written, without a single mention of Milton, appears truly strange and incredible; if we did not know that our author seems to have had no idea of any merit superior to that of Dryden! and had no relish for an author, who,

" ——— Omnes

" Exstinxit stellas, exortus uti ætherius sol." Lucret.

R 4

WARTON

Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
 Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
 And force that sun but on a part to shine,
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimes, 400
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes ;
 Which from the first has shone on ages past,
 Enlights the present, and shall warm the last ;
 Tho' each may feel encreases and decays,
 And see now clearer and now darker days. 405
 Regard not then if Wit be old or new,
 But blame the false, and value still the true.
 Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the Town ;
 They

COMMENTARY.

VER. 408. *Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,*] A second instance of unlearned partiality is, (as he shews from ver. 407 to 424.) men's going always along with the cry, as having no fixed nor well-grounded principles whereon to raise any judgment of their own. A third is reverence for names ; of which sort, as he well observes, the worst and vilest are the idolizers of names of quality, WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 395. *The Ancients only,*] A very sensible Frenchman says, “ En un mot, touchez comme Euripide, etonnez comme Sophocle, peignez comme Homere, & composez d' apres vous. Ces maitres n'ont point eu de regles ; ils n'en ont ete que plus grands ; & ils n'ont acquis le droit de commander, que parce qu'ils n'ont jamais obei. Il en est tout autrement en literature qu'en politique ; le talent qui a besoin de subir des loix, n'en donnera jamais.” WARTON.

VER. 402. *Which from the first, &c.*] Genius is the same in all ages ; but its fruits are various, and more or less excellent as they

They reason and conclude by precedent, 410
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
 Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
 Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with Quality. 415
 A constant Critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
 What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
 In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?
 But let a Lord once own the happy lines, 420
 How the wit brightens! how the stile refines!
 Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
 The Vulgar thus through Imitation err;
 As oft the Learn'd by being singular; 425
 So

COMMENTARY.

VER. 424. *The Vulgar thus—As oft the Learn'd*] II. He comes in the *second place* [from ver. 423 to 452.] to consider the instances of *partiality* in the *learned*. 1. *The first is singularity.*

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

they are checked or matured by the influence of government or religion upon them. Hence in some parts of literature the Ancients excel; in others, the Moderns; just as those accidental circumstances occurred.

WARBURTON.

VER. 403. *Enlights*] Warton calls "enlights" an improper word,—it is, I believe, in Shakespear.

VER. 420. *let a Lord*] "You ought not to write verses, (said George the Second, who had little taste, to Lord Hervey,) 'tis beneath your rank; leave such work to little Mr. Pope; it is his trade." But this Lord Hervey wrote some that were above the level of those described here by our author.

WARTON.

So much they scorn the croud, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong :
 So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
 Some praise at morning what they blame at night ;
 But always think the last opinion right. 431
 A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd ;
 While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
 Ask them the cause ; they're wiser still, they say ; 436
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
 Once School-divines this zealous isle o'er-spread ;
 Who knew most Sentences, was deepest read ; 441
 Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted :
 Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane. 445
 If

NOTES.

VER. 444. *Scotists*] So denominated from Johannes Duns Scotus. Erasmus tells us, an eminent Scotist assured him, that it was impossible to understand one single proposition of this famous Duns, unless you had his whole metaphysics by heart. This hero of incomprehensible fame suffered a miserable reverse at Oxford in the time of Henry VIII. That grave antiquary, Mr. Antony Wood (in the Vindication of himself and his writings from the reproaches of the Bishop of Salisbury), sadly laments the *deformation*, as he calls it, of that University by the King's Commissioners ;

If Faith itself has diff'rent drestes worn,
What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn?
Oft,

NOTES.

missioners; and even records the blasphemous speeches of one of them, in his own words—"We have set Duns in Boccardo, with all his blind Glossers, fast nailed up upon posts in all common houses of easement." Upon which our venerable Antiquary thus exclaims: "If so be, the Commissioners had such disrespect for that most famous author J. Duns, who was so much admired by our predecessors, and so difficult to be understood, that the Doctors of those times, namely Dr. William Roper, Dr. John Keynton, Dr. William Mowse, &c. professed, that, in twenty-eight years study, they could not understand him rightly, what then had they for others of inferior note?"—What indeed! But they, If so be, that most famous J. Duns was so difficult to be understood (for that this is a most theologic proof of his great worth, is past all doubt), I should conceive our good old Antiquary to be a little mistaken. And that the nailing up this Proteus of the Schools was done by the Commissioners in honour of the most famous Duns: There being no other way of catching the sense of so slippery and dodging an Author, who had eluded the pursuit of three of their most renowned Doctors in full cry after him, for eight and twenty years together. And this Boccardo in which he was confined, seemed very fit for the purpose; it being observed, that men are never more serious and thoughtful than in that place of retirement. Scribl. WARBURTON.

VER. 444. *Thomists*] From Thomas Aquinas, a truly great genius, who, in those blind ages, was the same in theology, that our Friar Bacon was in natural philosophy; less happy than our countryman in this, that he soon became surrounded with a number of dark Glossers, who never left him till they had extinguished the radiance of that light, which had pierced through the thickest night of Monkery, the thirteenth century, when the Waldenses were suppressed, and Wickliffe not yet risen. WARBURTON.

The Summa summæ, &c. of Thomas Aquinas, is a treatise well deserving a most attentive perusal, and contains an admirable view of Aristotle's Ethics.

Aquinas

Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit ;

And

VARIATIONS.

VER. 447. Between this and ver. 452.

The rhyming clowns that gladdened Shakespear's age,
No more with crambo entertain the stage.
Who now in anagrams their patron praise,
Or sing their mistresses in acrostic lays ?
Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore ;
Now all are banish'd to th' Hibernian shore !
Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
The current folly prov'd their ready wit ;
And authors thought their reputation safe,
Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

NOTES.

Aquinas did not understand Greek ; what he knew of Aristotle he got from Averroes, an Arabian, whom the Spanish Jews first translated into Hebrew, and from Hebrew into Latin. WARTON.

VER. 445. *Amidst their kindred cobwebs*] Were common sense disposed to credit any of the Monkish miracles of the dark and blind ages of the Church, it would certainly be one of the seventh century recorded by honest Bale. " In the sixth general council (says he) holden at Constantinople, Anno Dom. 680, contra Monothelitas, where the Latin Mass was first approved, and the Latin ministers deprived of their lawful wives, spiders' webbs, in wonderfull cotype were seen falling down from above, upon the heads of the people, to the marvelous astonishment of many."—The justest emblem and prototype of School Metaphysics, the divinity of Scotists and Thomists, which afterwards fell, in wonderfull cotype on the heads of the people, in support of Transubstantiation, to the marvelous astonishment of many, as it continues to do to this day. WARBURTON.

VER. 445. *Duck-lane.*] A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield. POPE.

VER. 448. *Oft, leaving what is natural*] Ita comparatum est humanum ingenium, ut optimarum rerum satietate defatigetur.

And authors think their reputation safe, 450
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind :

Fondly

COMMENTARY.

VER. 452. *Some valuing those, &c.*] III. The third and last instance of *partiality* in the *learned*, is *party* and *faction*, which is considered from verse 451 to verse 474.

NOTES.

Unde fit, artes, necessitatis vi quâdam crescere, aut decreſcere ſemper, & ad ſummum faſtigium evectas, ibi non diu poſſe conſiſtere. Thus muſic, deſerting ſimple and pathetic expreſſion, is taken up with tricks of execution, and a ſort of ſlight of hand. Thus Borromini, to be new and original, has, as Mr. Walpole expreſſes it, twiſted and curled architecture, by inverting the volutes of the Ionic order. L'ennui du Beau, amene le gout du Singulier. This will happen in every country, every art, and every age.

WARTON.

VER. 451. *as long as fools*] “Mirabile eſt (ſays Tully) De Oratore, lib. iii. quum plurimum in faciendo inter doctum & rudem, quàm non multum differant in judicando.”

Horace and Milton declare againſt general approbation, and wiſh for “*fit audience though few*.” And Tully relates, in his Brutus, the ſtory of Antimachus, who, when his numerous auditors all gradually left him, except Plato, ſaid, I ſtill continue reading my work; Plato, enim mihi unus inſtar eſt omnium. The noble confidence and ſtrength of mind in Milton, is not in any circumſtance more viſible and more admirable, than his writing a poem in a ſtyle and manner that he was ſure would not be reliſhed or regarded by his corrupt contemporaries.

He was different in this reſpect from Bernardo Taſſo, the father of his beloved Torquato, who, to ſatisfy the vulgar taſte and current opinions of his country, new-modelled his epic poem Amadigi, to make it more wild and romantic, and leſs ſuited to the rules of Ariſtotle.

WARTON.

VER. 452. *ſide or mind*,] Are two vulgar words, unworthy of our author.

WARTON.

Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men. 455
 Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
 And public faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus;
 But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past; 460
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.
 Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
 New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
 Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead. 465
 Envy

NOTES.

VER. 458. *Pride, Malice, &c.*] Neither has philosophy escaped a similar fate; witness the persecution of Galileo.

VER. 459. *Shapes of Parsons, Critics,*] The Parson alluded to was Jeremy Collier; the Critic was the Duke of Buckingham; the first of whom very powerfully attacked the profligacy, and the latter the irregularity and bombast of some of Dryden's plays. These attacks were much more than merry jests. WARTON.

VER. 463. *Milbourn*] The Rev. Mr. Luke Milbourn. Dennis served Mr. Pope in the same office. But these men are of all times, and rise up on all occasions. Sir Walter Raleigh had Alexander Ross; Chillingworth had Cheynel; Milton a first Edwards; and Locke a second; neither of them related to the third Edwards of Lincoln's Inn. They were Divines of parts and learning: this a Critic without one or the other. Yet (as Mr. Pope says of Luke Milbourn) the fairest of all critics; for having written against the Editor's remarks on Shakespear, he did him justice in printing, at the same time, some of his own. WARBURTON.

But all impartial critics allow these marks to have been decisive and judicious; and his Canons of Criticism remain unrefuted and unanswerable. WARTON.

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue ;
 But like a shadow, proves the Substance true :
 For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays,
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays ; 471
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend ;
 His praise is lost, who stays till all commend. 475
 Short

COMMENTARY.

VER. 474. *Be thou the first, &c.*] The Poet having now gone through the last cause of *wrong Judgment*, and the root of all the rest, *PARTIALITY* ; and ended his remarks upon it with a detection of the two rankest kinds, those which arise out of *PARTY-RAGE* and *ENVY* ; takes the occasion, which this affords him, of closing his *second division* in the most graceful manner, [from ver. 473 to 560.] by concluding from the premises, and calling upon the *TRUE CRITIC* to be careful of his *charge*, which is the *protection* and *support of Wit*. For, the defence of it from malevolent censure is its true protection ; and the illustration of its beauties, is its true support.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 465. *Zoilus again*] In the fifth book of Vitruvius is an account of Zoilus's coming to the court of Ptolemy at Alexandria, and presenting to him his virulent and brutal censures of Homer, and begging to be rewarded for his work ; instead of which, it is said, the king ordered him to be crucified, or, as some said, stoned alive. His person is minutely described in the 11th book of Ælian's various History.

WARTON.

VER. 472, *But ev'n those clouds, &c.*] A beautiful and poetical illustration. Pope has the art of enlivening his subject continually by images and illustrations drawn from nature, which by contrast have a particularly pleasing effect, and which are indeed absolutely necessary in a didactic poem.

Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.

No

NOTES.

VER. 474. *Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.*]

When Thomson published his *Winter*, 1726, it lay a long time neglected, till Mr. Spence made honourable mention of it in his *Essay on the Odyssey*; which becoming a popular book, made the poem universally known. Thomson always acknowledged the use of this recommendation; and from this circumstance an intimacy commenced between the critic and the poet, which lasted till the lamented death of the latter, who was of a most amiable and benevolent temper. I have before me a letter of Mr. Spence to Pitt, earnestly begging him to subscribe to the quarto edition of Thomson's *Seasons*, and mentioning a design which Thomson had formed of writing a descriptive poem on *Blenheim*; a subject that would have shone in his hands. It was some time after publication, before the *Odes of Gray* were relished and admired. They were even burlesqued by two men of wit and genius, who, however, once owned to me, that they repented of the attempt. The *Hecyra* of Terence, the *Misanthrope* of Moliere, the *Phædra* of Racine, the *Way of the World* of Congreve, the *Silent Woman* of Ben Jonson, were ill received on their first exhibitions. Out of an hundred comedies written by Menander, eight only obtained the prize; and only five of Euripides out of the seventy tragedies he wrote. Our author seems to be eminently fortunate, who never, from his early youth, published a piece that did not meet with immediate approbation, except, perhaps, the first Epistle of the *Essay on Man*. WARTON.

VER 476. *Short is the date,*] “All living languages are liable to change. The Greek and Latin, though composed of more durable materials than ours, were subject to perpetual vicissitude, till they ceased to be spoken. The former is, with reason, believed to have been more stationary than any other; and indeed a very particular attention was paid to the preservation of it; yet between Spenser and Pope, Hooker and Sherlock, Raleigh and Smollet, a difference of dialect is not more perceptible, than between Homer and Apollonius, Xenophon and Plutarch, Aristotle

No longer now that golden age appears,
 When Patriarch-wits furviv'd a thousand years :
 Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost, 480
 And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast ;
 Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.

So

NOTES.

tole and Antoninus. In the Roman authors, the change of language is still more remarkable. How different, in this respect, is Ennius from Virgil, Lucilius from Horace, Cato from Columella, and even Catullus from Ovid ! The Laws of the Twelve Tables, though studied by every Roman of condition, were not perfectly understood, even by antiquarians, in the time of Cicero, when they were not quite four hundred years old. Cicero himself, as well as Lucretius, made several improvements in the Latin tongue ; Virgil introduced some new words ; and Horace asserts his right to the same privilege ; and from his remarks upon it, appears to have considered the immutability of living language as an impossible thing. It were vain then to flatter ourselves with the hope of permanency to any of the modern tongues of Europe ; which, being more ungrammatical than the Latin and Greek, are exposed to more dangerous, because less discernible, innovations. Our want of tenses and cases makes a multitude of auxiliary verbs necessary ; and to these the unlearned are not attentive, because they look upon them as the least important parts of language ; and hence they come to be omitted or misapplied in conversation, and afterwards in writing. Besides, the spirit of commerce, manufacture, and naval enterprize, so honourable to modern Europe, and to Great Britain in particular, and the free circulation of arts, sciences, and opinions, owing, in part, to the use of printing, and to our improvements in navigation, must render the modern tongues, and especially the English, more variable than the Greek or Latin." Beattie.

WARTON.

VER. 482. *fai'ing language*] " In England (says an ingenious Italian) the Translation of the Bible is the standard of their language ; in Italy the standard is, the Decamerone of Boccacio.

WARTON.

So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright Idea of the master's mind, 485
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand :
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light ;
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live, 491
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings. 495
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost :
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
 That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.

What

NOTES.

VER. 484. *So when the faithful pencil, &c.*] This is again a beautiful illustration. These images and similes interspersed in a dry didactic poem, prove the Poet's great judgment; and as the subjects of each illustration are so poetical, the expressions so forcible and well-selected, and the whole image so entirely and beautifully painted, they illustrate most happily the Poet's own doctrine :

A prudent chief not always must display
 His pow'rs, in equal ranks and fair array.

For if occasionally he becomes *prosaic*, he amply repays a moment's languor to the reader by his unexpected, highly polished, accurate, and poetical illustrations.

VER. 498. *Like some fair flower, &c.*] Something like this idea, and the comparison, may be found in George Herbert's elegant canzonet :

" I made

What is this Wit, which must our cares employ?
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy ; 501
 Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
 And still the more we give, the more requir'd ;
 Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please ; 505
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !
 If Wit so much from Ign'rance undergo,
 Ah let not learning too commence its foe !
 Of old, those met rewards who could excell, 510
 And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
 Though

NOTES.

" I made a posie, while the day ran by,
 " Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
 " My life within this band !
 " But TIME did *beckon to the flow'rs*, and they
 " By noon, most cunningly did *steal* away,
 " And wither in my hand."

" Farewell, dear flow'rs, sweetly your time ye spent,
 " Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell or ornament,
 " And after death, for cures :
 " I follow straight, without complaints or grief,
 " Since, if my scent be good, I care not—if—
 " It *be* as *short* as yours."

VER. 508. *If Wit so much from Ign'rance undergo,*] Boileau going one day to receive his pension, and the treasurer reading these words in his order, " the pension we have granted to Boileau, on account of the satisfaction his works have given us," asked him of what kind were his works ; " Of masonry (replied the Poet), I am a builder !" Racine used to relate, that an old magistrate, who had never been at a play, was carried, one day, to his *Andromaque*. This magistrate was very attentive to the
 tragedy,

Though triumphs were to gen'als only due,
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
 Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down; 515
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools:
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 For each ill Author is as bad a Friend.
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways, 520
 Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!
 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the Critic let the Man be lost.
 Good-nature and good sense must ever join;
 To err is human, to forgive, divine. 525

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
 Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
 No pardon vile Obscenity should find, 530
 Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
 But Dulness with Obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as Impotence in love.
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:
 When

NOTES.

tragedy, to which was added the Plaideurs; and going out of
 the theatre, he said to the author, "I am extremely pleased, Sir,
 with your *Andromaque*: I am only amazed that it ends so gaily;
j'avois d'abord eu quelque envie de pleurer, mais la vue des petits
chiens m'a fait rire."

WARTON.

When love was all an easy Monarch's care ; 536
 Seldom at council, never in a war :
 Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ :
 Nay wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit :
 The Fair fate panting at a Courtier's play, 540
 And not a Mask went unimprov'd away :
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
 The following licence of a Foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ; 545
 Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation ;
 Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights
 dispute,
 Lest God himself should seem too absolute :
 Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare, 550
 And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there !

Encou-

NOTES.

VER. 534. *In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprung the rank weed,*

" And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed." HAMLET.

VER. 541. *And not a Mask, &c.* Alluding to the custom in that age, of Ladies going in Masks to the Play. When we consider that, many even of our early *Tragedies* are polluted with the grossest allusions and ribaldry, how amiable does Shakespear appear, whose page, in comparison of that of Beaumont and Fletcher, is *purity itself* !

VER. 544 *Foreign reign* The reign of William III. The fanaticism of Cromwell was succeeded by general licentiousness in Charles II.'s reign. This Pope, insinuates, and he is followed by Warburton, was the *cause* of the general freedom of inquiry after the revolution. Pope, for *obvious reasons*, seems to forget there was such a King as James II. He here alludes to those whom Warburton calls *Latitudinarian Divines*.

Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the prefs groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
 These monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
 Yet shun their fault, who scandalously nice, 556
 Will needs mistake an author into vice;
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

III.

LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to shew,
 For 'tis but half a Judge's task, to know. 561
 'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
 That not alone what to your sense is due
 All may allow; but seek your friendship too. 565
 Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
 And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,
 Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;

But

COMMENTARY.

VER. 560. *Learn then, &c.*] We enter now on the third part, the *Morals* of the Critic; included in Candour, Modesty, and Good-breeding. This third and last part is in two divisions. In the first of which [from ver. 559 to 631.] our author inculcates these *morals* by *precept*: In the second [from ver. 630 to the end] by *example*. His first precept [from ver. 561 to 566.] recommends Candour, for its use to the Critic, and to the writer criticised.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 559. *jaundic'd*] The idea, and almost the very expressions, are in Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*.

But you, with pleasure own your errors past, 570

And make each day a Critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot. 575

Without Good-Breeding, truth is disapprov'd;

That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence:

For the worst avarice is that of sense.

With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,

Nor be so civil as to prove unjust. 581

Fear

NOTES.

VER. 570. *your errors past,*] “ Et ipsa emendatio habet finem; sunt enim qui ad omnia scripta, tanquam vitiosa redeunt; & quasi nihil fas sit rectum esse quod primum est, melius existiment quidquid est aliud; idque faciunt quoties librum in manus resumpserint; similes medicis, etiam integra secantibus. Accidit itaque ut cicatricosa sint, & exanguia, & curâ pejora. Sit aliquando quod placeat; aut certè quod sufficiat: ut plus poliat lima, non exerat.” Quintil. lib. 10. WARTON.

VER. 580. *With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,*

Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.]

Our Poet practis'd this excellent precept in his conduct towards Wycherley, whose pieces he corrected with equal freedom and judgment. But Wycherley, who had an insufferable share of vanity, and was one of the professed wits of the last age, was soon disgusted at this candour and ingenuity of Pope; insomuch that he came to an open and ungenerous rupture with him. WARTON.

Dr. Warton should have stated that Pope, in correcting Wycherley's verses, was so unmerciful to the old gentleman, as to blot out almost all. This was borne with great temper by the superannuated Bard, till, after great pains, numerous emendations, corrections, and additions, Pope seriously advised him to turn the whole into *Prose*! Patience could bear no more.

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak, 585
And

COMMENTARY.

VER. 584. *'Twere well might Critics, &c.*] The Poet having thus recommended, in his general rules of conduct for the Judgment, these three critical Virtues to the Heart ; shews next [from ver. 583 to 631.] upon what three sorts of writers these virtues, together with the advice conveyed under them, would be thrown away ; and, which is worse, be repaid with obloquy and scorn. These are the false Critic, the dull Man of Quality, and the bad Poet ; each of which species of incorrigible writers he hath very exactly painted. But having drawn the last of them at full length, and being always attentive to the two main branches of his subject, which are, of writing and judging well, he re-assumes the character of the bad Critic (whom he had touched upon before) to contrast him with the other ; and makes the characteristic common to both, to be a never-ceasing repetition of their own impertinence.

The Poet—still runs on in a raging vein, &c. ver. 606, &c.

The Critic—with his own tongue still edifies his ears, 614, &c.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 582. *Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;*] The freedom and unreservedness with which Boileau and Racine communicated their works to each other, is hardly to be paralleled ; of which many amiable instances appear in their letters lately published by a son of the latter ; particularly in the following : “ J’ai trouvé que la Trompette & les Sourds étoient trop joués, & qu’il ne falloit point trop appuyer sur votre incommodité, moins encore chercher de l’esprit sur ce sujet.” Boileau communicated to his friend the first sketch of his Ode on the Taking Namur. It is entertaining to contemplate a rude draught by such a master ; and is no less pleasing to observe the temper with which he receives the objections of Racine. “ J’ai déjà retouché à tout cela ; mais je ne veux point l’achever que je n’aie reçu vos remarques, qui sûrement m’éclaireront encore l’esprit.”

WARTON.

And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
 Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
 Fear most to tax an Honourable fool,
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull;
 Such, without wit, are Poets when they please, 590
 As without learning they can take Degrees.
 Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful Satires,
 And flattery to some fulsome Dedicators,
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er. 595
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain :
 Your silence there is better than your spite,
 For who can rail so long as they can write ?
 Still humming on, their drouzy course they keep,
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep. 601
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As, after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace.
 What crouds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old, 605
 Still

NOTES.

VER. 586. *And stares, tremendous, &c*] This picture was taken to himself by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this Essay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic : For, as to the mention made of him in ver. 270, he took it as a compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this abuse of his person.

POPE.

VER. 597. *And charitably let the dull be vain :*] If Cibber was the *dull* fellow Pope would have had him thought, no conduct could have been more proper towards him, than that which Pope here recommends. Pope seems to have anticipated Colley's subsequent resolution "to write, as long" as Pope "could rail."

Still run on Poets in a raging vein,
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezing of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence.

Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
 There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too. 611

The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always list'ning to himself appears. 615

All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Dufey's Tales.
 With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
 Name a new play, and he's the Poet's friend, 620
 Nay show'd his faults—but when would Poets mend?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard:
 Nay,

NOTES.

VER. 607. *squeezing of the brain,*] There can be no doubt, I think, respecting the allusion in these lines to old Wycherley; whom else could they suit at that period, when Pope says

“ Such bards *we have* ?”

If Wycherley was intended, what must we think of Pope, who could wound, in this manner, his old friend, for whom he professed so much kindness, and who first introduced him to notice and patronage!

VER. 619. *Garth did not write, &c.*] A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our Poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevailed; and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten. POPE.

VER. 622. *No place so sacred*] This stroke of satire is literally taken from Boileau:

“ Gardez

Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread. 625
Distrust-

VARIATIONS.

VER. 623. Between this and ver. 624.

In vain you shrug and sweat and strive to fly:
These know no Manners but of Poetry.
They'll stop a hungry Chaplain in his grace,
To treat of Unities of time and place. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

“ Gardez vous d'imiter ce rimeur furieux,
Qui de ses vains écrits lecteur harmonieux
Aborde en récitant quiconque le salue,
Et poursuit de ses vers les passans dans le rue,
Il n'est Temple si saint, des Anges respecté,
Qui soit contre sa muse un lieu du sûreté.”

Which lines allude to the impertinence of a French poet called Du Perrier, who finding Boileau one day at church, insisted upon repeating to him an ode, during the elevation of the host; and desired his opinion, whether or not it was in the manner of Malherbe. Without this anecdote the pleasantry of the satire would be overlooked. It may here be occasionally observed, how many beauties in this species of writing are lost, for want of knowing the facts to which they allude. The following passage may be produced as a proof. Boileau, in his excellent epistle to his gardener at Anteuil, says,

“ Mon maître, dirois-tu, passe pour un Docteur,
Et parle quelquefois mieux qu'un Prédicateur.”

It seems our author and Racine returned one day, in high spirits, from Versailles, with two honest citizens of Paris. As their conversation was full of gaiety and humour, the two citizens were greatly delighted; and one of them, at parting, stopt Boileau with this compliment, “ I have travelled with Doctors of the Sorbonne, and even with the religious; but I never heard so many fine things said before; en verite vous parlez cent fois mieux qu'un Predicateur.”

It is but justice to add, that the fourteen succeeding verses in the poem before us, containing the character of a True Critic, are superior to any thing in Boileau's Art of Poetry; from which, however, Pope has borrowed many observations. WARTON.

Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
 But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide. 630

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
 Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right; 634
 Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere;
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe;

Who

COMMENTARY.

VER. 631. *But where's the man, &c.* II. The *second* division of this last part, which we now come to, is of the *Morals of Critics*, by *example*. For, having in the first, drawn a picture of the *false Critic*, at large, he breaks out into an apostrophe, containing an exact and finished character of the *true*; which, at the same time, serves for an easy and proper introduction to *this second division*. For having asked [from ver. 630 to 643] *Where's the man, &c.* he answers [from ver. 642 to 641.], That he was to be found in the happier ages of *Greece* and *Rome*; in the characters of *Aristotle* and *Horace*, *Dionysius* and *Petronius*, *Quintilian* and *Longinus*.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 631. *But where's the man, &c.* The Poet, by his manner of asking after this Character, and telling us, when he had described it, that such once were Critics, does not encourage us to search for it amongst modern writers. And indeed the discovery of him, if it could be made, would be but an invidious affair. However, I will venture to name the piece of Criticism in which all these marks may be found. It is entitled, *Q. Hor. Fl. Ars Poetica, et ejusd Ep. ad Aug.* with an English Commentary and Notes.

WARBURTON.

Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind; 640
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were Critics; such the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.

The

NOTES.

This commentary is founded on the idea that Horace writes, in his Art of Poetry, with systematic order, and the strictest method. An idea to which several capable critics will not accede, and which is directly contrary to Pope's own opinion. But it may be added, that Dr. Hurd was not the first who entertained this idea. A French writer, M. de Brueys, gave a paraphrase on this epistle of Horace, in 1683, totally grounded on this supposition. If my partiality to my lamented friend Mr. Colman does not mislead me, I should think his account of the matter the most judicious of any yet published. He conceives that the elder Piso had written or meditated a poetical work, probably a tragedy; and had communicated his piece, in confidence, to Horace; but Horace, either disapproving of the work, or doubting of the poetical faculties of the elder Piso, or both, wished to dissuade him from all thoughts of publication. With this view he wrote his epistle, addressing it with a courtliness and delicacy, perfectly agreeable to his acknowledged character, indifferently to the whole family, the father and his two sons. Epistle to the Piso's, with Notes by George Colman, 4to. 1783, p. 6. WARTON.

VER. 642. *with reason on his side?*] Not only on his side, but in actual employment. The Critic makes but a mean figure, who, when he has found out the beauties of his author, contents himself with shewing them to the world in only empty exclamations. His office is to explain their nature, shew from whence they arise, and what effects they produce; or in the better and fuller expression of the Poet,

“To teach the world with reason to admire.”

The mighty Stagirite first left the shore, 645
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore ;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the Mæonian star.

Poets,

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 646 and 649. I have found the following lines, since suppressed by the author :

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,
 Whose first discovery's not exceeded yet.
 Led by the Light of the Mæonian Star,
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far.
 He, when all Nature was subdu'd before,
 Like his great Pupil, sigh'd and long'd for more :
 Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay,
 A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway.
 Poets, &c.

WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 645. *The mighty Stagirite*] A noble and just character of the first and the best of critics! Whoever surveys the variety and perfection of his productions, all delivered in the chastest style, in the clearest order, and the most pregnant brevity, is amazed at the immensity of his genius. His logic, however at present neglected for those rudiments and verbose systems which took their rise from Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, is a mighty effort of the mind; in which are discovered the principal sources of the art of reasoning, and the dependencies of one thought on another; and where, by the different combinations he hath made of all the forms the understanding can assume in reasoning, which he hath traced for it, he hath so closely confined it, that it cannot depart from them, without arguing inconsequentially. His Physics contain many useful observations, particularly his History of Animals, which Buffon highly praises; to assist him in which, Alexander gave orders, that creatures of different climates and countries should, at a great expence, be brought to him, to pass under his inspection. His Morals are, perhaps, the purest system of antiquity. His Politics are a most valuable monument of the civil wisdom of the ancients;

as

Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty, 650
Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.

Horace

NOTES.

as they preserve to us the description of several governments, and particularly of Crete and Carthage, that otherwise would have been unknown. But of all his compositions, his Rhetoric and Poetics are most excellent. No writer has shewn a greater penetration into the recesses of the human heart, than this philosopher, in the second book of his Rhetoric; where he treats of the different manners and passions that distinguish each different age and condition of man; and from whence Horace plainly took his famous description in the Art of Poetry (ver. 157). La Bruyere, La Rochefoucault, and Montaigne himself, are not to be compared to him in this respect. No succeeding writer on eloquence, not even Tully, has added any thing new or important on this subject. His Poetics, which, I suppose, are here by Pope chiefly referred to, seem to have been written for the use of that prince, with whose education Aristotle was honoured, to give him a just taste in reading Homer and the tragedians; to judge properly of which, was then thought no unnecessary accomplishment in the character of a prince. To attempt to understand poetry without having diligently digested this treatise, would be as absurd and impossible, as to pretend to a skill in geometry without having studied Euclid. The fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters, wherein he has pointed out the properest methods of exciting terror and pity, convince us, that he was intimately acquainted with those objects which most forcibly affect the heart. The prime excellence of this precious treatise is the scholastic precision, and philosophical closeness, with which the subject is handled, without any address to the passions, or imagination. It is to be lamented, that the part of the Poetics in which he had given precepts for comedy, did not likewise descend to posterity.

WARTON.

VER. 652. *Who conquer'd*] By conquering nature, our Poet certainly meant, was a perfect master of all natural philosophy,

as

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without method talks us into sense,
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey 655
 The truest notions in the easiest way.
 He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
 Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire ;
 His Precepts teach but what his works inspire. 660
 Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
 They judge with fury, but they write with flegm :
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong Translations
 By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.
 See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine, 665
 And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line !

Fancy

NOTES.

as far as it was then understood ; in his own manuscript lines quoted above he uses the expression in the very same sense ;

He, when all nature was subdu'd before. WARTON.

VER. 665. *See Dionysius*] Of Halicarnassus. POPE.

These prosaic lines, this spiritless eulogy, are much below the merit of the critic whom they are intended to celebrate. Pope seems here rather to have considered Dionysius as the author only of reflections concerning Homer ; and to have, in some measure, overlooked, or at least not to have sufficiently insisted on, his most excellent book ΠΕΡΙ ΣΥΝΟΨΕΩΣ ΟΝΟΜΑΤΩΝ, in which he has unfolded all the secret arts that render composition harmonious. One part of this discourse, I mean from the beginning of the twenty-first to the end of the twenty fourth section, is, perhaps, one of the most useful pieces of criticism extant. He there discusses the three different species of composition ; which he divides into the Nervous and Austere, the Smooth and Florid, and the Middle, which partakes of the nature of the two others. As examples of the first species, he mentions Antimachus and Empedocles

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The justest rules, and clearest method join'd: 670
In

NOTES.

docles in heroics, Pindar in lyric, Æschylus in tragic poetry, and Thucydides in history. As examples of the second, he produces Hesiod as a writer in heroics; Sappho, Anacreon, and Simonides, in lyric; Euripides only among tragic writers; among the historians, Ephorus and Theopompus; and Isocrates among the rhetoricians: all these, says he, have used words that are ΔΕΙΑ, καὶ ΜΑΛΑΚΑ, καὶ ΠΑΡΘΕΝΩΠΑ. The writers which he alleges as instances of the third species, who have happily blended the two other species of composition, and who are the most complete models of style, are Homer in epic poetry; Stesichorus and Alcæus in lyric; in tragic, Sophocles; in history, Herodotus; in eloquence, Demosthenes; in philosophy, Democritus, Plato, and Aristotle. Numberless are the passages which Quintilian has borrowed from this writer; who has lately been brought forward, and perhaps will be more read by being so often referred to, by the learned Lord Monboddo. The treatise, *De Structurâ*, was admirably well published by Mr. Upton, the editor also of Aristotle's *Poetics*, printed at Cambridge, under the inspection of Dr. Hare, in the year 1706, and also of *Extracts from Ælian, Polyænus, and Herodotus*, and of *Ascham's Schoolmaster*. WARTON.

VER. 667. *Petronius please,*] This dissolute and effeminate writer little deserved a place among good critics, for only two or three pages on the subject of criticism. His fragment on the Civil War is far below Lucan, whom he endeavoured to blame and to excel. Sir George Wheeler, esteemed an accurate traveller, informs us, that he saw at Trau, in the hands of a Doctor Statilius, a fragment of Petronius, in which the account of the Supper of Trimalcion was entire. Yet this fragment has been judged to be spurious. WARTON.

VER. 669. *In grave Quintilian's*] It is very justly remarked by Dr. Warton, that "to commend Quintilian barely for his *method*, is below his merit, as that elegant writer afforded copious matter for a more appropriated and poetical character." How differently
VOL. I. T does

Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
 But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
 Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire, 675
 And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.

An

NOTES.

does Leonardo Aretino speak, in his letter to Poggio, upon the discovery of Quintilian, with Silius Italicus and Valerius Flaccus, among dust and rubbish at the bottom of a tower, in the monastery of St. Gall! "I have the pleasure of informing you," he says, "that from this discovery of yours we have already derived more advantages than you are aware of; for by your exertions we are at length in possession of a perfect copy of Quintilian. I have inspected the title of the books; we have now the entire treatise, of which before we had only one half, and that in a very mutilated state. Oh, what a valuable acquisition! what an unexpected pleasure! Shall I then behold Quintilian whole and entire, who, even in his imperfect state, was so rich a source of delight. I entreat you, my dear Poggio, send me the manuscript as soon as possible, that I may see it before I die."

See Shepherd's Life of Poggio, page 105.

Nothing can shew more clearly the enthusiasm with which the buried treasures of classical authors were received, when they were brought to light, at this period; and Warton justly observes, that the history of the manner in which antient MSS. were found, would be an entertaining work.

VER. 675. *Thee, bold Longinus!*] This abrupt address to Longinus is more spirited and striking, and more suitable to the character of the person addressed, than if he had coldly spoken of him in the third person, as it stood in the first edition. The taste and sensibility of Longinus were exquisite; but his observations are too general, and his method too loose. The precision of the true philosophical critic is lost in the declamation of the florid rhetorician. Instead of shewing for what reason a sentiment or image is sublime, and discovering the secret power by which they affect a reader with pleasure, he is ever intent on producing something sublime himself, and strokes of his own eloquence. Instead of

An ardent Judge, who, zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just :
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws ;
 And is himself that great Sublime he draws. 680

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
 Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
 Learning and Rome alike in empire grew ;
 And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew ; 684
 From the same Foes, at last, both felt their doom,
 And the same age saw Learning fall and Rome.

With

COMMENTARY.

VER. 681. *Thus long succeeding Critics, &c.*] The next period in which the true Critic (he tells us) appeared, was at the revival and restoration of letters in the West. This occasions his giving a short history [from ver. 682 to 709.] of the decline and re-establishment of arts and sciences in *Italy*. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

of pointing out the foundation of the grandeur of Homer's imagery, where he describes the motion of Neptune, the critic is endeavouring to rival the poet, by saying, that "there was not room enough in the whole earth to take such another step." He should have shewn why the speech of Phæton to his son, in a fragment of Euripides, was so lively and picturesque; instead of which, he ardently exclaims, "Would not you say, that the soul of the writer ascended the chariot with the driver, and was whirled along in the same flight and danger with the rapid horses?" I have frequently wondered, that Longinus, who mentions Tully, should have taken no notice of Virgil or Horace. I suppose he thought them only servile copiers of the Greeks. Neither Herodotus nor Thucydides ever once mention the Romans. WARTON.

VER. 680. *And is himself that great Sublime he draws.*] It is remarked in Smith's Translation, that the Prince of Conde, when he heard a fine passage repeated from the seventh section of Longinus's Treatise on the Sublime, exclaimed, "Voilà le sublime! voilà son véritable caractère!"

With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
 Much was believ'd, but little understood,
 And to be dull was constru'd to be good; 690
 A second deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
 And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

At

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 690 and 691, the author omitted these two:

Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,
 When none but Saints had licence to be proud. POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 686. *saw Learning*] There was a gradual declination of the light of literature and the arts, except what might be called occasional coruscations of superior brilliancy from the genius of Tacitus, Juvenal, &c. from the time of Augustus, to the tenth century, which seemed to envelope all Europe in the darkness of ignorance and barbarism. The baptism of bells, the institution of the Rosary, and various other absurd superstitions, were introduced at this time. Gilbert, otherwise known by the denomination of Sylvester the Second, first endeavoured, according to Mac-laine, to revive the drooping sciences; in the following century, the effects of his zeal appeared. In the twelfth century, the MS. of the famous Pandect of Justinian was found in the ruins of Amalphi, or Melfi, when that city was taken by Lotharius the Second, in 1137; it was presented to the city of Pisa, by the conqueror. This famous work most essentially contributed (but it surely was not the *sole cause*, as Dr. Warton seems to think) "to awaken and enlarge the minds of men, by laying before them an art which would give stability and security to all the other arts that support and embellish Life."

VER. 692. *what the Goths begun.*] Leontius Pilatus was the person that restored Greek learning in Italy; Gregoris Tiphernas in France; William Grocyn of New College, Oxford, in England. The nine Grecians that came first from Constantinople into the West, were Bessarion, Chrysoloras, Demet. Calchondylas, Gaza, J. Argyropulus, G. Trapezuntius, Mar. Musurus, M. Marullus, J. Lascaris. WARTON.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!)

Stem'd

NOTES.

VER. 693. *At length Erasmus, &c.*] Nothing can be more artful than the application of this example: or more happy than the turn of the compliment. To throw glory quite round the character of this admirable Person, he makes it to be (as in fact it really was) by his assistance chiefly, that Leo was enabled to restore letters and the fine arts in his Pontificate. WARBURTON.

This is not exactly true; others had a share in this great and important work.

“ I have been asked, whether I would decide the question, What was the religion of Erasmus? In one respect, I account myself qualified for the undertaking; for I am unprejudiced, and have nothing to bias me. But I think it best to leave the reader to judge for himself, and to make his inferences from the premises. Therefore I shall only observe, that Erasmus, if he had had an absolute power to establish a form of religion in any country, would have been a moderate man, and a Latitudinarian, as to the credenda. He would have proposed few articles of faith, and those with a primitive simplicity.” This is the candid opinion of Dr. Jortin, in his *Life of Erasmus*, p. 609.

“ I am afraid (said Erasmus) in one of his epistles, that not having the firmness and spirit of Luther, I should have behaved like St. Peter in the same circumstances.” WARTON.

It is known that Pope gave great offence to the Catholics, by this liberal and handsome praise of Erasmus.

VER. 694. (*The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!*)] Our author elsewhere lets us know what he esteems to be the glory of the Priesthood as well as of a christian in general, where, comparing himself to Erasmus, he says,

“ In Moderation placing all my glory,”
and consequently what he regards as the shame of it. The whole of this character belonged eminently and almost solely to Erasmus: For the other Reformers, such as Luther, Calvin, and their followers, understood so little in what true christian liberty consisted, that they carried with them, into the reformed churches, that very spirit of persecution, which had driven them from the church of Rome. WARBURTON.

Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age, 695
 And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.
 But see! each Muse, in LEO's golden days,
 Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
 Rome's

COMMENTARY.

VER. 697. *But see! each Muse, in LEO's golden days,*] This presents us with the *second period* in which the *true Critic* appeared; of whom he has given us a complete idea in the single example of Marcus Hieronymus Vida. WARBURTON.

NOTES.

VER. 696. *And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.*] In this attack on the established ignorance of the times, Erasmus succeeded so well, as to bring good letters into fashion: to which he gave new splendor, by preparing for the press correct editions of many of the best ancient writers, both ecclesiastical and prophane. But having laughed and shamed his age out of one folly, he had the mortification of seeing it run headlong into another. The Virtuosi of Italy, in a superstitious dread of that monkish barbarity which he had so severely handled, would use no term, (for now almost every man was become a Latin writer,) not even when they treated of the highest mysteries of religion, which had not been consecrated in the Capitol, and dispensed unto them from the sacred hand of Cicero. Erasmus observed the growth of this classical folly with the greater concern, as he discovered under all their attention to the language of old Rome, a certain fondness for its religion, in a growing impiety which disposed them to think irreverently of the Christian Faith. And he no sooner discovered it than he set upon reforming it; which he did so effectually in the Dialogue, entitled Ciceronianus, that he brought the age back to that just temper, which he had been, all his life, endeavouring to mark out to it: Purity, but not pedantry, in Letters; and zeal, but not bigotry, in Religion. In a word, by employing his great talents of genius and literature on subjects of general importance; and by opposing the extremes of all parties in their turns; he completed the real character of a true Critic and an honest Man. WARBURTON.

VER. 697. *But see! each Muse, in LEO's golden days,*] History has recorded five ages of the world, in which the human mind
has

Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread, 699
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.

Then

NOTES.

has exerted itself in an extraordinary manner; and in which its productions in literature and the fine arts have arrived at a perfection, not equalled in other periods.

The First, is the age of Philip and Alexander; about which time flourished Socrates, Plato, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Lyfippus, Apelles, Phidias, Praxiteles, Thucydides, Xenophon, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Menander, Philemon. The Second age, which seems not to have been taken sufficient notice of, was that of Ptolomy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, in which appeared Lycophron, Aratus, Nicander, Apollonius Rhodius, Theocritus, Callimachus, Eratosthenes, Philichus, Erasistratus the physician, Timæus the historian, Cleanthes, Diogenes the painter, and Sostrates the architect. This prince, from his love of learning, commanded the Old Testament to be translated into Greek. The Third age is that of Julius Cæsar, and Augustus; marked with the illustrious names of Laberius, Catullus, Lucretius, Cicero, Livy, Varro, Virgil, Horace, Propertius, Tibullus, Ovid, Phædrus, Vitruvius, Dioscorides. The Fourth age was that of Julius II, and Leo X, which produced Ariosto, Tasso, Fra-castorius, Sannazarius, Vida, Bembo, Sadolet, Machiavel, Guic-cardin, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian. The Fifth age is that of Louis XIV, in France, and of King William and Queen Anne, in England; in which, or thereabouts, are to be found, Corneille, Moliere, Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine, Bossuet, La Rochefoucault, Paschal, Bourdaloue, Patru, Malbranche, De Retz, La Bruyere, St. Real, Fenelon, Lully, Le Sæur, Pouffin, Le Brun, Puget, Theodon, Gerradon, Edelinck, Nanteuill, Perrault the architect, Dryden, Tillotson, Temple, Pope, Addison, Garth, Congreve, Rowe, Prior, Lee, Swift, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, Boyle, Locke, Newton, Clarke, Kneller, Thornhill, Jervas, Purcell, Mead, Friend.*

Leo

* I fear Dr. Warton has been a little fanciful in his enumeration of the constellations of genius that shone out in particular periods of the world. He has admitted many names of characters, such as may be found in almost every age, and omitted some

Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
 Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
 With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung;
 A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.

Immortal

NOTES.

Leo the Tenth little imagined, that by promoting the revival of ancient literature, and by the discovery and diffusion of that manly and liberal knowledge which it contained, and which opened and enlarged the bigoted minds of men, into boldness of thought, and freedom of inquiry on all important subjects, he was gradually undermining the absurdity and the tyranny of the Romish church, and emancipating its wretched devotees from ignorance and superstition. In vain, under such circumstances, was the Complutensian edition of the bible given. Cardinal Pole, it is said, with great shrewdness, warned Leo of the consequences of thus enlightening Europe.

In Bayle may be seen, the pains he took, and the expences he incurred, by purchasing curious manuscripts from every country where they could be found; and his liberalities to men of genius need not be enlarged upon. One cannot but lament that the charming Ariosto, who was once so favoured and caressed by him, was afterwards neglected and forgotten by this Pope, and denied a preferment which he had promised him, which occasioned the severity with which he treated Leo in his Fifth Satire. It is remarkable, that in the bull which this Pope gave to Ariosto, on the printing his Orlando, he speaks of it as a kind of burlesque poem; as describing, *Equitum errantium Itinera, ludicro more, longo tamen studio, &c.*

WARTON.

VER. 699. *o'er its ruins spread,*] In the ninth century, it was said, there were more statues than inhabitants, at Rome.

VER. 703. *With sweeter notes*] I have the best authority, that of the learned, accurate, and ingenious Dr. Burney, for observing, that, in the age of Leo the Tenth, music did not keep pace with

that singly cast a splendor round them superior to that of the *collected galaxy* (at least, of the English and French periods) which he has brought together, with the exceptions of Newton, Locke, Boyle, &c. Let us remember such names as Spenser, Sir Walter Raleigh, Shakespear, &c.

Immortal Vida : on whose honour'd brow 705

The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow :

Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,

As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But

NOTES.

with poetry in advancing towards perfection. Constantio Festa was the best Italian composer during the time of Leo, and Pietro Aron the best theorist. Palestrina was not born till eight years after the death of Leo. See History of Music, Vol. II. p. 336. In the year 1521, Luther wrote a serious and pressing letter to Leo, exhorting him to retire from the splendor and vanity of the court, to some religious solitude, after the example of St. Bernard. We may easily imagine how much our polite successor of St. Peter was diverted with this remonstrance of Luther. Leo did not receive the sacrament before he died ; on which, Sannazarius wrote this distich :

“ Sacra sub extremâ si forte requiritis horâ,

Cur Leo non potuit fumere ? vendidérat.” WARTON.

VER. 703. *With sweeter notes, &c.*] Whether music kept exact pace with other arts, or not, in the time of Leo the Tenth, the idea may be poetically admitted, and Pope has touched it with great propriety, and beauty.

VER. 705. *Immortal Vida:*] But Vida was by no means the most celebrated poet that adorned the age of Leo the Tenth ; and music received not so many improvements, as the other fine arts, at that period. When Vida was advanced to a bishopric, he went to pay a visit to his aged parents, who were in very low circumstances ; but unhappily found they were just deceased. An action more meritorious than writing his Poetics.

The merits of Vida seem not to have been particularly attended to in England, till Pope had bestowed this commendation upon him ; although the Poetics had been correctly published at Oxford, by Basil Kennet, some time before. The Silk-worms of Vida are written with classical purity, and with a just mixture of the

IMITATIONS.

VER. 708. *As next in place to Mantua,*] Alluding to

“ Mantua vœ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ.” VIRG.

This application is made in Kennet's edition of Vida.

WARTON.

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd. 710
 Thence

COMMENTARY.

VER. 709. *But soon by impious arms, &c.*] This brings us to the *third period*, after learning had travelled still farther West; when the arms of the Emperor, in the sack of Rome by the duke of Bourbon, had driven it out of Italy, and forced it to pass the *Mountains*.—The examples he gives in this period, are of Boileau in France, and of the Lord Roscommon and the Duke of Buckingham in England: And these were all Poets, as well as Critics in verse. It is true, the last instance is of one who was no eminent poet, the late Mr. *Walsh*. This small deviation might be well overlooked, were it only for its being a pious office to the memory of his friend: But it may be further justified, as it was an homage paid in particular to the *MORALS* of the Critic, nothing being more amiable than the character here drawn of this excellent person. He being our Author's Judge and Censor as well as Friend, it gives him a graceful opportunity to add himself to the number of the later Critics; and with a character of his own genius and temper, sustained by that modesty and dignity which it is so difficult to make consistent, this performance concludes.

NOTES.

the styles of Lucretius and Virgil. It was a happy choice to write a poem on Chess; nor is the execution less happy. The various stratagems and manifold intricacies of this ingenious game, so difficult to be described in Latin, are here expressed with the greatest perspicuity and elegance. Amidst many prosaic flatnesses there are many fine strokes in the *Christiad*; particularly his angels, with respect to their persons and insignia, are drawn with that dignity which we so much admire in Milton; who seems to have had his eye on those passages.

Gravina (*Della Ragion. Poet. p. 127.*) applauds Vida, for having found out a method to introduce the whole history of our Saviour's life, by putting it into the mouth of St. Joseph and St. John, who relate it to Pilate. But surely this speech, consisting of as many lines as that of Dido to Æneas, was too long to be made

Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France ;

The

NOTES.

made on such an occasion, when Christ was brought before the tribunal of Pilate, to be judged and condemned to death. The Poetics are, perhaps, the most perfect of his compositions ; they are excellently translated by Pitt. Vida had formed himself upon Virgil, who is therefore his hero ; he has too much depreciated Homer, and also Dante. Although his precepts principally regard epic poetry, yet many of them are applicable to every species of composition. This poem has the praise of being one of the * first, if not the very first, pieces of criticism, that appeared in Italy since the revival of learning ; for it was finished, as is evident from a short advertisement prefixed to it, in the year 1520. It is remarkable, that most of the great poets, about this time, wrote an Art of Poetry. Trissino, a name respected for giving to Europe the first regular epic poem, and for first daring to throw off the bondage of rhyme, published at Vicenza, in the year 1529, *Della Poetica, divisioni quattro*, several years before his *Italia Liberata*. We have of Fracastorius, Naugerius, *five de arte poeticâ dialogus*, Venetiis, 1555. Minturnus, *De Poeta, libri sex*, appeared at Venice 1559. Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato, and author of an epic poem, entitled, *L'Amadigi*, wrote *Raggionamento della Poesia*, printed at Venice, 1562. And to pay the highest honour to criticism, the great Torquato Tasso himself wrote *Discorsi del poema Eroico*, printed at Venice, 1587. These discourses are full of learning and taste. But I must not omit a curious anecdote, which Menage has given us in his *Anti-Baillet* ; namely, that Sperone claimed these discourses as his own ; for he thus speaks of them, in one of his Letters to Felice Paciotto ; “ *Laudo voi infinitamente di voler scrivere della poetica ; della quale interrogato molto fiate dal Tasso, e rispondendogli io libramente, si come foglio, egli n'a fatto un volume, e mandato al Signior Scipio Gonzago per cosa sua, e non mea : ma io ne chiarirò il mondo.*”

Hence

* Victorius's Latin translation of Aristotle's Poetics was published at Florence, 1560. Castelvetro's Italian one at Vienna, 1570.

The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys ;
 And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
 But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd, 715
 And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd ;

Fierce

NOTES.

Hence it appears, that our author was mistaken in saying, line 712, that "Critic-learning flourished most in France." For these critical works here mentioned, by so many capital writers in Italy, far exceed any which the French, at that period of time, had produced. "'Tis hard (said Akenfide) to conceive by what means the French acquired this character of superior correctness. We have classic authors in English, older than in any modern language, except the Italian; and Spenser and Sidney wrote with the truest taste, when the French had not one great poet they can bear to read. Milton and Chapelain were contemporaries; the Pucelle and Paradise Lost were in hand, perhaps frequently, at the self same hour. One of them was executed in such a manner, that an Athenian of Menander's age would have turned his eyes from the Minerva of Phidias, or the Venus of Apelles, to obtain more perfect conceptions of beauty from the English Poet; the other, though fostered by the French court for twenty years with the utmost indulgence, does honour to the Leonine, and the Runic poetry. It was too great an attention to French criticism, that hindered our poets, in Charles the Second's time, from comprehending the genius, and acknowledging the Authority of Milton; else, without looking abroad, they might have acquired a manner more correct and perfect, than French authors could or can teach them. In short, unless correctness signify a freedom from little faults, without enquiring after the most essential beauties, it scarce appears on what foundation the French claim to that character is established."

WARTON.

VER. 714. *And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.*] May I be pardoned for declaring it as my opinion, that Boileau's is the best Art of Poetry * extant. The brevity of his precepts, enlivened by proper imagery, the justness of his metaphors, the harmony of his numbers, as far as Alexandrine lines will admit, the exactness of

* It was translated into Portuguese verse by Count d'Ericeyra.

Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
 We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
 Yet some there were, among the founder few
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew, 720
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
 And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
 Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
 " Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well."

Such

NOTES.

of his method, the perspicacity of his remarks, and the energy of his style, all duly considered, may render this opinion not unreasonable. It is scarcely to be conceived, how much is comprehended in four short cantos. He that has well digested these, cannot be said to be ignorant of any important rule of poetry. The tale of the Physician turning Architect, in the fourth canto, is told with true pleasantry. It is to this work Boileau owes his immortality; which was of the highest utility to this nation, in diffusing a just way of thinking and writing; banishing every species of false wit, and introducing a general taste for the manly simplicity of the ancients, on whose writings this poet had formed his taste.

WARTON.

VER. 723. *Such was the Muse,*] *Essay on Poetry* by the Duke of Buckingham. Our Poet is not the only one of his time who complimented this *Essay*, and its noble Author. Mr. Dryden had done it very largely in the Dedication to his translation of the *Æneid*; and Dr. Garth in the first Edition of his *Dispensary* says,

" The Tyber now no courtly Gallus fees,

" But smiling Thames enjoys his Normanbys ;"

though afterwards omitted, when parties were carried so high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an opposite in Politics. The Duke was all his life a steady adherent to the Church of England Party, yet an enemy to the extravagant Measures of the Court in the reign of Charles II. On which account, after having strongly patronized Mr. Dryden, a coolness succeeded between them on that Poet's absolute attachment to the Court, which carried him some length beyond what the Duke could approve of. This nobleman's true character had been very well marked by Mr. Dryden before :

" The

Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood; 726
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.

Such

NOTES.

“ The Muse's friend,
 “ Himself a Muse. In Sanadrin's debate
 “ True to his prince, but not a slave of state.”

Abs. and Achit.

Our Author was more happy; he was honoured very young with his friendship, and it continued till his death in all the circumstances of a familiar esteem.

POPE.

VER. 723. *Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
 “ Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well.”*]

This high panegyric, which was not in the first edition, procured to Pope the acquaintance, and afterwards the constant friendship, of the Duke of Buckingham; who, in his essay here alluded to, has followed the method of Boileau, in discoursing on the various species of poetry in their different gradations, to no other purpose than to manifest his own inferiority. WARTON.

VER. 725. *Such was Roscommon,*] An Essay on Translated Verse seems, at first sight, to be a barren subject; yet Roscommon has decorated it with many precepts of utility and taste, and enlivened it with a tale in imitation of Boileau. It is indisputably better written, in a closer and more vigorous style, than the last-mentioned essay. Roscommon was more learned than Buckingham. He was bred under Bochart, at Caen in Normandy. He had laid a design of forming a society for the refining, and fixing the standard of, our language; in which project, his intimate friend Dryden was a principal assistant.

It may be remarked, to the praise of Roscommon, that he was the first critic who had taste and spirit publicly to praise the *Paradise Lost*; with a noble encomium of which, and a rational recommendation of blank verse, he concludes his performance, though this passage was not in the first edition. Fenton, in his *Observations on Waller*, has accurately delineated his character. “ His imagination might have, probably, been more fruitful, and sprightly, if his judgment had been less severe; but that severity, delivered in a masculine, clear, succinct style, contributed to make him

Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend; 730
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
 This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
 This praise at least a grateful Muse may give: 734
 The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
 (Her

NOTES.

him so eminent in the didactical manner, that no man, with justice, can affirm, he was ever equalled by any of our own nation, without confessing, at the same time, that he is inferior to none. In some other kinds of writing, his genius seems to have wanted fire to attain the point of perfection; but who can attain it?" Edit. 12mo. p. 136. WARTON.

VER. 729.] Several lines were here added to the first edition, concerning Walsh. WARTON.

VER. 729. *Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,*] If Pope has here given too magnificent an eulogy to Walsh, it must be attributed to friendship, rather than to judgment. Walsh was, in general, a flimsy and frigid writer. The Rambler calls his works, pages of inanity. His three letters to Pope, however, are well written. His remarks on the nature of pastoral poetry, on borrowing from the ancients, and against florid conceits, are worthy perusal. Pope owed much to Walsh; it was he who gave him a very important piece of advice, in his early youth; for he used to tell our author, that there was one way still left open for him, by which he might excel any of his predecessors, which was, by correctness: that though, indeed, we had several great poets, we as yet could boast of none that were perfectly correct; and that therefore he advised him to make this quality his particular study.

Correctness is a vague term, frequently used without meaning and precision. It is perpetually the nauseous cant of the French critics, and of their advocates and pupils, that the English writers are generally incorrect. If correctness implies an absence of petty

(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries :
 Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew : 740
 Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame ;
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame ;

Averse

NOTES.

petty faults, this perhaps may be granted. If it means, that, because their tragedians have avoided the irregularities of Shakespear, and have observed a juster œconomy in their fables, therefore the *Athalia*, for instance, is preferable to *Lear*, the notion is groundless and absurd. Though the *Henriade* should be allowed to be free from any very gross absurdities, yet who will dare to rank it with the *Paradise Lost*? Some of their most perfect tragedies abound in faults as contrary to the nature of that species of poetry, and as destructive to its end, as the fools or grave-diggers of Shakespear. That the French may boast some excellent critics, particularly Bossu, Boileau, Fenelon, and Brumoy, cannot be denied ; but that these are sufficient to form a taste upon, without having recourse to the genuine fountains of all polite literature, I mean the Grecian writers, no one but a superficial reader can allow. WARTON.

VER. 741. *Careless of censure*,] These concluding lines bear a great resemblance to Boileau's conclusion of his *Art of Poetry*, but are perhaps superior.

“ Censeur un peu facheux, mais souvent necessaire ;
 Plus enclin à blâmer, que sçavant à bien faire.”

Our author has not, in this piece, followed the examples of the ancients, in addressing their didactic poems to some particular person ; as Hesiod to Perseus ; Lucretius to Memmius ; Virgil to Mæcenas ; Horace to the Pisos ; Ovid, his *Fasti*, to Germanicus ; Oppian to Caracalla. In later times, Fracastorius addressed P. Bembo ; Vida, the Dauphin of France. But neither Boileau in his *Art*, nor Roscommon nor Buckingham in their *Essays*, * nor Akenfide nor Armstrong, have followed this practice. WARTON.

* Akenfide's last copy of the *Pleasures of Imagination*, is addressed to his friend Dyson, and he mentions the circumstance of their early friendship, in a most interesting manner, and with uncommon sweetness of verse.

Averse alike to flatter, or offend ;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

I CONCLUDE these remarks with a remarkable fact. In no polished nation, after criticism has been much studied, and the rules of writing established, has any very extraordinary work appeared. This has visibly been the case in Greece, in Rome, and in France ; after Aristotle, Horace, and Boileau, had written their Arts of Poetry. In our own country the rules of the drama, for instance, were never more completely understood than at present ; yet what uninteresting, though faultless, tragedies have we lately seen ? So much better is our judgment than our execution. How to account for the fact here mentioned, adequately and justly, would be attended with all those difficulties that await discussions relative to the productions of the human mind ; and to the delicate and secret causes that influence them. Whether or no, the natural powers be not confined and debilitated by that timidity and caution which is occasioned by a rigid regard to the dictates of art ? or whether that philosophical, that geometrical, and systematical spirit so much in vogue, which has spread itself from the sciences even into polite literature, by consulting only reason, has not diminished and destroyed sentiment ; and made our poets write from and to the head, rather than the heart ? or whether, lastly, when just models, from which the rules have necessarily been drawn, have once appeared, succeeding writers, by vainly and ambitiously striving to surpass those just models, and to shine and surprise, do not become stiff, and forced and affected, in their thoughts and diction ?

It is not improper to observe what great improvements the Art of Criticism has received since this Essay was written. For without recurring to pieces of earlier date, and nearer the time in which it was written ; namely, the essays in the Spectator and Guardian ; Shaftesbury's Advice to an Author ; Spence on the Odyssey ; Fenton on Waller ; Blackwell's Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer : even of late years, we have had the Treatises of Harris ; Hurd's Remarks on Horace ; Observations on the Fairy Queen ; Webb on Poetry and Music ; Brown's Dissertation on the same ; the Dissertations of Beattie ; the Elements of Criticism, of Kaims ; the Lectures of Blair ; the Editions of

VOL. I. v Milton,

Milton, by Newton and Warton; and of Shakespear and Spenser, by Malone, Steevens, and Upton: the History of English Poetry; the critical papers of the Rambler, Adventurer, World, and Connoisseur; and The Lives of the Poets, by Johnson; the Biographia Britannica; and the Poetics of Aristotle, translated, and accompanied with judicious notes, by Twining and Pye; and the translation, with notes, of Horace's Art of Poetry, by Hurd and Colman; and the Epistles of Hayley. WARTON.

Dr. Warton's observation that few poetical pieces of high merit have appeared, after criticism has been studied, and the rules of writing established, is undoubtedly just; but there is nothing very extraordinary in the circumstance. As the wildest countries are by nature more *picturesque*, the rude banks, the aged forests, and *unsubdued* scenery of the Mississippi, more romantic, than the course of the *Thames* through its domain of elegant cultivation; so in Poetry, those ages that are comparatively rude and simple, in which the language is figurative, the traditions wild, the cast of manners original, or tinged with ideas of superstition, chivalry, and romance, are most favourable to works of fancy. When we consider the works of genius which imply great art and design in the structure, such as Epic Poems and Tragedies, we shall find in general that the time most favourable to their production, is when civilization has advanced beyond the limits of simplicity and rudeness, but still is marked with energy, originality, and native vigour. This period is peculiarly friendly to works of high yet cultivated imagination. Criticism implies an age of reason and refinement, when Imagination is subdued to Truth. This is as it should be, for Poetry is certainly *secondary* to Truth, and we cannot have from the same tree, at the same time, blossoms and fruits. It often however happens, that an age becomes *too refined* either for *Poetry* or *Truth*, and we know *extravagant Philosophy* is much more dangerous than romantic Poetry; it is for this reason that the mind often flies from vain and visionary systems of licentious philosophy, to repose upon the ideas of virtue, the dignified consolations, the enchanting pictures, or the pathetic incidents which the Muse presents. Let me here be indulged in saying a word, concerning my predecessor in this work, the late editor, Dr. Warton, my master and friend. No one excelled him in pure critical taste, and an accurate appreciation of whatever was truly poetical. To his criticisms, and to those of his brother Thomas Warton, we are indebted, in some respects, I sincerely believe, for a juster idea of genuine poetic excel-

excellence ; and though the present age be not that of romance or chivalry, it is by no means deficient in compositions that are fanciful, pathetic, and in some instances sublime.

This may be owing to our attention having been more strongly excited to the poetic character of Milton. His great genius has at least been more fully appreciated. When he first wrote, not only the part he took in Politics, but the general "chidings" of the times, were unfavourable to Poetry. After the Restoration, the

———"barbarous dissonance

Of Bacchus, and his revellers,—drown'd

Both harp and voice."

When the public taste became habituated to the elegant, but totally different, melodies of Dryden and Pope, he, of whom it might most truly have been said, that Heaven,

Οφθαλμων μεν αμερτε, διδω δ' αδειαν αοιδην,

was scarcely ever considered in that supereminent light in which he now appears. With respect to language, the different versification of Dryden and Pope has been considered as having completed the polished melody of the English couplet, while the earlier refiners of our language have been degraded, or forgotten. Johnson, speaking of Dryden's improvement of English versification, says, "Lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit:" He found it "brick," and he left it "marble."—I have already mentioned Sandys, and I subjoin some specimens of his verse, that the reader may judge how far it may be called "Lateritiam:"

In his descent bow'd Heav'n with Earth did meet,

And gloomy darknesse roll'd beneath his feet,

A golden-winged Cherubim bestrid,

And on the swiftly-flying tempest rid.

I follow'd, overtook, nor made retreat,

Until victorious in my foes defeat ;

So charg'd with wounds that they no longer stood,

But at my feet lay bathed in their blood.

They cried aloud ;—but found no succour near ;

To THEE, JEHOVAH ; but thou would'st not hear.

The whole of his versification of the Psalms is equally correct and melodious.

Soon after this Essay was published, "Addison, in the Spectator, speaking of it, (Dec. 20th, 1711 ;) says :

“ In our country a man seldom sets up for a Poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art, &c.”

I am sorry to find that an Author who is justly esteemed among the best judges, has admitted some strokes of this nature into a very fine Poem, “ The Art of Criticism.” This gave offence to Pope. The persons whom Addison considered as described by Pope, most probably were Dennis, and Pope’s own friend, Wycherley.

“ But Appius reddens, &c.”

and

“ Such Bards we have, &c.”

There was another circumstance which perhaps caused Addison to speak somewhat severely; I mean, Pope’s attack upon Burnet; for the line

“ When unbelieving Priests reform’d the nation,”

I have no doubt alluded to him. Jortin imagines the satire of the passage was levelled against Burnet and Kennet, whom Warburton probably means, when he speaks of *latitudinarian Divines*! Notwithstanding Pope’s constant boast of “ Moderation,” it is well known what was his *Creed*, and what were his *Politics*; and his petulant hostility to Dr. Burnet, a man deservedly raised to his high station in the church, might be easily accounted for.

These circumstances, I have no doubt, occasioned Addison to speak as he did; but it must be added, respecting Pope’s general charge of Socinianism,

(“ The following licence of a foreign reign,

Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain,”)

that it was, in William’s reign, undoubtedly just; in consequence of the disposition of man to run from one extreme into another. An address was presented by the House of Commons to the King *, Feb. 17th, 1698; “ Beseeching his majesty to give effectual orders for suppressing all pernicious books and pamphlets, which contained impious doctrines against the Holy Trinity, and other fundamental articles of the Protestant Faith, tending to the subversion of the Christian Religion.”

Nothing can more clearly demonstrate the speculative licentiousness of the times.

* Tindal.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

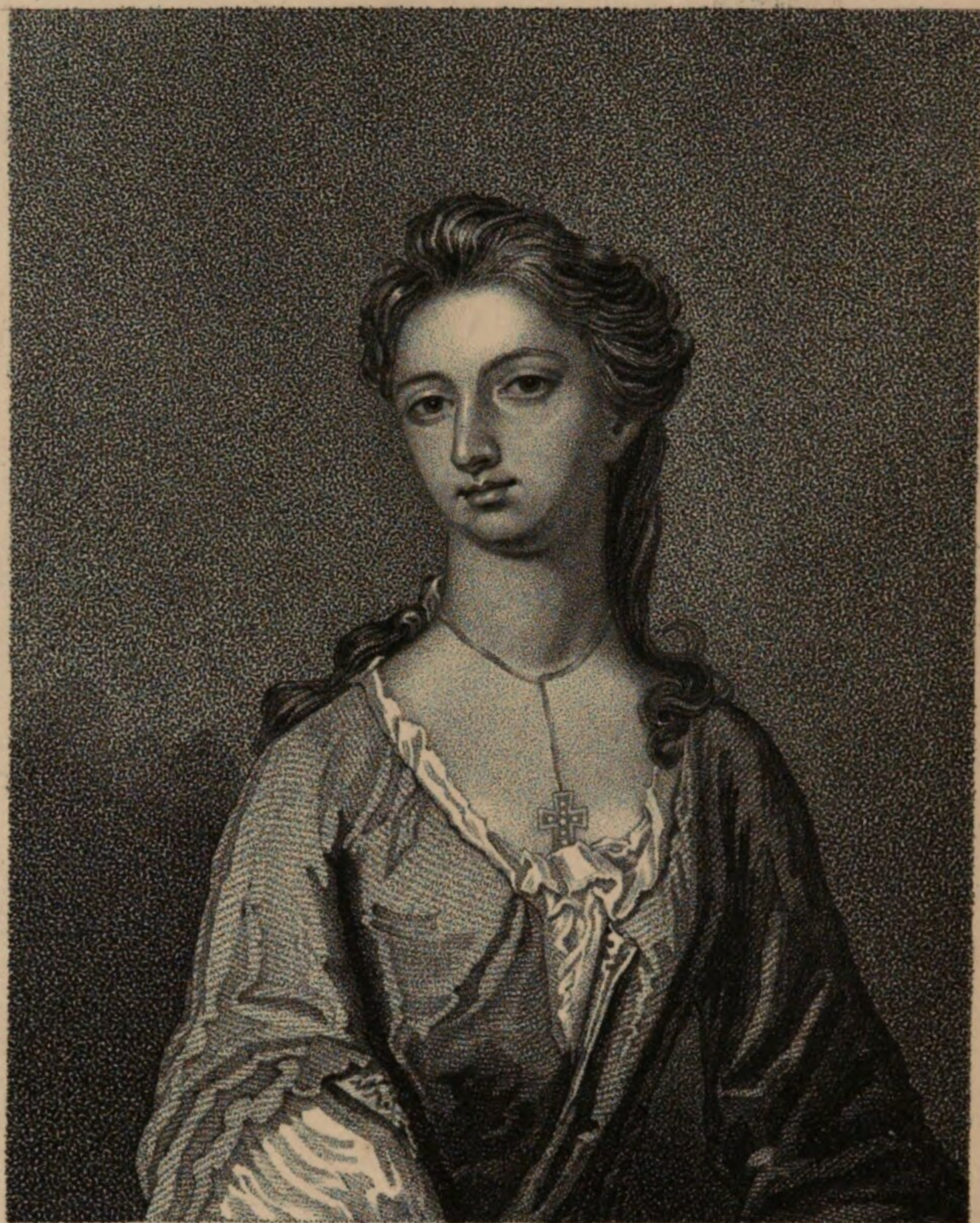
AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXII.

THE RABBIT OF THE LOCK

AN HEROIC COMICAL POEM

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1700



Engraved by C. Knight from a Drawing by Gardner.

ARABELLA FERMOR,

*From a Picture by Sir Peter Lely,
in the Collection of W. Fermor, Esq^r. Tusmore, Oxfordshire.*

Published by Cadell & Davies, Strand, and the other Proprietors, May 1. 1807.

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a Bookfeller, you had the good-nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Demons, are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies; let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady ; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes or Demons of Earth delight in mischief ; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best conditioned Creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end ; (except the loss of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The Human persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones ; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so Uncensured as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

M A D A M,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

THIS Lady was also celebrated by Parnell in a poem not published by Pope, as follows, on her leaving London :

“ From town fair Arabella flies :
 The beaux unpowder'd grieve ;
 The rivers play before her eyes ;
 The breezes, softly-breathing, rise ;
 The spring begins to live.

Her lovers swore, they must expire :
 Yet quickly find their ease ;
 For, as she goes, their flames retire,
 Love thrives before a nearer fire,
 Esteem by distant rays.

Yet soon the fair-one will return,
 When summer quits the plain ;
 Ye rivers pour the weeping urn ;
 Ye breezes, sadly-sighing, mourn ;
 Ye lovers, burn again.

’Tis constancy enough in love
 That nature’s fairly shewn :
 To search for more, will fruitless prove,
 Romances and the turtle-dove,
 That virtue boast alone.”

WARTON.

It has been said *, that the Lady did not consider herself much flattered by Pope. If any thing could have displeased her, it must have been, the preliminary Epistle, and not the Poem. Pope never, I think, is so unsuccessful, as when he is writing to the Ladies. He talks of the impropriety of using *hard words* before a Lady. He must bring "her acquainted with the Rosicrucians," and explain what is meant by "Machinery." This is done with such an air of conceited superiority, and of affected condescension, that it appears to me as *pedantic*, as the *pedantry* he pretended to despise.

Yet Dr. Warton thinks this Epistle superior to any of Voiture's. The latter part of it is certainly urbane, elegant, and unaffected.

* Johnson's Life.

IF the moderns have excelled the ancients in any species of writing, it seems to be in satire ; and, particularly in that kind of satire which is conveyed in the form of the epopee, a pleasing vehicle of satire, seldom, if ever, used by the ancients ; for we know so little of the Margites of Homer, that it cannot well be produced as an example. As the poet disappears in this way of writing, and does not deliver the intended censure in his own proper person, the satire becomes more delicate, because more oblique. Add to this, that a tale or story more strongly engages and interests the reader, than a series of precepts or reproofs, or even of characters themselves, however lively or natural. An heroi-comic poem may therefore be justly esteemed the most excellent kind of satire. The invention of it is usually ascribed to Alessandro Tassoni ; who, in the year 1622, published at Paris a poem composed by him, in a few months of the year 1611, entitled, *La Secchia Rapita*, or *The Rape of the Bucket*. To avoid giving offence, it was first printed under the name of Androvini Melisani. It was afterwards reprinted at Venice, corrected with the name of the author, and with some illustrations of Gasparo Salviani. But the learned and curious Crescimbeni, in his *Istoria della Volgar Poesia* *, informs us, that it is doubtful whether the invention of the † heroi-comic poem ought to be ascribed to Tassoni, or to Francesco Bracciolini, who wrote *Lo Scherno degli Dei*, which performance, though it was printed four years after *La Secchia*, is nevertheless declared, in an epistle prefixed, to have been written many years sooner. The real subject of Tassoni's poem was the war which the inhabitants of Modena declared against those of Bologna, on the refusal of the latter to restore to them some towns, which had been detained ever since the time of the Emperor Frederic II. The author artfully
made

* Lib. i. p. 78. In Roma, per il Characas, 1698.

† E tal poesia puo diffinirsi, e chiamarsi, imitazione d'azione seria fatta con riso. Crescimbeni, *ibid.* See Quadrio also.

made use of a popular tradition, according to which it was believed, that a certain wooden bucket, which is kept at Modena, in the treasury of the cathedral, came from Bologna, and that it had been forcibly taken away by the Modenese. Crescembini adds, that because Tassoni had severely ridiculed the Bolognese, Bartolomeo Bocchini, to revenge his countrymen, printed, at Venice, 1641, a tragico-heroi-comic poem, entitled, *Le Pazzie dei Savi, ovvero, Il Lambertaccio*, in which the Modenese are spoken of with much contempt. The Italians have a fine turn for works of humour, in which they abound. They have another poem of this species, called *Malmantile Racquistato*, written by Lorenzo Lippi, in the year 1676, which Crescembini highly commends, calling it, “*Spiritosissimo e leggiadrissimo poema giocoso.*” It was afterwards reprinted at Florence, 1688, with the useful annotations of Puccio Lamoni, a Florentine painter, who was himself no contemptible poet. To these must be added, the lively and amusing poem called *Ricciardetto*. In the *Adventurer*, No. 133, I formerly endeavoured to shew the superiority of the moderns over the ancients, in all the species of ridicule, and to point out some of the reasons for this supposed superiority. It is a subject that deserves a much longer discussion. Among other reasons given, it is there said, that though democracies may be the nurseries of true sublimity, yet monarchy and courts are more productive of politeness. Hence the arts of civility, and the decencies of conversation, as they unite men more closely, and bring them together more frequently, multiply opportunities of observing those incongruities and absurdities of behaviour, on which ridicule is founded. The ancients had more liberty and seriousness; the moderns more luxury and laughter. In a word, our forms of government, the various consequent ranks in society, our commerce, manners, habits, riches, courts, religious controversies, intercourse with women, late age of the world in which we live, and new arts, have opened sources of ridicule unavoidably unknown to the ancients.

The Rape of the Lock is the fourth *, and most excellent of the heroi-comic poems. The subject was a quarrel, occasioned by

* Dr. Warton has forgotten to mention the *Lutrin* of Boileau, and the *Dispensary* of Garth. He means the Rape of the Lock is the most excellent of those Poems of this species which have been most distinguished; namely, *La Secchia Rapita*, *Lutrin*, *Dispensary*, *Rape of the Lock*.

by a little piece of gallantry of Lord Petre, who, in a party of pleasure, found means to cut off a favourite lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair. On so slight a foundation has he raised this beautiful superstructure; like a Fairy palace in a desert. Pope was accustomed to say, "what I wrote fastest always pleased most." The first sketch of this exquisite piece, which Addison called *Merum Sal*, was written in less than a fortnight, in two Cantos only; but it was so universally applauded, that, in the next year, our poet enriched it with the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Cantos; when it was printed, with a Letter to Mrs. Fermor, far superior to any of *Voiture*. The insertion of the machinery of the Sylphs in proper places, without the least appearance of its being awkwardly stitched in, is one of the happiest efforts of judgment and art. He took the idea of these invisible beings, so proper to be employed in a poem of this nature, from a little French book entitled, *Le Comte de Gabalis*, of which is given the following account, in an entertaining writer: "The Abbé Villars, who came from Thoulouse to Paris, to make his fortune by preaching, is the author of this diverting work. The five dialogues of which it consists, are the result of those gay conversations, in which the Abbé was engaged, with a small circle of men, of fine wit and humour, like himself. When this book first appeared, it was universally read, as innocent and amusing. But at length its consequences were perceived, and reckoned dangerous, at a time when this sort of curiosities began to gain credit. Our devout preacher was denied the chair, and his book forbidden to be read. It was not clear whether the author intended to be ironical, or spoke all seriously. The second volume, which he promised, would have decided the question; but the unfortunate Abbé was soon afterwards assassinated by ruffians, on the road to Lyons. The laughers gave out, that the Gnomes and Sylphs, disguised like ruffians, had shot him, as a punishment for revealing the secrets of the Cabala; a crime not to be pardoned by these jealous spirits, as Villars himself has declared in his book."

The motto to the second edition, when it was enlarged into five cantos, printed in octavo for Lintot, 1714, was from Ovid; as was that to the first:

—— "a tonsō est hoc nomen adepta capillo."

Both mottos seem to be happily chosen. No writer has equalled Addison in the happy and dextrous application of passages from

the classics for his mottos. Such as that prefixed to the fine paper on the Hoop-petticoat, No. 116 of the Tatler;

“ Pars minima est ipsa puella sibi.”

To the account of the Spectator's Club, No. 2.

——— “ ast alii sex

Et plures uno conclamant ore.” ———

To No. 8, On Masquerades;

“ At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit,

Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu:

Cernere ne quis eos.” ——— VIRG.

To No. 23, On Anonymous Satires;

“ Sæviti atrox Volscens, nec teli conspiciit usquam

Auctorem, nec quo se ardens immittere possit.” VIRG.

and many others. The mottos prefixed to the papers in the Rambler and Adventurer, were not so happy. The attempt to translate them was absurd. The one prefixed to Philips's Cyder was elegant.

——— “ Honos erit huic quoque pomo?”

Atterbury suggested the interrogation point. Warburton was commended for despising common antagonists, and saying,

“ Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.”

But Harrington had said this, in his Oceana, of an adversary. Mr. Walpole, to intimate his high and just opinion of Gray's Ode on Eton College as a first production, wrote on it this line of Lucan;

“ Nec licuit populis parvum te Nile videre.”

I dare believe the learned and amiable author did not know that Fontenelle had applied the very same line to Newton. A motto to Mr. Gray's few, but exquisite, poems might be, from Lucretius, lib. 4.

“ Suavidicis potius quàm multis versibus edam,

Parvus ut est cycni melior canor.” ——— WARTON.

I know not whether these observations on various classical mottos are worth retaining, they may be however amusing to some readers. Dr. Warton has not mentioned one, which is singularly happy and beautiful, applied by Addison to the *Fragments* of Sappho:

“ O suavis anima, qualem te dicam bonam antehac fuisse, tales cum sint reliquæ!”

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

^a Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:

Slight

NOTES.

^a It appears by this Motto, that the following Poem was written or published at the Lady's request. But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a Gentleman who was Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whose fortunes he followed into France, Author of the Comedy of Sir Solomon Single, and of several translations in Dryden's Miscellanies) originally proposed the subject to him, in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble Families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The Author sent it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch (we learn from one of his Letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two Cantos only, and it was so printed; first, in a Miscellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the Author. But it was received so well, that he made it more considerable the next year by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Cantos. We shall give the reader the pleasure of seeing in what manner these additions were inserted, so as to seem not to be added, but to grow out of the Poem. See Notes, Cant. I. ver. 19, &c. POPE.

Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord? 10
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms, dwell such mighty Rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake, 15
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:

Thrice

VARIATIONS.

VER. 11, 12. It was in the first editions,

And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then,
And lodge such daring Souls in little Men?

POPE.

VER. 13, &c. stood thus in the first edition,

Sol through white curtains did his beams display,
And ope'd those eyes which brighter shone than they:
Shock just had given himself the rousing shake,
And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take;
Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,
And striking watches the tenth hour resound.

POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 10. *Could make a gentle Belle*] "The characters introduced in this poem were Mr. Caryl, just before mentioned; Belinda was Mrs. Arabella Fermor; the Baron was Lord Petre, of small stature, who soon after married a great heiress, Mrs. Warmley, and died leaving a posthumous son; Thalestris was Mrs. Morly; Sir Plume was her brother, Sir George Brown, of Berkshire." Copied from a MS. in a book presented by R. Lord Burlington, to Mr William Sherwin.

WARTON.



Engraved by O. Picart from a Drawing by Gardner.

SIR GEORGE BROWN.

The Sir Plume of the Rape of the Lock.

*From a Picture by Sir Peter Lely,
in the Collection of W. Fermor, Esq.^r Tusmore, Oxfordshire.*

Published by Cadell & Davies, Strand, and the other Proprietors, May 1. 1807.

Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
 And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
 Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
 Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy rest: 20
 'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head,
 A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
 (That e'en in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd

NOTES.

VER. 18. *silver sound.*] Boileau, at an entertainment given by Ségrais, was engaged to read his *Lutrin*; when he came to this passage in the first canto,

“ Les cloches dans les airs de leur voix argentines,”
 Chapelle, who was one of the company, and who, as usual, had drank freely, stopt him, and objected strongly to the expression, *silver sounds*. Boileau disregarded his objections, and continued to read; but Chapelle again interrupting him, “ You are drunk,” said Boileau; “ I am not so much intoxicated with wine (returned Chapelle) as you are with your own verses.” It is a singular circumstance, that Boileau was buried in the very spot on which the *Lutrin* stood. WARTON.

“ *Silver sound*,” is a combination often used by the early English Poets. Spenser uses it, Shakespear, Dryden, and our Author very frequently. Hence Shakespear's humorous dialogue in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ *Peter*. Why music with her *silver sound*?—What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus*. Marry, Sir; because silver hath a sweet sound.

Peter. Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?—

2 *Mus*. I say, *silver sound*; because Musicians sound for silver.

Peter. Pretty too!—What say you, James Sound-post?

3 *Mus*. Faith, I know not what to say.” (Act 4th.)

VER. 19. *Belinda still, &c.*] All the verses from hence to the end of this Canto were added afterwards. POPE.

VER. 20. *Her guardian SYLPH*] When Mr. Pope had projected to give *The Rape of the Lock* its present form of a mock-heroic poem, he was obliged to find it with its machinery. WARBURTON.

Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught; 30
Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know, 35
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.

Some

NOTES.

VER. 27. *Fairest of mortals,*] These machines are vastly superior to the allegorical personages of Boileau and Garth; not only on account of their novelty, but for the exquisite poetry, and oblique satire, which they have given the poet an opportunity to display. The business and petty concerns of a fine lady, receive an air of importance from the notion of their being perpetually overlooked and conducted by the interposition of celestial agents. The first time these beings were mentioned by any writer in our language was by Sir W. Temple, *Essays*, 4. p. 255. "I should (says he) as soon fall into the study of the Rosycrusian philosophy, and expect to meet a Nymph or a Sylph for a wife or a mistress." They are also mentioned in a letter of Dryden to Mrs. Thomas, 1699; "Whether Sylph or Nymph I know not; those fine creatures, as your author Count Gabalis assures us, have a mind to be christened, and since you desire a name from me, take that of Corinna, if you please." Sylphs are mentioned, as invisible attendants, and as interested in the affairs of the ladies, in the 101st, 104th, and 195th, of Madame de Sevigné's celebrated Letters; as they are also in the second chapter of *Le Sage's Diable Boiteux*. M. De Sevigné says, remarkably enough, letter 90, "If we had a few Sylphs at our command now, one might furnish out a story to divert you with."

WARTON.

Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
 What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe. 40
 Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
 The light Militia of the lower sky:
 These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in Air, 45
 And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly Vehicles to these of air. 50
 Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead;
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive, 55
 And love of Ombre, after death survive.

For

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 51. *Think not, &c.*] Epilogue to Dryden's *Tyrannic Love*:

"For after death we sprites are just such creatures."

STEVENS.

NOTES.

VER. 47. *As now your own, &c.*] The Poet here forsakes the Rosicrucian system; which, in this part, is too extravagant even for ludicrous Poetry; and gives a beautiful fiction of his own, on the Platonic Theology, of the continuance of the passions in another state, when the mind, before its leaving this, has not been well purged and purified by philosophy; which furnishes an occasion for much useful satire.

WARBURTON.

For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first elements their Souls retire :
 The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
 Mount up, and take a Salamander's name. 60

Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
 The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
 In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
 The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65
 And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know further yet ; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd :
 For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70

What

NOTES.

VER. 67. *Know further yet ;*] Marmontel has, on this idea, framed one of his most popular Tales. I must again and again repeat, that it is on account of the exquisite skill, and humour and pleasantry of the use made of the machinery of the Sylphs, that this poem has excelled all the heroi-comic poems in all languages. The Ver-vert of Gresset, in point of delicate satire, is perhaps next to it, but far inferior for the want of such machinery.

WARTON.

VER. 68. *Is by some Sylph embrac'd :*] Here again the Author resumes the Rosicrucian system. But this tenet, peculiar to that wild philosophy, was founded on a principle very unfit to be employed in such a sort of poem, and therefore suppressed, though a less judicious writer would have been tempted to expatiate upon it.

WARBURTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 54, 55. " Quæ gratia currum
 Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos."

VIRG. *Æneid.* vi. POPE.

What guards the purity of melting Maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, 75
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?
 'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
 Though Honour is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace. 80
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
 Then gay Ideas croud the vacant brain,
 While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear, 85
 And in soft sounds, YOUR GRACE salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
 Teach Infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a Beau. 90

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The Sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
 Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expell by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall 95
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?

When

NOTES.

VER. 78. *Though Honour is the word with Men below.*] Parody
 of Homer. x 3 WARBURTON.

When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
 They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart; 100
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
 strive,
 Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive,
 This erring mortals Levity may call,
 Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
 Of these am I, who thy protection claim, 105
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear mirror of thy ruling Star
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend, 110
 But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
 Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
 Beware of all, but most beware of Man!

He

NOTES.

VER. 108. *In the clear mirror*] The language of the Platonists, the writers of the intelligible world of Spirits, &c. POPE.

VER. 113. *This to disclose, &c.*] There is much pleasantry in the conduct of this scene. The Rosicrucian Doctrine was delivered only to Adepts, with the utmost caution, and under the most solemn injunctions of secrecy. It is here communicated to a Woman,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 101.

"Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
 Ense minax ensis, pede pes, et cuspide cuspis," &c. STAT.
 WARBURTON,

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
 long, 115
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;
 Wounds, Charms, and Ardours, were no sooner read,
 But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head. 120
 And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
 Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.

First,

NOTES.

Woman, and in that way of conveyance, which a Woman most delights to make the subject of her conversation; that is to say, her Dreams. WARBURTON.

VER. 121. *And now, unveil'd, &c.*] The translation of these verses, containing the description of the toilette, by our Author's friend Dr. Parnell, deserve, for their humour, to be here inserted. POPE.

“ Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,
 Emicat in mensa, quæ splendet pyxide densa:
 Tum primum lympa se purgat candida Nympha,
 Jamque sine menda, cœlestis imago videnda,
 Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos.
 Hæc stupet implorans, ceu cultûs numen adorans.
 Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
 Fertque tibi caute, dicatque Superbia! laute,
 Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
 Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
 Pyxide devota, se pandit hic India tota,
 Et tota ex ista transpirat Arabia cista;
 Testudo hic flectit dum se mea Lesbia pectit;
 Atque elephas lente, te pectit Lesbia dente;
 Hunc maculis noris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
 Hic jacet et munde, mundus muliebris abunde;
 Spinula resplendens aeris longo ordine pendens,
 Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore,

First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
 With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.
 A heav'nly Image in the glass appears, 125
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
 Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling begins the sacred rites of Pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 The various off'rings of the world appear; 130
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.

This

NOTES.

Induit arma ergo Veneris plucherrima virgo;
 Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens,
 Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratia visus,
 Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu;
 Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua Purpura gliscet,
 Et geminans bellis splendet mage fulgor ocellis.
 Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique saluti,
 Hic figit Zonam, capiti locat ille Coronam,
 Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam,
 Et tibi, vel *Betty* tibi vel nitidissima *Letty*!
 Gloria factorum temere conceditur horum."

WARBURTON.

Warton observes, that "some of these Latin lines are not classical;" perhaps this was intended, as being more like the Monkish. The accents of "*Sinē, Arābia*," &c. are wrong.

VER. 122. *Each silver Vase*] Parnell accidentally hearing Pope repeat this description of the Toilette, privately turned them into these Monkish Latin verses, and Pope, to whom he immediately communicated them, was astonished at the resemblance, till Parnell undeceived him. Mr. Harte told me, that Dryden had been imposed on by a similar little stratagem. One of his friends translated into Latin verse, printed, and pasted on the bottom of an old hat-box, that celebrated passage,

"To die is landing on some silent shore," &c.
 and that Dryden, on opening the box, was alarmed and amazed.

WARTON.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The tortoise here and elephant unite, 135
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms, 140
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care, 145
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

NOTES.

VER. 131. *From each she*] Evidently from Addison's Spectator, No. 6; "The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the Torrid Zone, and the tippet from beneath the Pole. The brocade petticoat arises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan." WARTON.

VER. 145. *The busy Sylphs, &c.*] Ancient Traditions of the Rabbi's relate, that several of the fallen Angels became amorous of Women, and particularize some; among the rest Asael, who lay with Naamah, the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and who continuing impenitent, still presides over the Women's Toilets. Bereshi Rabbi in Genes. vi. 2. POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
 The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
 Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone,
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone. 6
 On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those: 10
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride, 15
 Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide;
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all,

This

VARIATIONS.

VER. 4. *Launch'd on the bosom, &c.*] From hence the poem continues, in the first Edition, to ver. 46.

“ The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air; ”
 all after, to the end of this Canto, being additional.

POPE.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck 21
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains,
 With hairy springes we the birds betray, 25
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
 For when success a Lover's toil attends,
 Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd 35
 Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
 But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
 Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.

There

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 28. *And beauty draws us, &c.*] Steevens quotes Buchanan's Epigrams, Lib. I. xiv. p. 77.

“ Et modo membra *pilo vinctus* miser abstrahor *uno*.”

“ One hair of thine in fetters ties.”

SANDYS.

NOTES.

VER. 28. *with a single hair.*] In allusion to those lines of Hudibras, applied to the same purpose:

“ And tho' it be a two foot Trout,

“ 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.” WARBURTON.

There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves ; 40

With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize :
The Pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air, 46

But now secure the painted Vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die ; 50

Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.

All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.

He summons straight his Denizens of air ; 55

The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :

Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,

That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.

Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,

Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ; 60

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,

Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light,

Loose

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 50. *And soften'd sounds, &c.*] Steevens quotes Milton :
“ And Music dying in remoter sounds.”

IMITATIONS.

VER. 45. *The Pow'rs gave ear,*] VIRG. *Æneid.* xi. POPE.

Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, 65
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd; 70
 His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons hear!
 Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd 75
 By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
 Some in the fields of purest Ether play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.

Some

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

VER. 65. *tincture of the skies,*] "Sky-tinctur'd grain." MILTON.

NOTES.

VER. 75. *Ye know*] Those who are fond of tracing images and sentiments to their source, may, perhaps, be inclined to think, that the hint of ascribing tasks and offices to such imaginary beings, is taken from the Fairies, and the Ariel of Shakespear; let the impartial critic determine, which has the superiority of fancy. The employment of Ariel in the Tempest, is said to be

—— "To tread the ooze
 Of the salt deep;
 To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
 To do — business in the veins of th' earth,
 When it is bak'd with frost;
 —— 'To dive into the fire; to ride
 On the curl'd clouds."

And

Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky. 80
 Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or

NOTES.

And again,

—— “ In the deep nook, where once
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
 From the still vext Bermoothes.”

Nor must I omit that exquisite song, in which his favourite and peculiar pastime is expressed :

“ Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry,
 On the bat's back I do fly,
 After sun-set, merrily ;
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.”

With what wildness of imagination, but yet, with what propriety, are the amusements of the fairies pointed out in the Midsummer Night's Dream ; amusements proper for none but fairies !

—— “ For the third part of a minute, hence :
 Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds :
 Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings
 To make my small elves coats ; and some keep back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
 At our quaint spirits.” ——

Shakespear only could have thought of the following gratifications for Titania's lover ; and they are fit only to be offered to her lover by a fairy-queen.

“ Be kind and courteous to this gentleman,
 Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;
 Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
 With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries,
 The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
 And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,

And

Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.

Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
 And guard with Arms divine the British Throne. 90

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs; 95
 To steal from Rainbows ere they drop in show'rs
 A brighter

NOTES.

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
 To have my love to bed, and to arise;
 And pluck the wings from painted butter-flies,
 To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes." WARTON.

Nothing can be more appropriate, and elegant, than the lines which describe the employment assigned to the Sylphs in this Poem. But how can Warton think, that in fancy they equal *any thing of the kind*? but there is no comparison between beings who

— "pluck the wings from painted butterflies"

To fan the moon beams," &c.

And those

— "who invention bestow

To change a flounce."

VER. 90. *And guard with Arms*] The Poet was too judicious to desire this should be understood as a compliment. He intended it for a meer piece of raillery; such as he more openly pursues on another occasion; when he says,

"Where's now the Star which lighted Charles to rise?

With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.

Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,

How chanc'd you slept when luckless Sorrel fell?"

WARBURTON.

A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow. 100

This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care ;
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight ;
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
 Whether the Nymph shall break Diana's law, 105
 Or some frail China jar receive a flaw ;
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade ;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball ;
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
 Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair : 111
 The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care ;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock ; 115
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To

NOTES.

VER. 105. *Whether the nymph, &c.*] The disaster, which makes the subject of this poem, being a trifle, taken seriously ; it naturally led the Poet into this fine satire on the female estimate of human mischances. WARBURTON.

VER. 112. *Zephyretta*] The names of his Sylphs are happily chosen. Castlevetro mentions an odd circumstance, that the names which Boiardo gave to his heroes in his Orlando Inamorato, were only the names of some of the principal tenants and peasants on his estate of Scandiano. WARTON.

VER. 116 *Ariel himself, &c.*] Ruffhead very justly observes, that Ariel should have been assigned some more important employment.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat :
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
 Tho' stiff with hoops and arm'd with ribs of whale ;
 Form a strong line about the silver bound, 121
 And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp Vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
 Be stop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins ; 126
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye :
 Gums

NOTES.

VER. 118. *the Petticoat :*] It is impossible here not to recollect that matchless piece of raillery and exquisite humour, of Addison, in the 127th Spectator, on this important part of female dress.

WARTON.

VER. 125. *Shall feel sharp Vengeance*] Our Poet still rises in the delicacy of his satire, where he employs, with the utmost judgment and elegance, all the implements and furniture of the toilette, as instruments of punishment to those spirits, who shall be careless of their charge ; of punishment, such as Sylphs alone could undergo.

WARTON.

This is indeed one of the most happy specimens of Pope's poetical fancy, and invention.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 119. — clypei dominus septemplicis Ajax. OVID.

WARBURTON.

VER. 121. *about the silver bound,*] In allusion to the shield of Achilles :

“ Thus the broad shield complete the Artist crown'd,
 With his last hand, and pour'd the Ocean round :
 In living Silver seem'd the waves to roll,
 And beat the Buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

WARBURTON.

Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clog'd he beats his filken wings in vain ; 130
Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a rivet'd flow'r :
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow, 135
And tremble at the sea that froths below !

He spoke ; the spirits from the fails descend ;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ; 140
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
flow'rs,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom 5
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home ;
Here thou, great ANNA ! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes Tea.

Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a Court ; 10
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ; 15
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

Snuff,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. *Close by those meads,*] The first Edition continues from
this line to ver. 24. of this Canto. POPE.

VER. 11, 12. Originally in the first Edition,

In various talk the chearful hours they pass,
Of, who was bit, or who capotted last.

POPE.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ; 20
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that Jury-men may dine ;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the Toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom ;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred Nine. 30
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card :
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore ;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35
Are, as when women, wond'rous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings, in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard ;

And

VARIATIONS.

VER. 24. *And the long labours of the Toilet cease.*] All that follows of the game at Ombre, was added since the first Edition, till ver. 105. which connected thus,

Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown'd. POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 22. *And wretches hang*] From Congreve. WARTON.

And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r; 40
 Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
 And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care:
 Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her fable Matadores, 47
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.

Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!

Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.

As many more Manillio forc'd to yield, 51

And march'd a victor from the verdant field.

Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard

Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.

With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55

The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,

Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,

The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.

The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,

Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60

Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,

And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,

Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus

NOTES.

VER. 53. *Him Basto follow'd,*] The magnificent and majestic style in which this game of cards is described, artfully and finely heightens the ridicule.

WARTON.

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield ; 65
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 Th' imperial confort of the crown of Spades.
 The Club's black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride :
 What boots the regal circle on his head, 71
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread ;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe ?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace ; 75
 Th' embroider'd King who shews but half his face,
 And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.

Thus

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Belinda yield ;*] It is finely contrived that she should be victorious ; as it occasions a change of fortune in the dreadful loss she was speedily to undergo, and gives occasion to the Poet to introduce a moral reflection from Virgil, which adds to the pleasantry of the story. In one of the passages where Pope has copied Vida, he has lost the propriety of the original, which arises from the different colours of the men, at Chéss.

Thus, when dispers'd, a routed army runs, &c.

“ Non aliter, campis legio se buxea utrinque
 Composuit, duplici digestis ordine turmis,
 Adversisque ambæ fulsere coloribus alæ ;
 Quam Gallorum acies, Alpino frigore lactea
 Corpora, si tendant albis in prælia signis,
 Auroræ populos contra, et Phæthonte perustos
 Infano Æthiopas, et nigri Memnonis alas.”

WARTON.

Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs, 81
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's fable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various die;
 The pierc'd battalions disunited fall, 85
 In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
 At this, the blood the Virgin's cheek forfook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; 90
 She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
 And now (as oft in some distemper'd State)
 On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate;
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen 95
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply. 100
 Oh

NOTES.

VER. 95. *An Ace of Hearts steps forth:*] Nothing can exceed Pope's powers of description, as displayed in this game of Cards. His mock-heroic paintings of the Kings, their ensigns, and characters, are inimitable. Warton in his Essay, speaking of Windsor Forest, says, descriptive Poetry was by no means the shining talent of Pope. Of rural objects Pope was not an able *describer*, as he could not be an *accurate observer*; but in description of scenes taken from *artificial Life*, his powers are very manifest. This distinction should be always attended to, in estimating Pope's poetical character.

Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
 Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round; 106
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
 At once they gratify their scent and taste, 111
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade. 116
 Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
 And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New Stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120

Ah

VARIATIONS.

VER. 105. *Sudden the board, &c.*] From hence, the first
 Edition continues to ver. 134. POPE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 101.]

“ Nescia mens hominum fati fortisque futuræ;
 Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!
 Turno tempus erit magno cum optaverit emptum
 Intactum Pallanta; et cum spolia ista diemque
 Oderit.”

VIRG.

Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate!
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nifus' injur'd hair!

But when to Mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit Instruments of ill? 126

Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130

He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair, 135

A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel fought
 The close recesses of the Virgin's thought: 140
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.

Amaz'd,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 134.] In the first Edition it was thus,
 As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head. POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 122. *and think of Scylla's Fate!*] Vide Ovid's *Metam.* viii. POPE.

Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd, 145
 Refign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
 T' inclose the Lock ; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd ; 150
 Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again,)

The

VARIATIONS.

VER. 147.]

First he expands the glitt'ring Forfex wide
 T' inclose the Lock ; then joins it to divide :
 The meeting points the sacred hair dissever,
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever.

All that is between was added afterwards.

POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 152. *But airy substance*] See Milton, lib. vi. of Satan cut
 asunder by the Angel Michael. POPE.

This line is an admirable parody on that passage of Milton,
 which, perhaps oddly enough, describes Satan wounded :

“ The griding sword, with discontinuous wound,
 Pass'd thro' him ; but th' etherial substance clos'd,
 Not long divisible.”

The parodies are some of the most exquisite parts of this poem.
 That which follows from the “ *Dum juga montis aper,*” of
 Virgil, contains some of the most artful strokes of satire, and the
 most poignant ridicule imaginable.

The introduction of frequent parodies on serious and solemn pas-
 sages of Homer and Virgil, gives much life and spirit to heroi-
 comic poetry. “ *Tu dors, Prelat ? tu dors ?*” in Boileau, is the
 “ *Eudes Algeus vie*” of Homer, and is full of humour. The wife
 of the barber talks in the language of Dido in her expostulations
 to her Æneas, at the beginning of the second Canto of the
 Lutrin. Pope's parodies of Sarpedon in Homer, and of the
 description

The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever! 154

Then flash'd the living light'ning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The Victor cry'd,) the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165
Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,

While

NOTES.

description of Achilles's sceptre, together with the scales of Jupiter, from Homer, Virgil, and Milton, are judiciously introduced in their several places; are perhaps superior to those Boileau or Garth have used, and are worked up with peculiar pleasure. The mind of the reader is engaged by novelty, when it so unexpectedly finds a thought or object it had been accustomed to survey in another form, suddenly arrayed in a ridiculous garb. A mixture also of comic and ridiculous images, with such as are serious and important, adds no small beauty to this species of poetry, when real and imaginary distresses are coupled together.

“ Not youthful kings, in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,” &c.

Which is much superior to a similar passage in the Dispensary,
Canto v. WARTON.

VER. 165. *Atalantis*] A famous book written about that time by a woman: full of Court and Party scandal; and in a loose effeminacy of style and sentiment, which well-suited the debauched taste of the better vulgar. WARBURTON.

Mrs.

While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give, 169
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!
 What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
 Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground. 176
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted Steel?

NOTES.

Mrs. Manley, the author of it, was the daughter of Sir Roger Manley, Governor of Guernsey, and the author of the first volume of the famous Turkish Spy, published, from his papers, by Dr. Midgley. She was known and admired by all the wits of the times. She wrote three plays; *Lucius*, the last, 1717, was dedicated to Sir Richard Steele, with whom she had quarrelled some time before. He wrote the prologue to it, and Prior the epilogue. She was also celebrated by Lord Lansdown. She died in the house of Alderman Barber, Swift's friend; and was said to have been the mistress of the Alderman. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 163, 170.]

“Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
 Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.”

VIRG.

VER. 177.]

“Ille quoque everfus mons est, &c.
 Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant?”

CATULL. de com. Berenices.

POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph opprest'd,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their blifs, 5
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair. 10

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
 As ever sully'd the fair face of light,

Down

VARIATIONS.

VER. 11. *For, that sad moment, &c.*] All the lines from hence to the 94th verse, that describe the house of Spleen, are not in the first Edition; instead of them followed only these,

While her rack'd Soul repose and peace requires,

The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires.

And continued at the 94th verse of this Canto.

POPE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1.] "At regina gravi," &c. VIRG. *Æneid.* iv. POPE.

Down to the central earth, his proper scene, 15
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his footy pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No chearful breeze this fullen region knows,
The dreaded East 'is all the wind that blows. 20

Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head. 24

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd!
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons. 30

There Affectation with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd

NOTES.

VER. 16. *Cave of Spleen.*]

“ Thro’ me ye pass to Spleen’s terrific dome,
Thro’ me, to Discontent’s eternal home!
Thro’ me, to those who sadden’d human life,
By fullen humour or vexatious strife;
And here thro’ scenes of endless vapour hurl’d,
Are punish’d in the forms they plagu’d the world;
Justly they feel no joy, who none bestow,
All ye who enter, every hope forego!”

It is thus Mr. Hayley, in allusion to Dante’s striking inscription over hell-gate, begins his description of the dwelling of Spleen. She and her attendants are afterwards painted with force and spirit in the next 200 verses, and more. His mild and engaging Serena, her prim and sour aunt Penelope, and the good old Squire, are admirable portraits. WARTON.

Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, 35
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise; 40
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45
And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs, on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout: 50
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks;
Men

NOTES.

VER. 41. *Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.*]

The Poet by this comparison would insinuate, that the temptations of the mortified Recluses in the Church of Rome, and the extatic visions of their female Saints, were as much the effects of

IMITATIONS.

VER. 51. *Homer's Tripod walks;*] See Hom. Iliad. xviii. of Vulcan's walking Tripods. POPE.

VER. 52. *and there a Goose-pye talks;*] Alludes to a real fact, a Lady of distinction imagined herself in this condition. POPE.

Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand. 56

Then thus address'd the pow'r—Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:

Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hyfteric, or poetic fit, 60

On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take phyfic, others scribble plays;

Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And fend the godly in a pet to pray.

A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains, 65
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.

But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,

Like Citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing Game; 70

If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,

Or

NOTES.

of hypochondriac disorders, the Spleen, or, what was then the fashionable word, the *Vapours*, as any of the imaginary transformations he speaks of afterwards. WARBURTON.

VER. 53. *Men prove with child,*] Van Swieten, in his Commentaries on Boerhaave, relates, that he knew a man who had studied till he fancied his legs to be of glass; his maid bringing wood to his fire, threw it carelessly down; our sage was angry and terrified for his legs of glass; the girl, out of patience with his megrims, gave him a blow with a log on the parts affected; he instantly started up in a rage, and from that moment recovered the use of his glass legs! WARTON.

Or caus'd suspicion when no foul was rude,
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
 Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease, 75
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease :
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
 That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The Goddes with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r. 80
 A wond'rous Bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds ;
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
 A Vial next she fills with fainting fears, 85
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound. 90
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the Furies issu'd at the vent.
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire. 94
 O wretched maid ! she spread her hands, and cry'd,
 (While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid ! reply'd)
 Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare ?
 For this your Locks in paper durance bound ? 99
 For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around ?

For this with fillets strain'd your tender head?
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
 Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine 105
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost! 110
 How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays, 115
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all! 120
 She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
 (Sir

NOTES.

VER. 121. *Sir Plume repairs,*] Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the Party who took the thing seriously. He was angry that the Poet should make him talk nothing but nonsense; and in truth one could not well blame him.

WARBURTON.

An engraving of Sir Plume, with seven other figures, by Hogarth, was executed on the lid of a gold snuff-box, and presented to one of the parties concerned; the original impression of a print of it was sold, at Mr. Gulton's sale, for thirty-three pounds.

WARTON.

(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face, 125
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil!
 "Z—ds! damn the Lock!" fore Gad, you must be civil
 "Plague on't! 'tis past a Jest—nay prithee, pox!
 "Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.
 It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again) 131
 Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
 But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair;
 Which never more its honours shall renew, 135
 Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
 He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head. 140
 But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
 He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
 Then

NOTES.

VER. 141. *But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
 He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.*

These two lines are additional; and assign the cause of the different operation on the Passions of the two Ladies. The poem went on before without that distinction, as without any Machinery, to the end of the Canto. POPE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 133. *But by this Lock,*] In allusion to Achilles's oath in Homer, ll. i. POPE.

Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head, 145
 Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
 Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen! 150
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
 By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
 Oh had I rather un-admir'd, remain'd
 In some lone Isle, or distant Northern land;
 Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way, 155
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
 There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
 What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
 O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home! 160
 'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell,
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
 The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
 Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
 A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate, 165
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
 See the poor remnants of these flighted hairs!
 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
 These in two fable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck; 170
 The

The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel ! been content to seize 175
Hairs less in fight, or any hairs but these !

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO V.

SHE said : the pitying audience melt in tears,
 But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain, 5
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the Nymph began.

Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast? 10
 Why

VARIATIONS.

VER. 7. *Then grave Clarissa, &c.*] A new Character introduced in the subsequent Editions, to open more clearly the Moral of the Poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer. POPE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 9. *Say, why are beauties, &c.*] HOMER.

“ Why boast we, Glaucus ! our extended reign,
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain ;
 Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield ;
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
 Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound ;
 Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
 Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd ;

Unless

Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
 Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
 Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd Beaus,
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
 Behold the first in virtue as in face!
 Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away; 20
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.

But

IMITATIONS.

Unless great acts superior merit prove,
 And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above?
 'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
 The first in valour, as the first in place:
 That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
 Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,
 Whom those that envy, dare not imitate.
 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
 For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
 But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
 Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
 The life which others pay, let us bestow,
 And give to fame what we to nature owe;
 Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give."

WARBURTON.

This passage was the first specimen our author gave of his translation of Homer; and it appeared first in the sixth volume of Dryden's Miscellanies.

WARTON.

But since, alas! frail beauty must decay, 25
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
 What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose? 30
 And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd; 35
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
 To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
 Fans clap, filks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
 Heroes' and Heroines' shouts confus'dly rise, 41
 And base and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapons in their hands are found,
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So

VARIATIONS.

VER. 37. *To arms, to arms!*] From hence the first Edition goes on to the conclusion, except a very few short insertions added, to keep the Machinery in view to the end of the poem. POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 26. *Curl'd or uncurl'd,*] Fontenelle writes a gallant and pleasant letter to a beautiful young lady on discovering *one* grey hair on her head. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35. *So spoke the Dame,*] It is a verse frequently repeated in Homer after any speech,

“ So spoke—and all the Heroes applauded.” POPE.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage, 45
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around, 49
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant

NOTES.

VER. 45. *So when bold Homer*] Homer, Il. xx. POPE.

The ridicule is most artfully heightened by introducing one of the most sublime passages in Homer;

“ Ἀμφὶ δ' ἐσαλπύγξεν μέγας ἔρανος, ἑλυμπτος τε
ἔδδεισεν δ' ὑπερβηεν ἀναξ' ἐνερῶν Αἰδωνεύς,
Δείσας δ' ἐκ θρόνου αἰτο καὶ ἰαχε, μὴ οἱ ἐπειτα
Γαίαν ἀναρρηξείε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσιχθῶν
Οἰκία δὲ θνητοῖσι καὶ ἀθανατοῖσι φάνειν,
Σμερδαλέ', εὐρυνεία, τὰ τε συγχεσσι θεοὶ περ.”

Well might Longinus exclaim, “Do you see, O my friend, how the earth bursts asunder to its centre, Tartarus itself is laid open and naked, all things mortal and immortal combat together, and share the danger of this tremendous conflict?”

In none of his many imitations has Virgil shewn his inferiority to Homer so much as in this passage;

“Non secus ac si qua penitus vi terra dehiscens
Infernas referet sedes, et regna recludat
Pallida, Dīs invisa; superque immane barathrum
Cernatur, trepidentque immisso lumine Manes.”

Æneid. viii. v. 243.

For not to mention that what is part of the Action in Homer, is only a simile in Virgil, how tame is superque immane barathrum (even though a magnificent image) to

Δείσας δ' ἐκ θρόνου αἰτο καὶ ἰαχε —

How or where has terror ever been so strongly painted as by this circumstance of Pluto himself, suddenly leaping from his throne and shrieking aloud?

WARTON.

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
 Clap'd his glad wings, and fate to view the fight:
 Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey 55
 The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,
 A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
 One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song. 60
 "O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,"
 Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
 "Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.

Thus

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] These four lines added, for the reason before mentioned. POPE.

Added with great dexterity, beauty, and propriety! WARTON.

NOTES.

VER. 55. *Prop'd on their*] Like the heroes in Homer, when they are spectators of a combat. WARTON.

VER. 64. "*Those eyes*] It was the common cant of all the wits and poets of this time to depreciate and laugh at Italian operas. See what Addison has said of them, Spectator 18. They would have been of a different opinion, if they could have read what Dr. Burney has said on this subject in his History of Music.

WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Minerva in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with the Suitors in the Odyss. perches on a beam of the roof to behold it, POPE.

VER. 64. "*Those eyes are made so killing*"] The words of a song in the Opera of Camilla. POPE.

Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies 65

Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,

Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown ;

She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,

But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again. 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,

Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair ;

The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ;

At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies, 75

With more than usual lightning in her eyes :

Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,

Who fought no more than on his foe to die.

But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,

She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd : 80

Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,

A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw ;

The

NOTES.

VER. 71. *Now Jove, &c.*] Vid. Homer, Il. viii. and Virg. Æn. xii. POPE.

VER. 74. *At length the wits*] This parody from Homer and Virgil is admirable. WARTON.

But when Dr. Warton adds, that "Milton improved on this fine fiction," by making the Almighty weigh Satan in such scales, and that he alluded to the sign Libra, one might suppose that Dr. Warton, whose poetical taste is in general so just, had for a moment put on Warburton's *critical spectacles* !

IMITATIONS.

VER. 65. *Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies*]

"Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,

Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor."

Ov. Ep. POPE.

The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great great grandfire wore about his neck, 90
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;

Then

VARIATIONS.

VER. 83. *The Gnomes direct,*] These two lines added, for the
 above reason, POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 84. *titillating dust.*] Boileau and Garth have also each
 of them enlivened their pieces with a mock-fight. But Boileau
 has laid the scene of his action in a neighbouring bookseller's
 shop; where the combatants encounter each other by chance.
 This conduct is a little inartificial; but has given the satirist an
 opportunity of indulging his ruling passion, the exposing bad
 poets, with which France, at that time, abounded. Swift's
 Battle of the Books, at the end of the Tale of a Tub, is evidently
 taken from this battle of Boileau (Cant. v.), which is excellent
 in its kind. The fight of the Physicians in the Dispensary, is one
 of its most shining parts. There is a vast deal of propriety in the
 weapons Garth has given to his warriors. They are armed, much
 in character, with caustics, emetics, and cathartics; with buck-
 thorn, and steel-pills; with syringes, bed-pans, and urinals. The
 execution is exactly proportioned to the deadliness of such irresist-
 ible weapons; and the wounds inflicted, are suitable to the
 nature of each different instrument said to inflict them. WARTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 89 (*The same, his ancient personage to deck,*) In imitation of
 the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, Il. ii. POPE

Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs, 95
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is fought, but fought in vain: 110
With

NOTES.

VER. 105. *fierce Othello*] Rhymer, with a tasteless insensibility, laughed at the incident of losing the handkerchief, as trifling. Neither he, nor the Spectator, seem to have known, that this incident, so beautifully natural, is in the Italian novel, which Shakespeare copied. WARTON.

VER. 109. *obtain'd with guilt,*] We are now arrived at the grand catastrophe of the poem; the invaluable Lock which is so eagerly fought, is irrecoverably lost! And here our Poet has made a judicious use of that celebrated fiction of Ariosto; that all things lost on earth, are treasured in the moon. How such a fiction can properly have place in an epic poem, it becomes the defenders of this agreeably extravagant writer to justify; but in a comic poem, it appears with grace and consistency. The whole passage in Ariosto is full of wit and satire; for wit and satire were, perhaps, among the chief and characteristical excellencies of this incomparable Italian.

In

With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heav'n decrees ! with heav'n who can contest ?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There Heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases, 115
And Beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick men's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes :
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view) 126
A sudden Star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light. 130
The

NOTES.

In this repository in the lunar sphere, says the sprightly Italian, were to be found,

“ Cio che in somma quà giù perdesti mai,
Là su saltendo ritrovar potrai.”

It is very remarkable, that the Poet had the boldness to place among these imaginary treasures, the famous deed of Constantine to Pope Silvester ; “ if (says he) I may be allowed to say this,”

“ Questo era il dono (se pero dir lece)

Che Constantino al buon Silvestro fece.” WARTON.

VER. 114. *Since all things lost*] Vide Ariosto, Canto xxxiv.

POPE.

The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

This the Beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray;

This the blest Lover shall for Venus take, 135
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;

This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes;

And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd
hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not

VARIATIONS.

VER. 131. *The Sylphs behold*] These two lines added, for the same reason, to keep in view the Machinery of the Poem. POPE.

NOTES.

VER. 132. *through the skies.*] One cannot sufficiently applaud the art of the Poet, in constantly keeping in the reader's view, the Machinery of the Poem, to the very last: even when the Lock is transform'd, the Sylphs, who had so carefully guarded it, are here once again artfully mentioned, as finally rejoicing in its honourable transformation.

In reading the *Lutrin*, I have always been struck with the impropriety of so serious a conclusion as Boileau has given to so ludicrous a poem. Piety and Justice are beings rather too awful to have any concern in the celebrated Desk. WARTON.

VER. 137. *This Partridge soon*] John Partridge was a ridiculous Star-gazer, who in his Almanacks every year never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the English. WAREURTON.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 128. "Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem
Stella micat." Ovid. POPE.

Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
 Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
 For after all the murders of your eye, 145
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall die ;
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
 This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

UPON the whole, I hope it will not be thought an exaggerated panegyric to say, that the Rape of the Lock is the best Satire extant ; that it contains the truest and liveliest picture of modern life ; and that the subject is of a more elegant nature, as well as more artfully conducted, than any other heroï-comic poem.

Our nation can boast also, of having produced some other poems of the burlesque kind, that are excellent ; particularly the Splendid Shilling, that admirable copy of the solemn irony of Cervantes, who is the father and unrivalled model of the true mock heroic ; and the Muscipula, written with the purity of Virgil, whom the author so perfectly understood, and with the pleasantry of Lucian ; to which I cannot forbear adding, the Scribleriad of Mr. Cambridge, the Machinæ Gesticulantes of Addison, the Hobbino! of Somerville, and the Trivia of Gay ; the Battle of the Wigs of Thornton, and the Triumph of Temper of Hayley.

If some of the most candid among the French critics begin to acknowledge, that they have produced nothing in point of sublimity and majesty equal to the Paradise Lost, we may also venture to affirm, that in point of delicacy, elegance, and fine-turned raillery, on which they have so much valued themselves, they have produced nothing equal to the Rape of the Lock. What comes nearest to it, is the pleasing and elegant Ver-vert of Gresset, in which the foibles of the Nuns are touched with so delicate a hand, and such nice ridicule, that it cannot disgust the most religious prude.

The

The learned and ingenious Mr. Cambridge has, in the Preface to his *Scribleriad*, made a remark so new and so solid, as to deserve examination and attention.

He says, that in first reading the four celebrated mock-heroic poems, he perceived they had all some radical defect. That at last he found, by a diligent perusal of *Don Quixote*, that propriety was the fundamental excellence of that work. That all the marvellous was reconcileable to probability, as the author leads his hero into that species of absurdity only, which it was natural for an imagination, heated with the continual reading of books of chivalry, to fall into. That the want of attention to this was the fundamental error of those poems. For with what propriety do Churchmen, Physicians, Beaux, and Belles, or Booksellers, in the *Lutrin*, *Dispensary*, *Rape of the Lock*, and *Dunciad*, address themselves to heathen gods, offer sacrifices, consult oracles, or talk the language of Homer, and of the heroes of antiquity?

This acute observation bears hard on the conduct of more than one of the heroic comic poems above mentioned.

Nothing is here said of *Hudibras*; because its unrivalled excellence could not be discussed in a note. It is one of the poems that gives peculiar lustre to our nation and language. One circumstance only I will here mention, that the ancients had no notion of such sort of Poems. The cruel wars between Pompey and Cæsar, and the execrable proscriptions of Augustus, were never treated in a burlesque style, as the horrors of the league in France, and the bloody civil war in England, were described in the *Satyre Menippée*, and in *Hudibras*. One of the most accurate Greek scholars of our time and nation, is of opinion, that the *Batrachomyomachia* is not by Homer, but a burlesque poem in imitation of his manner, by some ancient poet, who, though he adopted the words and expressions of the Greek Bard, formed his metre according to the pronunciation of his own country. With equal confidence we may pronounce the *Margites* to have been a forgery, though there are only four lines of it extant, three of which are quoted by Plato and Aristotle; but in these we have a compound verb, with the augment upon the preposition (*ἡπιεσσοτο*), which Homer's grammar did not admit. Knight's *Analytical Essay on the Greek Alphabet*, page 30. WARTON.

Dr. Johnson truly says of the *Rape of the Lock*, that it is the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all

Pope's compositions. Indeed, upon this subject there cannot be two opinions; and Dr. Warton has praised it as warmly as Johnson.

This Poem is founded, however, upon *local manners*. And of all Poems of that kind it is undoubtedly far the best; whether we consider the exquisite tone of raillery, a certain musical sweetness and *suitableness* in the versification, the management of the story, or the kind of fancy and airiness given to the whole: but what entitles it to its high claim of peculiar poetic excellencies? — the powers of imagination and the felicity of invention displayed, in adopting and most artfully conducting a *machinery*, so fanciful, so appropriate, so novel, and so poetical. The introduction of Discord, &c. as machinery in the *Lutrin*, &c. is not to be mentioned at the same time. Such a being as Discord, will suit a hundred subjects; but the elegant, the airy Sylph,

Loose to the wind, whose airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes:

such a being as this, is suited alone to the identical and peculiar Poem in which it is employed.

I will now go a step farther in appreciating the elegance and beauty of this Poem; and I would ask the question: “Let any other poet, Dryden, Waller, Cowley, or Gray, *be assigned* this subject, and this *machinery*: could they have produced a work *altogether so correct, and beautiful*, from the same given materials?” Let us however still remember, that this Poem is founded on *local manners*, and the employment of the Sylphs is in *artificial life*; for this reason, the Poem must have a secondary rank, when considered strictly and truly with regard to its poetry.

Whether Pope would have excelled as much in loftier subjects, of a general nature, in the “high mood” of *Lycidas*, the rich colourings of *Comus*, and the magnificent descriptions and sublime images of *Paradise Lost*; or in painting the characters and employments of ærial beings,

That tread the ooze of the salt deep,
Or run upon the sharp wind of the north;

is another question. He has not attempted it: I have no doubt he would have failed. But to have produced a Poem, infinitely the
highest

highest of its kind, and which no other Poet could perhaps altogether have done so well, is surely very high praise. The excellence is Pope's own, the inferiority is in the subject; no one understood better that excellent rule of Horace:

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis æquam
Viribus.

THE RACE OF THE FUTURE

THE RACE OF THE FUTURE
THE RACE OF THE FUTURE
THE RACE OF THE FUTURE
THE RACE OF THE FUTURE
THE RACE OF THE FUTURE

E L E G Y

TO THE MEMORY OF

AN UNFORTUNATE LADY*.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light shade
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
 'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword!

Oh

NOTES.

* See the Duke of Buckingham's Verses to a Lady designing to retire into a Monastery, compared with Mr. Pope's Letters to several Ladies, p. 206. quarto Edition. She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem.

POPE.

VER. 1. *What beck'ning ghost,*]

“What gentle ghost besprent with April dew,
 Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?

And beck'ning woos me?”—— BEN JOHNSON.

The cruelties of her relations, the desolation of the family, the being deprived of the rites of sepulture, the circumstance of dying in a country remote from her relations, are all touched with great tenderness and pathos, particularly the four lines from the 51st :

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd;
 Which lines may remind one of that exquisite stroke in the Philoctetes of Sophocles, who, among other afflicting circumstances, had not near him any σύνθετον ὄμμα. ver. 171. The true cause of the excellence of this Elegy is, that the occasion of it was real; so true is the maxim, that nature is more powerful than fancy;
 and

Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell, 5
 Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well ?
 To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
 To act a Lover's or a Roman's part ?
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die ? 10
 Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs ! her soul aspire
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?
 Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes ;
 The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods :
 Thence to their images on earth it flows, 15
 And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.
 Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
 Dull fullen pris'ners in the body's cage :
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ; 20
Like

NOTES.

and that we can always feel more than we can imagine ; and that the most artful fiction must give way to truth, for this Lady was beloved by Pope. After many and wide enquiries, I have been informed that her name was Wainsbury ; and that (which is a singular circumstance) she was as ill-shaped and deformed as our author. Her death was not by a sword, but, what would less bear to be told poetically, *she hanged herself*. Johnson has too severely censured this Elegy, when he says, “ that it has drawn much attention by the illaudable singularity, of treating suicide with respect ;” and, “ that poetry has not often been worse employed, than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl.” She seems to have been driven to this desperate act by the violence and cruelty of her uncle and guardian, who forced her to a convent abroad ; and to which circumstance Pope alludes in one of his letters. WARTON.

VER. 6. *to love too well?*] Steevens quotes Crashaw, “ To love too well.” It is surely an expression sufficiently common.

Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow, 25
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;

So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her Race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood! 30

See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;

Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball, 35
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herbes shall besiege your gates;

There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'ral blacken all the way) 40

Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!

So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow 45
For others good, or melt at others woe.

That

NOTES.

VER. 41. *Lo! these were they,*] Iliad. ix. 749.

“The gods that unrelenting mind have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.”

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
 Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd, 51
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
 What tho' no friends in fable weeds appear, 55
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show?
 What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face? 60
 What

NOTES.

VER. 59. *What tho' no weeping Loves, &c.*] This beautiful little Elegy had gained the unanimous admiration of all men of taste. When a Critic comes—But hold; to give his observation fair play, let us first analyze the Poem. The Ghost of the injured person appears to excite the Poet to revenge her wrongs. He describes her Character—execrates the author of her misfortunes—expatiates on the severity of her fate—the rites of sepulture denied her in a foreign land: Then follows,

“What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,” &c.

“Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,” &c.

Can any thing be more naturally pathetic? Yet the Critic tells us, He can give no quarter to this part of the poem, which is eminently, he says, discordant with the subject, and not the language of the heart. But when he tells us, That it is to be ascribed to imitation, copying indiscreetly what has been said by others, [Elements of Crit. vol. ii. p. 182.] his Criticism begins to smell furiously of old John Dennis. Well might our Poet's last wish be, to commit his writings to the candour of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic.”

WARBURTON.

What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The Ground, now sacred by the reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame. 70
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be! 74

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart, 80
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

Johnson says, "Poetry has been seldom worse employed, than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl." This seems severe, contemptuous, and unfeeling. Johnson, however, chiefly adverted, I imagine, to the false reasoning, and absurd attempt, in the lines, "Is there no bright," &c. to make *suicide* the natural consequence of more elevated feelings. Johnson spoke as a severe moralist, and a rigid philosopher, against such contemptible reasoning, as Pope employs upon this subject, from the 5th to the 22d verse

22d verse. Having been, as might naturally be expected from his superior understanding, disgusted with the *reasoning* part of the poem, the gentler touches of fancy and tenderness were *lost*, if I may say so, on him. He would turn with disdain from such images as

“ There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow ;”
or perhaps exclaim, as upon another occasion, “ *Incredulus odi.*” Notwithstanding, however, his severity, and the absurd criticisms of Lord Kaims, which Warburton speaks of, the animated passages of this poem,

“ But thou, false guardian,” &c.
and the lines of tenderness and poetic fancy interspersed, cannot be read without sympathy. The verses, “ Yet shall thy grave,” &c. are possibly too *common place*, but they are surely beautiful. If any expression might be objected to, perhaps it would be “ *silver*” for “ *white*” wings of an angel.

PROLOGUE TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

THE Tragedy of Cato itself, is a glaring instance of the force of party; so sententious and declamatory a drama would never have met with such rapid and amazing success, if every line and sentence had not been particularly tortured, and applied to recent events, and the reigning disputes of the times. The purity and energy of the diction, and the loftiness of the sentiments, copied, in a great measure, from Lucan, Tacitus, and Seneca the philosopher, merit approbation. But I have always thought, that those pompous Roman sentiments are not so difficult to be produced, as is vulgarly imagined; and which, indeed, dazzle only the vulgar. A stroke of nature is, in my opinion, worth a hundred such thoughts as

“ When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.”

Cato is a fine dialogue on liberty, and the love of one's country; but considered as a dramatic performance, nay, as a model of a just tragedy, as some have affectedly represented it, it must be owned to want action and pathos; the two hinges, I presume, on which a just tragedy ought necessarily to turn, and without which it cannot subsist. It wants also character, although that be not so essentially necessary to a tragedy as action. Syphax, indeed, in his interview with Juba, bears some marks of a rough African; the speeches of the rest may be transferred to any of the personages concerned. The simile drawn from Mount Atlas, and the description of the Numidian travellers smothered in the desert, are indeed in character, but sufficiently obvious. How Addison could fall into the false and unnatural custom of ending his three
first

first acts with similies, is amazing in so chaste and correct a writer. The loves of Juba and Marcia, of Portius and Lúcia, are vicious and insipid episodes, debase the dignity, and destroy the unity of the fable. Cato was translated into Italian by Salvini; into Latin, and acted by the Jesuits at St. Omers; imitated in French by De Champs, and great part of it translated by the Abbé Du Bos.

The Prologue to Addison's Tragedy of Cato, is superior to any Prologue of Dryden; who, notwithstanding, is so justly celebrated for this species of writing. The Prologues of Dryden are satirical and facetious; this of Pope is solemn and sublime, as the subject required. Those of Dryden contain general topics of criticism and wit, and may precede any play whatsoever, even tragedy or comedy. This of Pope is particular, and appropriated to the tragedy alone, which it was designed to introduce.

WARTON.

PROLOGUE TO MR. ADDISON'S
TRAGEDY OF CATO*.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage, 5
Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age ;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ; 10
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.

Here

NOTES.

* This Prologue, and the Epilogue which follows, are the most perfect models of this species of writing, both in the serious and the ludicrous way.

WARBURTON.

The former is much the better of the two ; for some of Dryden's, of the latter kind, are unequalled.

WARTON.

VER. 7. *Tyrants no more*] Louis XIV. wished to have pardoned the Cardinal de Rohan, after hearing the *Cinna* of Corneille.

WARTON.

VER. 11. *In pitying love,*] Why then did Addison introduce the loves of Juba and Marcia ? which Pope said to Mr. Spence, were not in the original plan of the play, but were introduced in compliance with the popular practice of the stage.

WARTON.

Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
 Such tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws :
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise, 15
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys, 20
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state.

While

NOTES.

VER. 20. *But what with pleasure*] This alludes to a famous passage of Seneca, which Mr. Addison afterwards used as a motto to his play, when it was printed. WARBURTON.

VER. 21. *A brave man, &c.*] The noble passage of Seneca, which Addison adopted as a Motto, and to which Pope in this passage finely alludes, is this,

“ Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod *respiciat, intentus operi suo,*
 DEUS! Ecce par Deo dignum, *vir fortis* cum malâ fortunâ com-
 positus! non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulcrius,
 si convertere animum velit, quàm ut spectet CATONEM, jam parti-
 bus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas publicas erectum.”

Pope has very much heightened the idea of Seneca, in one passage, “ *Fortis* vir, *malâ* fortunâ compositus;” which is far less animated than

A brave man *struggling* in the *storms* of fate!

Let me take this opportunity of remarking, that Pope has very seldom laid the *stress*, as it is in the line,

A *brāve* mǎn—

The stress, however, laid upon the epithet in this manner, has often a pleasing effect, and, when it is judiciously introduced, is particularly grateful to the ear. Milton and Shakespear often accent a line in this manner, and who but feels its occasional propriety and beauty?

“ Thro’ the HIGH wood, echoing shrill.” ALLEGRO.

“ What time the GRAY fly winds her fullen horn.” LYCIDAS.

“ On which the SWART star sparely looks.”

While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his Country's cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed? 25
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state; 30
 As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
 The Triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
 The world's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd, 35
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
 And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd;
 Your scene precariously subsists too long 41
 On French translation, and Italian song.

Dare

NOTES.

VER. 27. *Ev'n when*] The twenty-seventh, thirtieth, thirty-fourth, thirty-ninth, and forty-fifth lines, are artful allusions to the character and history of Cato himself. WARTON.

VER. 37. *Britons, attend:*] Spence told me, that Pope had written it—"Britons, arise"; but that Addison, frightened at so strong an expression, as promoting insurrection, lowered and weakened it by the word, attend. WARTON.

VER. 42. *On French translation,*] He glances obliquely at the Distress'd Mother of his old antagonist Philips, taken, evidently, from Racine. Cato's last soliloquy is translated with great purity and elegance by Bland.

It is a little remarkable that the last line of Cato is Pope's; and the last of Eloisa is Addison's. WARTON.

Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
 Such Plays alone should win a British ear, 45
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

NOTES.

VER. 45. *Such Plays alone*] Addison, having finished and laid by, for several years, the first four acts of Cato, applied to Hughes for a fifth; and Dr. Johnson, from entertaining too mean an opinion of Hughes, does not think the application serious. When Hughes brought his supplement, he found the author himself had finished his play. Hughes was very capable of writing this fifth act. The Siege of Damascus is a better tragedy than Cato; though Pope affected to speak slightly of its author. An audience was packed by Steele on the first night of Cato; and Addison suffered inexpressible uneasiness and solicitude during the representation. Bolingbroke called Booth to his box, and gave him fifty guineas for defending the cause of liberty so well, against a perpetual dictator. WARTON.

VER. 46. *As Cato's self, &c.*] This alludes to that famous story of his coming into the Theatre, and going out again, related by Martial. WARBURTON.

EPILOGUE TO MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

THE Epilogue to Jane Shore is written with that air of gallantry and raillery which, by a strange perversion of taste, the audience expects in all Epilogues to the most serious and pathetic pieces. To recommend cuckoldom, and palliate adultery, is their usual intent. I wonder Mrs. Oldfield was not suffered to speak it; for it is superior to that which was used on the occasion. In this taste Garrick has written some that abound in spirit and drollery. Rowe's genius was rather delicate and soft, than strong and pathetic; his compositions soothe us with a tranquil and tender sort of complacency, rather than cleave the heart with pangs of commiseration. His distresses are entirely founded on the passion of love. His diction is extremely elegant and chaste, and his versification highly melodious. His plays are declamations, rather than dialogues; and his characters are general, and undistinguished from each other. Such a furious character as that of Bajazet, is easily drawn; and, let me add, easily acted. There is a want of unity in the fable of Tamerlane. The death's head, dead body, and stage hung in mourning, in the Fair Penitent, are artificial and mechanical methods of affecting an audience. In a word, his plays are musical and pleasing poems, but inactive and unmoving tragedies. This of Jane Shore is, I think, the most interesting and affecting of any he has given us; but probability is sadly violated in it by the neglect of the unity of time. For a person to be supposed to be starved, during the representation of five acts, is a striking instance of the absurdity of this violation.

It is probable that this is become the most popular and pleasing tragedy of all Rowe's works, because it is founded on our own history. I cannot forbear wishing, that our writers would more frequently search for subjects in the annals of England, which afford many striking and pathetic events, proper for the

stage. We have been too long attached to Grecian and Roman stories. In truth, domestica facta are more interesting, as well as more useful; more interesting, because we all think ourselves concerned in the actions and fates of our countrymen; more useful, because the characters and manners bid the fairest to be true and natural, when they are drawn from models with which we are exactly acquainted. The Turks, the Persians, and Americans, of our poets, are, in reality, distinguished from Englishmen, only by their turbans and feathers; and think and act as if they were born and educated within the Bills of Mortality. The historical plays of Shakespear are always grateful to the spectator, who loves to see and hear our own Harrys and Edwards, better than all the Achillefes or Cæsars that ever existed. In the choice of a domestic story, however, much judgment and circumspection must be exerted, to select one of a proper æra; neither of too ancient, nor of too modern a date. The manners of times very ancient, we shall be apt to falsify, as those of the Greeks and Romans. And recent events, with which we are thoroughly acquainted, are deprived of the power of impressing solemnity and awe, by their notoriety and familiarity. Age softens and wears away all those disgracing and depreciating circumstances, which attend modern transactions, merely because they are modern. Lucan was much embarrassed by the proximity of the times he treated of.

I take this occasion to observe, that Rowe has taken the fable of his Fair Penitent, from the Fatal Dowry of Massinger and Field.

WARTON.

These observations are in general very just, but Dr. Warton should not have cited Shakespear, as having founded his most interesting Plays on “domestica facta.” Who ever read Julius Cæsar, without sympathy and interest? Who ever read, without a tear, the passage where Brutus, after his disagreement with Cassius, speaks of his wife’s death? Who is not a partaker of his griefs, and fortunes? In truth, GENIUS can *make* at all times a “Cæsar,” as interesting as an “Edward, or Henry.”

EPILOGUE TO MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our Play
 From her own Sex should mercy find to-day!
 You might have held the pretty head aside,
 Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
 The Play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore,
 I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore— 6
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
 And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
 So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
 “How strangely you expose yourself, my dear?”
 But let me die, all raillery apart, 11
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
 And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
 We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive.
 There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15
 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
 Such rage without betrays the fire within;
 In some close corner of the soul, they sin;
 Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
 Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice. 20
 The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
 Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.

Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with finners.

Well, if our Author in the Wife offends, 25
He has a Husband that will make amends:

He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.

In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse: 30

Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his Wife:

Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.

To lend a Wife, few here would scruple make, 35
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?

Tho' with the Stoic Chief our stage may ring,
The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.

The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true, 39
And lov'd his country,—but what's that to you?

Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the City:

There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace, 45
That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face;

To

NOTES.

VER. 44. *Who ne'er saw*] A sly and oblique stroke on the suicide of Cato; which was one of the reasons, as I have been informed, why this epilogue was not spoken. WARTON.

VER. 46. *Edward's Miss*] Sir Thomas More says, she had one accomplishment uncommon in a woman of that time; she could read and write. WARTON.

To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
 In all the rest so impudently good ;
 Faith, let the modest Matrons of the town 49
 Come here in crouds, and stare the strumpet down.

THOMSON, in his Epilogue to *Tancred and Sigismunda*, severely censures the flippancy and gaiety of modern Epilogues, as contrary to those impressions intended to be left on the mind by a well-written Tragedy. The last new part Mrs. Oldfield took in tragedy was in Thomson's *Sophonisba* ; and it is recorded that she spoke the following line,

Not one base word of Carthage for thy soul,
 in so powerful a manner, that Wilkes, to whom it was addressed, was astonished and confounded. Mrs. Oldfield was admitted to visit in the best families. George II. and Queen Caroline, when Princess of Wales, condescended sometimes to converse with her at their levees. And one day the Princess asked her, if she was married to General Churchill? "So it is said, may it please your Highness, but we have not owned it yet." Her Lady Betty Modish and Lady Townly have never yet been equalled. She was universally allowed to be well-bred, sensible, witty, and generous. She gave poor Savage an annual pension of fifty pounds ; and it is strange that Dr. Johnson seems rather to approve of Savage's having never celebrated his benefactress in any of his poems.

WARTON,

In the year 1801, the first of the

49

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

1801, the first of the year

APPENDIX;

CONSISTING OF

NOTES, BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

APPENDIX;

CONTAINING

NOTES BY ORRIN W. WARE, B. A.

CHIEF CLERK OF

THE MASSACHUSETTS

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

ON THE PASTORALS.

PASTORAL I. P. 61.

Ver. 1. **F**IRST in these fields I try the fylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains.

Our Poet seems to have consulted *Dryden's* version of the place imitated here, Virg. Ecl. vi. 1.

I first transferr'd to Rome Sicilian strains:

Nor blush'd the Doric Muse to dwell on Mantuan plains.

Roscommon also, a terse, judicious, unaffected, and moral writer, justly esteemed and celebrated by Pope, may be agreeably compared on this occasion:

I first of Romans stoop'd to rural strains,

Nor blush'd to dwell among Sicilian swains.

Ver. 5. Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play.

A beautiful passage of this kind occurs in *Paradise Regain'd*, ii. 26.

Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,

Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play—

Ver. 7. — too good for pow'r.

A passage in *Lucan*, viii. 493. is very apposite to this sentiment:

—— exeat aulâ,

Qui vult esse pius. Virtus et summa potestas

Non coëunt.

He, who would spotless live, from courts must go:

No union power supreme and virtue know.

Ver. 23. Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,

With joyous music wake the dawning day!

Surry, in his Sonnet on Spring:

Somer is come, for every spray now springes.

Milton,

Milton, *Paradise Regain'd*, iv. 437. in most delicate strains of the Doric Muse :

——— the birds——
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and *spray*,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

And in his first sonnet, which *Pope* certainly had in view :

O! *Nightingale*, that on yon *bloomy spray*
Warblest at eve!

Some lines in *Broome's* Paraphrase of Job xxxix. on a congenial subject, will be acceptable to the reader, who delights in the fragrance of these blossoms of the Muses :

By thy command does fair *Aurora* rise,
And gild with purple beams the blushing skies?
The warbling lark salutes her chearful ray,
And welcomes with his song the rising day.

Ver. 25. Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing;
When warbling *Philomel* salutes the spring?

He is indebted here to *Waller's* *Chloris* and *Hylas*; a passage, pointed out also by Mr. *White*;

Hylas, oh *Hylas*! why sit we mute,
Now that each bird saluteth the spring?

Ver. 35. ——— where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines.

Dryden, in his *State of Innocence*, Act iii. Scene 1.

And creeping 'twixt 'em all, the mantling vine
Does round their trunks her purple clusters twine.

Ver. 37. Four figures rising from the work appear.

So *Dryden*, *Æn.* viii. 830.

And Roman triumphs rising on the gold.

Ver. 62. And trees weep amber on the banks of *Po*.

This sweet line is indebted, perhaps, to *Milton*, *Par. Lost*, iv. 248.

Groves, whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm.

The classical reader will thank me for producing some elegant verses of *Marius Victor*, an author but little known, from his description of *Paradise* :

—— quod

—— quod Medus redolet, vel crine soluto
 Fragrat Achæmenius, quod molli dives amomo
 Assyrius, messisque rubens Mareotica nardo.
 Quod Tartessiaci frutices, quod virga Sabæi,
 Quodque Palæstinus lacero *flet* vulnere ramus.

Ver. 73. All nature laughs ; the groves are fresh and fair.
 It stood in the first edition, and, I think, as well :

All nature laughs ; the groves fresh *honours wear*.

It is probable, that our author had in view some lines of the true Doric delicacy and most unaffected tenderness in *Dryden's State of Innocence*, Act v. Scene 1. where Adam thus addresses Eve :

What joy, without your sight, has earth in store ?
 While you were absent, Eden was no more.
 Winds murmur'd through the leaves your long delay,
 And fountains o'er the pebbles chid your stay.
 But, with your presence cheer'd, they cease to mourn,
 And walks wear fresher green at your return.

PASTORAL II. P. 73.

Ver. 45. Oh ! were I made, by some transforming pow'r,
 The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r.

Romeo and Juliet :

I would I were thy bird.

STEEVENS.

A similar wish occurs in *Ovid*, Met. viii. 51.

O ! ego ter felix, si pennis lapsa per auras
 Gnossiaci possim castris insilere regis.
 Oh ! had I wings to glide along the air !
 To his dear tent I'd fly, and settle there.

CROXALL.

Ver. 69. Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew.
Milton, in his *Penferoso* :
 And every herb, that *sips the dew*.

PASTORAL III. P. 82.

Ver. 30. Say, is not absence death to those who love ?
 This whole passage is imitated from *Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia*, Book iii. p. 712. 8vo edition :

Earth, brook, *flow'rs*, pipe, lamb, dove,
 Say all, and I with them,
Absence is death, or worse, to them that love.

Ver.

Ver. 37. Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.

Bowles, in his translation of Theocritus, Idyll. v. assisted our bard:

On brambles now let violets be born,
And *op'ning roses* blush on *every thorn*.

Ogilby's line at the original passage in Virgil, is very pleasing and melodious:

And purest amber flow from every tree.

Ver. 43. Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, or sun-shine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

With these polished lines a passage in *Drummond's* Wandering Muses (pointed out also by Mr. *Steevens*) may be very agreeably compared:

To virgins, flow'rs; to sun-burnt earth, the rain;
To mariners, fair winds, amidst the main;
Cool shades to pilgrims, whom hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return.

Ver. 89. I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred;
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.

Not unlike *Stafford's* version of the original in *Dryden's* Miscellanies,

*I know thee, Love! on mountains thou wast bred,
And Thracian rocks thy infant fury fed.*

The passage ran thus in our Poet's first edition:

I know thee, Love! wild as the raging main;
More fell than tigers on the Lybian plain.

PASTORAL IV. P. 90.

Ver 39. The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own.

The hint of this turn was derived from a verse in *Philips's* Pastorals, where the circumstances of the case render it ridiculous:

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevel'd hair,
In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan
Her death untimely as it were your own.

THE

THE MESSIAH. P. 105.

Ver. 5. — O thou my voice inspire,
Who *touch'd* Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !

Milton had already made the same allusion to *Isaiah*, vi. 7. at the close of his Hymn on the Nativity :

And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his sacred altar *touch'd with hallow'd fire*.

Cowley also, *David*. i. 25. admits comparison :

Ev'n thou my breast with such blest rage inspire,
As mov'd the tuneful strings of *David's lyre*.

But a noble passage in *Milton's Reason of Church Government* is still more apposite ; “ By devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit,
“ who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends
“ out his Seraphim, with the *hallow'd fire* of his altar, to *touch*
“ and purify *the lips* of whom he pleases.”

Ver. 22. Oh spring to light, auspicious babe ! be born.
This seems a palpable imitation of *Callimachus*, but where our Poet fell upon it, I cannot discover : Hymn. Del 214.

ΓΕΙΝΕΟ, ΓΕΙΝΕΟ, ΚΕΡΕ' ΚΑΙ ΠΙΣ ΕΞΙΘΙ ΚΟΛΠΩ.

Ver. 39. He from thick films shall purge the visual ray.
Thus *Milton*, *Par. Lost*, iii. 620.

———— and th' air,
No where so clear, sharpen'd his *visual ray*
To objects distant far :
and in his *Samson Agonistes*, ver. 162.

For inward light alas !
Puts forth no *visual beam*.

Ver. 99. No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn.

There is a general resemblance in these charming lines to the beginning of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, and *Sandys's* excellent translation there :

Nullus adhuc mundo præbebat lumina Titan,
Nec nova crescendo reparabat cornua Phœbe.

No

No Titan yet the world with light adorne.
Nor waxing Phœbe fill'd her wained hornes.

Our Poet's attachment to *Sandys* from early intimacy is well known.

WINDSOR FOREST. P. 121.

Ver. 1. Thy forest, Windsor, and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays.

Thus *Hopkins*, in his History of Love, published in the same year at least, if not earlier, than the poem before us :

Ye woods and wilds, serene and blest retreats,
At once the lovers' and the Muses' seats,
To you I fly.

Ver. 331. His tresses dropt with dew, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam.

Spenser has a fine passage like this before us, *Faery Queene*, iv.
11. 25.

But Thame was stronger, and of better stay,
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Dewed with silver drops that trickled downe alway.

But our Poet seems to have imitated the first verses of a parallel representation in *Claudian*, de VI. Conf. Honor. ver. 160. wrought with the customary richness of that author. The entire passage is well worthy of perusal ; replete with ornament ; and that ornament appropriate and original : to which I refer the reader. He is speaking of the Po :

— Ille caput placidis sublime fluentis
Extulit ; et, totis lucem spargentia ripis,
Aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.
He spake : the Flood rears up his towering head
O'er the smooth surface of his swelling bed.
His horned front, through streams of glistening dew,
Round the wild banks a golden radiance threw.

The reader will be pleased also with some lines of *Milton's Lycidas*,
ver. 105.

Next

Next Camus, reverend fire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim.

Ver. 340. The reader will be gratified by the same subject in the hands of *Spenser*, *F. Q.* iv. 11. 29.

And round about him many a pretty page
Attended, duely ready to obey ;
All little rivers, which owe vassallage
To him, as to their lord, and tribute pay — :
The chaulky *Kenet*, and the Thetis gray,
The morish *Cole*, and the soft slyding Breare,
The wanton *Lee*, that oft doth loose his way,
And the still *Darent*, in whose waters cleare
Ten thousand fishes play, and decke his pleasant streame.

Ver. 379. I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend.

This seems imitated from *Hopkins'* Court Prospect in *Dryden's* Miscellanies, ii. p. 385.

As far as fair *Augusta's* buildings reach,
Bent, like a bow, along a peaceful beach.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY, P. 163.

Ver. 96. No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Dryden's translation of Dido to Æneas :

Who know no crime, but too much love of thee :
and afterwards in the same epistle :

Some pity let a suppliant princess move,
Whose only fault was an excess of love.

FIRST CHORUS TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS. P. 174.

Ver. 2. Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd.

This is an imitation of some verses by *J. A.* of King's College, Cambridge, to *Creech* on his *Lucretius* :

I thought

I thought indeed, before I heard your fame,
 No laurels grew but on the banks of Cam ;
 Where Chaucer was by sacred fury *fir'd*,
 And everlasting Cowley *lay inspir'd*;
 Where Milton first his wond'rous *vision* saw,
 And Marvel taught the painter how to draw,
 For the second verse *Pope* originally gave,
 And *godlike Zeno* lay *inspir'd*.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM. P. 193.

Ver. 144.—nameless graces, which no methods teach.

A writer in *Dryden's* Miscellanies, ii. p. 343.

Ah! where *the nameless graces*, that were seen
 In all thy motions, and thy mien?

Ver. 193. Nations unborn your mighty names shall found,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!

An imitation of *Cowley*, David. ii. 833.

Round the whole earth his dreaded *name shall found*,
 And reach to *worlds that must not yet be found*.

Ver. 243. In wit as nature, what affects our hearts,
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts ;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all.

This seems an improvement on some lines in *Dryden's* Art of Poetry, Canto i.

'Tis not enough, when swarming faults are writ,
 That here and there are scattered sparks of wit ;
 Each object must be fix'd in the due place,
 And differing parts have corresponding grace :
 Till, by a curious art dispos'd, we find
 One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd.

Ver. 623. Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard.

The propriety of the specification in this proverbial remark is founded on a circumstance no longer existing in our Poet's time, and derived therefore by him from older writers. "In the reigns of James I. and Charles I. (says *Pennant* in his *London*, p. 382.) the body of St. *Paul's* cathedral was the common resort of the politicians, the news-mongers, and idle in general. It was called *Paul's walk*, and the frequenters known by the name of *Paul's walkers*, &c.

"England need fear no outward enemies. The lusty lads verily be in England. I have seen on a Sunday more likely men walking in St. *Paul's* church, than I ever yet saw in Augusta." *Ascham's* Letters.

Ver. 627. It still looks home, and short excursions makes.
As *Virgil*, *Geo* iv 194.

Excursusque breves tentant——:

Nor forage far, but short excursions make. *Dryden*.

Below, ver. 738. our Poet comes still closer to *Virgil's* words:

But in low numbers short excursions tries.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I. P. 303.

Ver. 134. And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

Lucian, *Amor. sect.* 39. ὅπως αἱς δὲ ἀρκεῖν ἢ μελαινα χαιτη νομιζέται, τῶν γεγαμηκότων πλεον εἰς ταυτην ἀναλίσκειν, ὅλην Ἀραβίαν σχεδὸν ἐκ τῶν τριχῶν ἀποπνεύσαι. "But those women, that are contented with their own black hair, consume all their husbands' wealth upon it, breathing almost all Arabia from their locks."

CANTO II. P. 314.

Ver. 16.

—— if belles had faults to hide.

This exception is in that true style of elegance and urbanity, which characterises this exquisite performance; and from a spirit,

VOL. I.

C C

imbibed

imbibed at the pure sources of classical antiquity. So *Virgil* Geo. iv. 489.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes :
and others, in a variety of examples.

Ver. 27. Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Sandys' Paraphrase of the Song of Solomon, 1641.

Struck with one glance of thy bright eyes !

One hair of thine in fetters ties. S.

So *Milton* in his Latin Elegies, i. 60. which, for genius, originality, and simplicity, approximate to the character of antiquity beyond any modern compositions within my knowledge :

Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor.

Ver. 61. Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight.
He was thinking, perhaps, of *Milton's* *Penferoso*, ver. 14.

Whose faintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight :

where our sublime bard palpably imitates, or rather translates, a well known verse of *Horace* :

Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.

So *Shakespear* in his *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii. Scene 2.
“ She is too bright to be look'd against.” *Dr. Chetwynd* also has a couplet in his verses to *Roscommon*, which the reader will see with pleasure :

Her beauties are too heav'nly and refin'd
For the gross senses of a vulgar mind.

The notion was derived from the Platonists. Thus one of that sect, *Apuleius*, in his treatise *De Deo Socratis*, speaking of the bodies of the Dæmons, with a luscious luxuriance of phrase peculiar to that writer : “ Dæmonum corpora—sunt—ex illo purissimi
“ aëris liquido et sereno elemento coalita, eoque nulli hominum
“ temerè visibilia :—quod nulla in illis terrena soliditas locum
“ luminis occupârit, quæ nostris oculis possit obistere, quâ solidi-
“ tate necessariò offensa acies immoretur : sed fila possident cor-
“ porum rara et splendida et tenuia, usque adeò ut radios omnes
“ nostri tuoris et raritate transmittant, et splendore reverberent,
“ et subtilitate frustrentur.”

ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY. P. 357.

Ver. 75. Poets themselves must fall like those they sung.

Flatman, on the death of Mr. Pelham Humfries:

For you yourselves, that sing this mournful song,

Alas ! e'er it be long,

Shall, like Amintas, breathless be,

Though more forgotten in the grave than he.

AS the Pages are in general sufficiently encumbered with Notes, I thought it best to reserve these excellent Observations of Gilbert Wakefield for a place by themselves.

Of the "Unfortunate Lady," I have heard a different account from any yet given, for which see Life of Pope.

The following particulars relating to Eloisa, are so interesting, that I shall be excused for inserting them here.

"The manner of Eloisa's taking the veil is thus described by a writer of her time:

"On the day appointed for the ceremony, the bishop of Paris officiated. He gave his benediction to the veil, that, according to the custom of the times, was placed upon the altar, and which the novice was to advance from her seat in the choir, to take and put upon her head. Eloisa was now advancing with a firm step towards the altar, to receive this emblem of seclusion from the world, and of oblivion to its pleasures, when a great number of persons of all ranks, who were present at this mournful ceremony, struck with admiration at her beauty, which was increased by her

extreme youth, and by the general opinion that was gone forth in the world of her mental accomplishments and acquisitions, felt the deepest commiseration for the sacrifice she was about to perform. Some persons of the greatest consequence amongst them approached her, and intreated her, with tears in their eyes, to give up her intention; and made use of arguments so pressing, that she appeared for a few minutes not insensible to what they said to her. She was heard to sigh bitterly; but her sighs arose from a motive different from what the surrounding multitude supposed. Abelard, who was always present to her imagination, was the only cause. She was heard to say to herself, Alas! unhappy husband, is it then possible, that the rigour of fortune has so violently oppressed so distinguished a man! How came I to be his wife, merely to render him miserable! No, no, added the willing victim, I was unworthy of being united with him, and since I am the cause of all his miseries, it is but just that I should suffer the punishment for them. Having spoken thus, she tore herself away from the hands of the persons that were attempting to hold her, and ran up to the altar, as to a funeral pile, upon which she was to consummate the sacrifice. She then, with the greatest reverence, kissed the holy cloth that covered it, took the black veil from it, and pronounced her vows, with a courage, and a firm tone of voice, superior to the natural timidity of her sex.

“ Her austerity as a nun, is thus described by the Abbot of Cluni :

“ Her tears had long since destroyed her beauty. A sad paleness took place of her natural vermillion. Her eyes lost all their fire, and her whole frame was destroyed by grief. She looked upon herself as the disconsolate widow, mentioned by St. Paul, whose only occupation is to weep and to lament. After the death of Abelard, she hardly ever went into the monastery, except to attend the offices of the church, and except the times of her attendance in the choir, when she had always her veil thrown over her face to hide her tears. She remained shut up in her cell at prayers, or was upon her knees before the tomb of Abelard. She received with transport the absolution of Abelard, sent to her by his superior, the Abbot of Cluni, thus worded :

“ I, Peter, abbot of Cluni, who have received Peter Abelard into the number of my monks, and who, after having dug up his
body

body secretly, have presented it to Eloisa, Abbess of the Paraclete, and her sisters, declare, that by the authority of God all powerful, and of all the Saints, I absolve him from all his sins, in virtue of the authority which my office affords me.

“ Requiescat in pace.”

Abelard is thus described by Ambæsus : “ This unparalleled person was a grammarian, an orator, a poet, a musician, a philosopher, a theologian, a mathematician, an astronomer, a civilian. He played upon many instruments. He knew five or six languages. He was ignorant of nothing that sacred or profane history contained.”

SEWARD.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

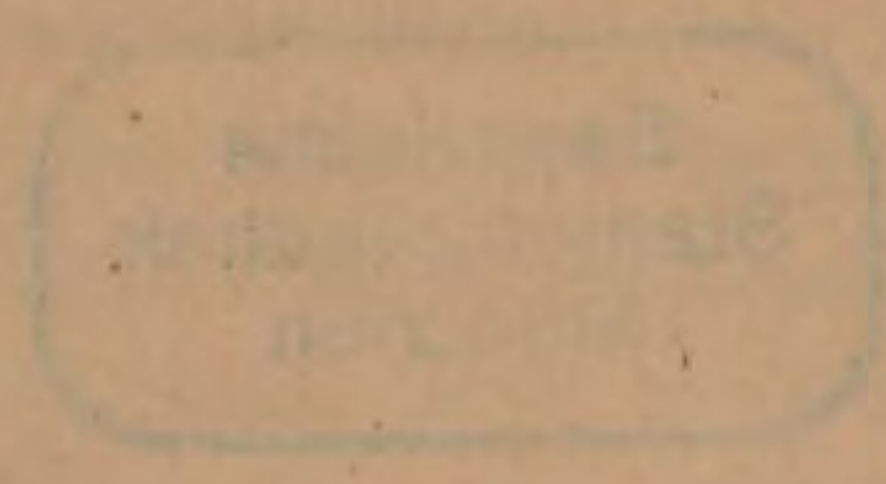
Stechan and Preston,
Printers-Street.

but I have presented it to the Abbots of the Parishes, and I have written, that by the authority of God all power, and of all the Saints, I should be able to do, in virtue of the authority which my office affords me.

"Allegiance a part."

A belief is thus described by Aristotle: "This unparalleled belief was a grammarian, an orator, a poet, a philosopher, a physician, a mathematician, an astronomer, a civilian. He played upon many instruments. He knew five or six languages. He was grounded in nothing that he could not discuss his boy could."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





10/94



Buchbinderei
STECKELER
Steck-Straße 5
Stadt

Pope, Alexander, / Bowles, William Lisle, / Johnson, Samuel,

The works of Alexander Pope, Esq., in verse and prose containing the
principal notes of Drs. Warburton and Warton ; in ten volumes

Bd.: 1

London 1806

P.o.angl. 286 o-1

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10748274-1